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SPECIMENS

OF THE

PRE-SHAKSPEREAN DRAMA

With an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary

BY

JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY

PROFESSOR AND HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

VOL. I

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This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard!
The best in this kind are but shadows;
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

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TO

THE MEMORY

OF

Francis James Child

MY

MASTER AND FRIEND

PREFACE.

SOME four years ago it became clear that the two volumes originally announced as the scope of this book would not suffice. In the first place, a good many minute but not insignificant facts regarding the history of almost every period of the drama had come to light, making necessary a somewhat longer historical sketch than was originally planned. In the second place, it seemed not merely desirable, but even imperative, to illustrate certain phases of the early drama which had in collections of a similar character either been neglected or not sharply defined against the apparently monotonous background of mediæval dramatic art. Thirdly, a somewhat different kind of annotation from that hitherto provided seemed worth attempting, if these volumes were to serve as an effective introduction to an art as spacious and as hospitable as the mediæval Church, and to render intelligible and vital to the student forms of art so different from ours in aim, in spirit, in method, in conventions, and in material accessories. A plan for a three-volume edition was therefore submitted to the general editors of the series and to the publishers, who readily agreed to any change that would make the book more useful and interesting.

At the suggestion and request of some teachers who wish to use the book, the texts have been put together in two volumes, and the whole of the illustrative and explanatory material reserved for the third. It is hoped that this arrangement will make the volumes more convenient for use.

Preceding the main body of texts will be found certain documents which, though, for one reason or another, not entitled to a place among the main texts, are nevertheless indispensable in a book of this kind. Taken together, they represent various stages of the liturgical drama, without which the inter-relations of the

Scripture cycles will be altogether misunderstood. The first two of them are dramatic tropes of the office of Easter. The third presents a later form of the same trope, very highly developed within itself, but free from the accretions by which this dramatic office grew into a cyclic drama of the life of Christ. The fourth has a twofold interest: it is, perhaps, the only extant example of a MS. prepared for the use of a single actor and containing only his part and his cues; and it also affords an interesting glimpse of the vernacular liturgical drama as presented in the churches during the florescence of the craft-plays.

I should have been glad to include in this preliminary section an example of the Latin cycle developed by the combination of such separate plays as the Easter plays just mentioned; but, although it can hardly be doubted that such cycles existed in England, no text of English origin has yet come to light. I have felt less regret at my inability to include a Latin miracle-play of English origin, because, although miracle-plays, in the strict sense of the term, were common in England from the time of their origin to the sixteenth century, there is a total lack of documents illustrating the stages of development of this species of play, the earliest extant English example being *The Play of the Sacrament.*

In the main body of texts, Part I is devoted entirely to the craft-cycles and their congeners. It will be observed that the arrangement adopted is that of the order of the subjects in cosmical history. For obvious reasons, an arrangement based on the order of composition of the cycles would have been sometimes impossible and sometimes misleading; and in a book of this kind it seemed more desirable to present materials for giving the student some conception of the nature and effect of the cyclic drama as a whole than to try to illustrate the inter-relations of the cycles, — a line of inquiry which demands, indeed, a more elaborate equipment both of knowledge and of documents than seems to have been suspected even by some serious investigators. My choice of pageants was not, however, entirely determined by the wish to present an artificial cycle. It seemed desirable, in the first place, that all the extant cycles should be represented (the

Newcastle *Noah* play has been omitted on account both of its fragmentary character and its corrupt text), and, secondly, that the representative pageants should each have some specific claim to attention. Thus, the two Norwich pageants afford the only known example of a pageant and the substitute which later took its place. The Towneley *Noah*, with its characteristically English conception of Noah's wife, justifies itself. The Hegge *Noah* is included both as a contrast to this and as containing in the Lamech episode an English example of a farce, in the original sense of the word. Whether the Brome *Abraham and Isaac* belongs to a cycle or is an isolated play, it clearly could not be omitted. The Towneley *Isaac* and *Jacob* pageants are included, not only because, in ten Brink's opinion, they are the most primitive of all the pageants, but also because of their remarkable combination of intensity of conception and phrasing with a simplicity — not to say nakedness — of presentation. The Chester *Balaam* pageant affords, in the version here given, an unparalleled example of the transition stage of the *Processus Prophetarum*, and, although unknown to Sepet when he wrote *Les Prophètes du Christ*, confirms in an interesting manner his theory of the development and influence of the pseudo-Augustinian sermon. The question of the additions and excisions by which this version was reduced to the ordinary form must, of course, be reserved for the Notes. The Hegge *Salutation and Conception* contains the most striking example in English of that debate between the Four Daughters of God which played so commanding a part in mediæval religious thought. The Towneley *Secunda Pastorum* has so long been recognized as the best extant example of individualization of typical characters and of rapid transition from the farcical to the sublime that it is expected in every book of selections. In the Coventry Plays choice was limited to two ; *The Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors* was selected because it illustrates so admirably the way in which several originally distinct pageants were, by force of circumstances, combined into one. A pageant dealing with the Resurrection seemed to be absolutely demanded by the importance of the Easter play in the development of the cyclic drama : the example here given from the York series will be

found to contain reminiscences of the most primitive form of this strangely fated trope. A treble interest attaches to the Chester *Antichrist* pageant, here printed from a hitherto unpublished and practically unknown MS., — a prompt-book antedating by a century the other MSS. of this unique play. No English cycle would be complete without a pageant of the Judgment, that specifically English development ; and no one, I think, can fail to be impressed by the dignity and power of the specimen here presented from the York Plays.

In the artificial cycle thus constructed certain subjects find, of course, no representation ; but, for all that, the student can obtain from it a clear and not wholly inadequate conception of the craft-cycle as a form of the drama. That I have put together pageants from various sources can hardly, in view of the heterogeneous character of the cycles themselves and their complex inter-relations, be a serious objection. And any one who wishes to form an idea of the distinctive characteristics of the various cycles can, with the aid of the table of contents, easily bring together the specimens of each.

Part II contains two religious plays totally unconnected with the Scripture cycles. *The Conversion of St. Paul*, therefore, uninteresting as it is as dramatic literature, can hardly be neglected by the literary historian. *The Play of the Sacrament* not only exhibits the Banes in their real function of a preliminary announcement of the play, but also claims attention by its entirely and doubly unique character.

Part III affords illustrations of important phases of dramatic activity heretofore too little regarded by students. No one who reads the scanty records of dramatic performances in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with their constantly recurring notices of May plays, Robin Hood plays, St. George plays, and sword plays and dances, will fail to welcome the three Robin Hood plays, or, in view of the clearly antique elements which form the basis of the St. George plays and *The Revesby Sword Play*, cavil at the introduction of texts so recently committed to writing.

Of the five Moralities forming Part IV little need be said. I wished to print one of the unpublished Macro plays ; Dr. Fur-

nivall offered me *Mankind*, and I gladly accepted it. *Mundus et Infans* and *Hycke-scorner* complete the representation of this important class of Moralities. *Every-man* has so long and so justly figured as the most impressive play of its kind that its omission may need justification. Here I can only say briefly that, in spite of its enormous influence upon general European literature, this seemed justified by Logeman's proof that it is not of English composition, but a translation from the Dutch, by its accessibility in cheap and convenient form, and by the fact that the type to which it belongs is sufficiently represented by the plays just mentioned. *Wyt and Science* is not only one of the most perfect allegories extant, but also an excellent example of the Morality in the service, not of religious, but of secular education. *Nice Wanton* is, without doubt, the most vividly dramatic of all the Moralities.

Heywood's *Johan-Johan*, *Tyb and Syr Jhan* I had intended to print, as being the only one of his interludes possessed of real dramatic movement; but instructors will perhaps not regret to see instead their old favorite, *The Foure PP.*

Kynge Johan, *Roister Doister*, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Cambises*, *Gorboduc*, *Alexander and Campaspe*, *James IV*, *David and Bethsabe*, and *The Spanish Tragedy* need no comment to render their significance clear. Marlowe finds no place here, because he is too important to be represented by anything less than his complete works, and they are now easily accessible.

Most of the texts here published have been either copied or collated anew for this book. Collations of *The Play of the Sacrament* and of *Mundus et Infans* were made under the supervision of Dr. T. K. Abbot, the Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin. The copy of Mr. Wynne's MS. of the *Antichrist* pageant was made by Mrs. Agnes Furnivall and revised by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. All other copies and collations were made by Mrs. Furnivall, whose accuracy has been confirmed by such tests as I have been able to apply.

In printing the texts I have aimed at fidelity to my originals. This ideal, however, did not seem to me impaired by the introduction of modern usage in regard to capitals and punctuation.

Upon the latter a good deal of care has been expended, and, though I cannot hope to have avoided all errors, I do hope that it will be found in general an aid to the reader and in ambiguous passages an indication of the most probable interpretation. Attention has also been devoted to exhibiting the metrical structure of these poems. The stanza-forms are various and in some cases confused, but the effort to detach to the eye such parts as possess definite stanzaic form seemed worth making, if only for the light thus thrown upon the composite character of certain plays and the artistic helplessness of the authors of certain others. In these three matters I have introduced my own system without special notification and have not recorded variations from it on the part either of ancient scribes and printers or modern editors. Instances in which a different punctuation from mine indicates a different interpretation will be discussed in the Notes in vol. III when they seem of sufficient importance. In regard to the forms of certain letters, it is perhaps inconsistent that I should strictly reproduce ancient usage in regard to *i*, *u*, and *v*, and neglect it in regard to *s*; but I have perhaps often failed to be consistent, and in this particular matter I may plead precedent as well as the fact that in textual cruces I have reproduced long *s* in the footnotes. Stage-directions not in the original are printed in brackets. When I began to print I intended to credit to previous editors those supplied by them, but the attempt was soon abandoned, as it became clear that too much space would be required to set forth that in this instance I had changed the place and in another the form of a direction supplied by one of my predecessors. Such a record could, moreover, have scarcely any other interest than that of curiosity, whereas it is clearly a matter of great importance that the text should not be sophisticated by confusion of ancient documents with modern conjectures.

With the modifications just noted, I may say in general that I have made no unindicated alterations in the texts. When the treatment of a text varies in any particular from that adopted in general, a distinct account of such difference is given in the headnote preceding the play; and I believe it will always be found possible for the textual critic to learn from text and footnotes

exactly the appearance of the original. Expanded contractions are, of course, indicated by italics. It will be observed that in the early plays I have recorded with scrupulous minuteness the readings of other editions. In the later texts this seemed both unnecessary and undesirable; but I have aimed to omit no variant which, the date of the text being considered, could have even the slightest significance. On the earlier texts a large number of conjectural emendations have been printed in various publications. These I have, for the sake of convenience and completeness, attempted to collect and record. The later plays have, fortunately for the editor, not been subjected to so much ingenuity.

A warning must be issued in regard to the footnotes; it is never safe to interpret the symbols attached to variants and emendations without reference to the headnote of the particular play. For instance, in some plays H. means Halliwell, in others Holthausen; but perhaps the greatest danger of confusion resides in the symbol K., which in several plays marks the textual notes of Professor Kölbing, and in one the readings of an edition by the printer John Kyng, but never the emendations of Professor Kittredge, whose suggestions, as being unpublished and communicated directly to me, are always distinguished by his unabbreviated surname.

A word or two in regard to the contents of vol. III seem necessary. It will contain an Introduction, with certain appendices, a body of Notes, and a Glossary. The Introduction will trace the history of the drama on the Continent as well as in England from the beginning of the tenth century to the formation of the Scripture cycles, and then in England alone from that time to the end of the sixteenth century. In the appendices will be given a bibliography and lists of places in England at which performances are known to have occurred before the Age of Elizabeth, and of persons and places possessing companies of players, with the nearest ascertainable dates of recorded performances. A map illustrating the distribution of plays in England will accompany the list of performances.

The Notes will give information as to date, authorship, place and mode of presentation, character of costumes, etc., when such

information is obtainable. In the case of plays with international affiliations the more important parallels and congeners will be pointed out. Effort will also be made to aid the reader in involved or obscure passages by explanation and paraphrase, and to emphasize the dramatic elements as distinct from the literary. Elaborate linguistic annotation seems inappropriate in a book intended to aid the study of a form of art, and consequently the linguistic notes will be confined to passages of obscure or ambiguous signification. Much of the linguistic information usually given in notes will be found in the Glossary.

The Glossary will aim to meet the needs of the intelligent student who has no training in the older forms of English. It will therefore include all words obsolete as to either form or meaning and words which by their strange spelling are likely to elude the ingenious ; but it will not include words which ought, even in their strange spelling, to be recognizable by any intelligent Englishman.

The material for vol. III has, with the exception of that published recently, been in hand since the summer of 1893. I therefore hope that the appearance of that volume need not be postponed much longer.

The list of persons to whom my thanks are due is a long one. Would that I might give them a pleasure equal to that with which I remember their services and here record their names!

First, as to texts. W. R. M. Wynne, Esq., of Peniarth, Wales, not only allowed me to have copies made of two of his most interesting MSS., but, with a kindness which I cannot adequately acknowledge, himself brought them from Peniarth to London for the use of my copyist, and allowed them to remain in the British Museum for a longer time than it is pleasant to recall. Dr. F. J. Furnivall, of London, with his accustomed liberality, allowed me to have a copy made of his copy of *Mankind*, and sent me advance sheets of the Towneley Plays. Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, of Oxford, with the generosity of a scholar, was willing that I should make use of the texts so well edited by her, and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press kindly allowed me to reprint two pageants from her edition of the York Plays.

Thanks for the loan of books are due to the Rev. Father Shandelle, S. J., of St. Joseph's School, Providence; to W. E. Foster, Esq., the obliging Librarian of the Public Library, Providence; and, most of all, to T. J. Kiernan, Esq., Superintendent of Circulation in the Harvard College Library, whose unfailing kindness and matchless knowledge of the resources of his library are gratefully remembered by so many scholars.

For helpful answers to inquiries addressed to them I have to thank Dr. John Young, Keeper of the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, and the Rev. Canon Fowler and the Rev. Canon Wordsworth, of Lincoln.

Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, nearly ten years ago first awakened my interest in the subject of these volumes. In the Introduction he will doubtless recognize, as his own, ideas which, after the lapse of so long a time, I am unable to credit to their rightful owner. For inspiration, however, I should thank most of all, were he still alive, my lamented teacher and friend, to whom I had hoped to offer these volumes, but whose friendship and aid I can now record only in a dedication to his memory.

To Professor J. F. Jameson, of Brown University, and Professor A. R. Marsh, of Harvard, I am grateful for interest in my work and for notification of interesting materials which would otherwise have escaped me. Professor E. S. Sheldon, of Harvard, has been tireless in answering questions in the field of Old French and in helping me through many a dark and difficult passage. To Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard, I am indebted for aid so various that space fails me not only to record the instances, but even to enumerate the kinds. With him, from the very beginning of my work, I have discussed theories and facts of all degrees of importance; again and again I have received from him notes of books and documents that had escaped my observation; and more recently he has done me the inestimable service of reading with me all the proofs of vol. I and aiding me in the establishment and punctuation of the text. Some of his aid I have been able to point out specifically, but much of it has been such as cannot be recorded.

For such errors as time and criticism may disclose I, of course, am alone responsible. I have striven to make them few.

In conclusion, I express the hope that these volumes may really serve the purpose for which they were planned, — that of helping the student to follow the fortunes of the modern drama through its strange and interesting nonage, to come into sympathy with the aims and methods of the known and nameless artists whose work is here presented, and to form some conception of the vast amount of dramatic activity and the widespread dramatic interest which made possible the career of Shakspere. Such results cannot be attained by him who regards even the poorest of these plays as a mere butt for nineteenth-century ridicule, or who forgets that the old German playwright touched the root of the whole matter when he said in regard to his play: "Das wässen vn̄ das läben diss vnd andren spilen stodt nit alleyn in̄ sprüchen, sonder vyl meer im̄ wässen, würcken vnd gbärden."

JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY.

BARNSTABLE, Aug. 30, 1897.

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LITURGICAL TEXTS

DRAMATIC TROPES.

These two dramatic tropes of the service of Easter are of interest not only because they are among the earliest known texts of the germ from which developed the great mediæval Easter cycle, but also because they show that before the Norman Conquest the development of the drama in England had begun.

The first is printed from the *Regularis Concordia Monachorum*, ascribed to Dunstan or, with more probability, to Ethelwold, and usually assigned to the year 967 (on both these points, see vol. III). The text is, of course, based upon W. S. Logeman's edition, *Anglia*, XIII, 426–428, in preference to any of the older editions; but the contractions and word-division of the original are not indicated. In this version, it will be observed, the trope occurs in the nocturnal service, immediately after the third responsory.

The second is found in two tropers originally belonging to Winchester Cathedral, the earlier assigned to the years 979–1016 (and probably before Oct. 20, 980), the later to the middle of the eleventh century. In the text I follow "The Winchester Troper," edited by W. H. Frere for the Henry Bradshaw Society, London, 1894; but I have not followed Frere (p. 17) in putting in brackets words found in the earlier version but not in the later. In the earlier MS. this trope precedes the Benedictio cerei, etc., of Easter Eve, but, for all that, it appears to be here, as, in Gautier's opinion, it is in origin, a trope of the Introit of the Mass.

I.

Dum tertia recitatur lectio, quatuor fratres induant se, quorum unus alba[1] indutus ac si ad aliud agendum ingrediatur, atque latenter sepulchri locum adeat, ibique manu tenens palmam, quietus sedeat. Dumque tertium percelebratur responsorium, residui tres succedant, omnes quidem cappis induti, turribula cum incenso[2] manibus gestantes ac pedetemptim ad similitudinem querentium quid, ueniant ante locum sepulchri. Aguntur enim hec ad imitationem angeli sedentis in monumento atque mulierum cum aromatibus uenientium ut ungerent corpus Ihesu. Cum ergo ille residens tres uelut erraneos ac aliquid querentes uiderit sibi adproximare, incipiat mediocri uoce dulcisono cantare:

Quem queritis [in sepulchro, o Christicole]?[3]

[1] MS. abba.

[2] Logeman, incensu.

[3] *All words in brackets are supplied from other versions of the play.*

Quo decantato fine tenus, respondeant hi tres uno ore:

Ihesu[m] Nazarenum [crucifixum, o celicola].

Quibus ille:

Non est hic; surrexit, sicut predixerat:
Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit a mortuis.

Cuius iussionis[1] uoce uertant se illi tres ad chorum dicentes:

Alleluia! resurrexit Dominus!

Dicto hoc, rursus ille residens, uelut reuocans illos dicat antiphonam:

Uenite, et uidete locum [ubi positus erat Dominus, alleluia! alleluia!]

Hec uero dicens surgat, et erigat uelum, ostendatque eis locum cruce nudatum, sed tantum linteamina posita quibus crux inuoluta erat. Quo uiso, deponant turribula que gestauerunt in eodem sepulchro, sumantque linteum et extendant contra clerum, ac, ueluti ostendentes quod surrexerit Dominus et iam non sit illo inuolutus, hanc canant antiphonam:

Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,
[Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno].

Superponantque linteum altari. Finita antiphona, Prior congaudens pro triumpho Regis nostri, quod, deuicta morte, surrexit, incipiat hymnum:

Te, Deum, laudamus.

Quo incepto, una pulsantur omnia signa; post cuius finem dicat sacerdos versum:

In resurrectione tua, Christe,

uerbo tenus, et initiet matutinas dicens:

Deus, in adiutorium meum intende!

[1] MS. iussimus; Dugdale, *Monasticon Angl.*, missionis.

II.

Angelica de Christi Resurrectione.

Quem queritis in sepulchro, [o] Christicole?

Sanctarum mulierum responsio:

Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o caelicola![1]

Angelice uocis consolatio:

Non est hic, surrexit sicut praedixerat,
Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit, dicentes:

Sanctarum mulierum ad omnem clerum modulatio:

Alleluia! Resurrexit Dominus hodie,
Leo fortis, Christus filius Dei! Deo gratias dicite, eia!

Dicat angelus:

Uenite et uidete locum ubi positus erat Dominus, alleluia! alleluia!

Iterum dicat angelus:

Cito euntes dicite discipulis quia surrexit Dominus, alleluia! alleluia!

Mulieres[2] *una uoce canant iubilantes:*

Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,
Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno, alleluia!

[1] *The later MS. has* celicole.

[2] Frere *has* mulieri.

EASTER DRAMATIC OFFICE.

This version of the *Officium Sepulchri* is taken from a fourteenth-century MS. Processional of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Dublin. The text is based upon the facsimile given by Frere, "The Winchester Troper," plate 26^{b}. The four pages reproduced by Frere unfortunately do not contain the very beginning of the office. I have therefore supplied a few lines in brackets, mainly on the basis of a very similar Orléans version of the thirteenth century (Lange, "Die lateinischen Osterfeiern," München, 1887, pp. 160 ff.). In a few instances I have called attention to deviations from the forms found in other service-books, but in general it seemed best to print the text without change or remark, startling as it sometimes is.

The music of the office is written on the unbarred four-line staff, and is reproduced very clearly in Frere's facsimile. I may add here that plate 26^{a} in Frere's book is a facsimile of the later MS. of the Winchester Easter trope given above, the musical notation of which is in neumes.

At the top of the first of the four pages of the facsimile is written, not in the book-hand of the rest, but in cursive script: "Condimentis aromatum vnguentes corpus *sanctissimum* quo p*re*ciosa. This is a part of the hymn, "Heu! pius pastor occiditur," and was probably written here by some one who remembered the hymn as a whole.

[Ad faciendam similitudinem Domini sepulcri primum procedant tres fratres induti dalmaticis][1] sericis[2] capitib*us* uelatis quasi tres Marie querentes *Christu*m, si*n*gule portantes pixidem in manib*us* q*uas*i aromatib*us*, qua*rum* prima ad ingressu*m* chori usque sepulcru*m* procedat et[3] quasi lamentando dicat:

Heu! pius pastor occiditur,[4]
Quem nulla culpa i*n*fecit:
O mors lugenda!

[1] *Supplied by me.*

[2] MS. *seems to have* tericis *or* cericis.

[3] MS. p*er*.

[4] *The* Orléans *version has* occidit; *but the musical notation makes it clear that* occiditur *is the right reading here.*

Factoque modico interuallo, intret[1] secunda Maria simili modo et dicat:

Heu! nequam gens Iudaica,
Quam dira frendet[2] uesania,
Plebs execranda!

Deinde iij Maria consimili modo:

Heu! uerus doctor[3] obijt,
Qui uitam functis[4] contulit:
O res plangenda!

Ad huc paululum procedendo prima Maria dicat hoc modo:

Heu! misere cur contingit
Uidere mortem Saluatoris?

Deinde secund[a] Maria:

Heu! Consolacio nostra,
Ut quid mortem sustinuit!

Deinde tercia Maria:

Heu! Redempcio nostra,
Ut quid taliter agere uoluit!

Tunc se coniungant et procedant ad gradum chori ante altare dicentes:

Iam, iam, ecce,[5] iam properemus ad tumulum
Ungentes Dilecti corpus sanctissimum!

Tunc secunda Maria dicat per se:

Nardi uetet commixtio,
Ne putrescat in tumulo
Caro beata!

1 MS. intre t (n *erased, but still visible*).
2 Orléans frendens.
3 Orléans *has* pastor *here as well as above.*
4 MS. *clearly has* functis; Orléans *has* sanctis.
5 MS. eſſe.

Deinde tercia Maria:

Sed nequimus hoc patrare[1] sine adiutorio.
Quisnam saxum hoc reuoluit a monumenti ostio?

Facto interuallo, angelus nixus sepulcrum appariat eis et dicat hoc modo:

Quem queritis ad sepulcrum,[2] o Cristicole?

Deinde respondeant tres Marie simul:

Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o celicola!

Tunc angelus dicat sic:

Surrexit, non est hic, sicut dixit;
Uenite et uidete locum ubi positus fuerat.

Deinde predicte Marie sepulcrum intrent inclinantes se *et* prospicientes undique intra sepulcrum, alta uoce quasi gaudendo *et* admirantes *et* parum a sepulcro recedentes dicant simul:

Alleluya! resurrexit Dominus!
Alleluya! resurrexit Dominus hodie!
Resurrexit potens, fortis, *Christus*, Filius Dei!

Deinde angelus ad eas dicens:

Et euntes dicite discipulis eius et Petro quia surrexit.

In qua reuertant ad angelum quasi mandatum suum ad implendum parate dicentes simul:

Eya! pergamus propere
Mandatum hoc perficere!

Interim ueniant ad ingressum chori due persone nude pedes sub personis apostolorum Iohannis *et* Petri indute albis sine paruris cum tunicis, quarum Iohannes amictus tunica alba palmam in manu gestans, Petrus uero rubea tunica indutus claues in

[1] *Most other versions of this line have* patere, *but* patrare *seems preferable.*
[2] *Usually* in sepulcro.

manu deferens; *et* p*re*dicte mulieres de sepulcro reuertentes *et* quasi de choro simul exeuntes, dicat prima Maria sequenciam:

Victime paschali laudes
Immolant *Christ*iani.

Se*cun*da Maria:

Agnus redemit oues:
Christus innocens Patri
Reconsiliauit peccatores.

Tercia Maria di*cat*:

Mors et uita duello
Confl[i]xere [1] mirando:
Dux uite mortuus [2]
Regnat uiuus.

Tu*n*c obuiantes eis in medio chori predicti discipuli, interrogantes simul dicant:

Dic nobis, Maria,
Quid uidisti in uia?

Tu*n*c p*ri*ma Maria respondeat quasi monstrando:

Sepulcrum *Christ*i uiuentis,
Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.

Tu*n*c ij Maria *respon*deat quasi mo*n*strando:

Angelicos testes,
Sudarium et uestes.

Tercia Maria respondeat:

Surrexit *Christus*, spes nostra,
Precedet uos in Galileam.

Et sic p*ro*cedant [3] sim*u*l ad ostium chori; *et* inter*i*m currant duo ad monumentu*m*; uerum*p*tamen ille discipu*lus* que*m* diligebat Ih*esus* uenit p*ri*or ad monumen*tum*, iuxta eu*an*geliu*m*: "Curre-

[1] *Every trace of* i *has disappeared.*
[2] MS. mortuis.
[3] MS. precedant.

bant au*tem* duo sim*u*l *et* ille alius discipulus [1] p*re*cucurrit cicius Petro *et* uenit p*ri*or ad monume*n*tu*m*, non t*ame*n introiuit." Uidentes discipuli sepulcru*m* uacuu*m* *et* uerbis Marie credentes reue*rtan*t se ad chorum dicentes hoc modo:

Credendum est magis soli Marie ueraci
Q*uam* Iudeo*rum* turbe fallaci!

Tunc audito *Christ*i resurreccione, chorus p*ro*sequat*ur* alta uoce quasi gaude*n*tes *et* exultantes s*ic* dica*n*t:

Scimus *Christu*m surrexisse
A mortuis uere.
Tu nobis, uictor Rex, miserere!

Qua finita,[2] executor officii incipiat:

Te, Deum, laudamus.

[1] MS. discipulis. [2] *Possibly* facta.

FRAGMENTS OF LITURGICAL PLAYS.

The following document was published in *The Academy*, January 11, 1890, pp. 27 ff., by the Rev. Professor W. W. Skeat. The MS., belonging to the library of Shrewsbury School, consists of forty-two leaves — five quires of eight leaves (one leaf cut out) and one quire of three leaves. The first thirty-six leaves contain Latin anthems; the plays begin on leaf 38. Dr. Skeat assigns the MS. to the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The claim of these fragments upon the attention of scholars is even greater than Dr. Skeat declared it to be. We have here, not merely fragments of a hitherto unrepresented set of plays, but the only known example of a class of plays, the existence of which is otherwise established, but the nature of which, and their relations to the craft-cycles, could hardly be set forth with certainty but for the discovery of this document. It is, indeed, a fragment, not, as Dr. Skeat suggests, of the lost Beverley cycle, or any similar collection, but of a series of plays performed in a church on the days and in the service celebrating the events of which the plays treat. This is clearly established by the phraseology of the Latin with which the second and third plays begin, — the beginning of the first is, as will be seen, missing.

Dr. Skeat points out the fact that many of the Latin passages are provided with a musical notation and that some of them are from the Gospels. That they are noted for singing arises from their being in reality parts of the troped service of the Church for the days to which the plays belong. Details as to this will be given in the Notes, in vol. III; here let it suffice to direct attention to this interesting illustration of the manner in which, in the later stages of the liturgical drama, the liturgical texts appear side by side with the vernacular additions.

As Dr. Skeat has shown, we have here a MS. prepared for the use of a single actor, and containing only his part and his cues. In order to make the fragments intelligible, I have, where it seemed worth while, supplied, on the basis of similar plays, information as to the action and speeches omitted.

I.

[Officium Pastorum.][1]

Pastores erant in regione eadem uigilantes et *custodientes gregem suum. Et ecce angelus Domini astitit iuxta illos* et *timuerunt timore magno.*[2]

[*The Star appears and the Angels sing.*]

[II. Pastor.][3] We, Tib!
III. Pastor. Telle on!

[II. Pastor.] . . . . . *the* nyght.

III. Pastor. Brether, what may *this* be,
*Th*us bright to man *and* best?

[II. Pastor.] . . . . . at hand.
III. Pastor. Whi say ȝe so?
[II. Pastor.] . . . . . warand.

III. Pastor. Suche siȝt was neu*er* sene
Before in our*e* Iewery;
Su*m* merueles wil hit mene
*Th*at mu*n* be here in hy.

[II. Pastor.] . . . . . a sang.[4]

[1] MS. *contains no heading. In the corresponding* York play, *to the relations of which with this* Dr. Skeat *has called attention, each of the three shepherds speaks a stanza of twelve lines concerning the Messianic prophecies before the point at which this play begins is reached. Possibly this play lacks at the beginning, not only a heading similar to those of the other two plays of this* MS., *but also a speech by the Third Shepherd; but it may be that, in view of the nature of the church service, the introductory speeches were regarded as unnecessary, and that we have the beginning of the play.*

[2] *Noted for voices.*

[3] *Here and throughout the three plays the speaker's name in brackets is supplied by* Dr. Skeat. *Whether sometimes the cue word does not belong to another actor is an idle question.*

[4] *In* York *the First and Second Shepherds declare that they* "can synge itt alls wele as he"; *to which the Third Shepherd's reply is similar to that here.*

III. PASTOR. ȝe lye, bothe, by *th*is liȝt,
And raues as recheles royes![1]
Hit was an angel briȝt
That made *th*is nobull*e* noyes.

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . of p*r*ophecy.

III. PASTOR. He said a barn schuld be
In *th*e burgh of Bedlem born;
And of *th*is, myn*n*es me,
Our*e* fadres fond be-forn.

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . Iew*us* kyng.

III. PASTOR. Now may we se *th*e same
Eue*n* in our*e* pase puruayed;
*Th*e angel nemed his name,—
"Crist, Saueo*ur*," he saied.

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . not raue.

III. PASTOR. ȝone brightnes wil vs bring
Vnto *tha*t blisful boure;
For solace schal we syng
To seke our*e* Saueo*ur*.

*Transeam*us *usq*ue *Bethelem, et uideamus hoc verbu*m quo*d factum est*, quo*d fecit Dominus* et *ostendit nobis*.[2]

[*They follow the Star.*]

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . to knawe.

III. PASTOR. For no-*th*ing thar vs drede,
But thank God of all*e* gode;
*Th*is light eu*er* wil vs lede
To fynde *tha*t frely fode.

[1] *In this part of* York, *which is in a different stanza from the rest of the play, the resemblances to our fragment extend only to the main course of the thought and an occasional phrase.*

[2] *Noted for voices.*

[*They enter the stable and adore the Child.*]

[II. PASTOR. Now wat ȝe what][1] I mene.

III. PASTOR. A! loke to me, my Lord dere,[2]
Alle if I put me noght in prese!
To suche a prince without[en][3] pere
Haue I no presand that may plese.
But lo! a horn-spone haue I here
That may herbar an hundrith pese:
This gift I gif the with gode chere, —
Suche dayntese wil do no disese.
Fare-wele now, swete swayn,
God graunt the lifyng lang!
[I. PASTOR. And go we hame agayn,
And mak mirth as we gang!][4]

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[1] *After reaching Bethlehem the shepherds in* York *adore the Child, each speaking one stanza of twelve lines. That of the Third Shepherd is identical with his speech here and the speeches of the others are in the same stanza-form.* Dr. Skeat *is, therefore, right in inferring that the words,* I mene, *which end the speech of the Second Shepherd in both plays, point to a practical identity of those speeches.*

[2] *Before this line in* MS. *there is a star referring to the words:* Saluatorem, Christum, Dominum, infantem pannis inuolutum, secundum sermonem angelicam (*sic*). *These words are in a later hand. They belong to a dramatic trope* (*of Christmas*) *which will be given in full in the discussion of the origins of the drama in the Introduction.*

[3] *Supplied by* Skeat.

[4] Dr. Skeat *says:* "*I supply these two lines from the* York Mysteries, *and assign them to the First Shepherd instead of to the Third, because the* MS. *has here two blank lines, showing that the Third Shepherd did not speak them.*"

II.

[Officium Resurrectionis.][1]

Hic incipit Officium Resurreccionis in die Pasche.

[*Enter the three Marys on their way to the Sepulchre.*]

III. Maria.[2] *Heu! Redemcio Israel,*
Ut quid mortem sustinuit![3]

[II. Maria.] . . . . . payne.

III. Maria. Allas! he *that* men wend schuld by
Alle Israel, bothe knyght *and* knaue,
Why suffred he so forto dy,
Sithe he may alle sekenes saue?
Heu! cur ligno fixus clauis
Fuit doctor tam suauis?
Heu! cur fuit ille natus
Qui perfodit eius latus? 11

[II. Maria.] . . . . . is oght.

III. Maria. Allas, *that* we suche bale schuld bide
*Th*at sodayn sight so forto see,
The best techer in world wide
W*ith* nayles be tacched to a tre!
Allas, *that* euer so schuld be-tyde,
Or *that* so bold mon born schuld be
For to assay oure Saueour side
And open hit with-oute pite! 20

[1] *The corresponding* York play *is printed below*, pp. 153 ff. *It is in a different metre. The character of the* York play *on the appearance of Christ to Magdalen suggests that it was once connected with a play very similar to this, especially when the nature of the corresponding* Towneley play *is considered.*

[2] *In* MS. *the name is written* iij[a] m .

[3] *What the others probably said may be seen above*, p. xxiii.

[ALL THREE.][1] *Iam, iam, ecce, iam properemus ad tumulum,*
Vngentes Dilecti corpus sanctissimum ![2]

Et appropiantes sepulcro cantent:

[ALL THREE.] *O Deus, quis reuoluet nobis lapidem*
Ab hostio monumenti ?[2]

[II. MARIA.] . . . . . him leid.

III. MARIA. He *th*at *th*us kyndely vs has kend
Vn-to *th*e hole where he was hid,
Sum socoure sone he wil vs send,
At help to lift away *th*is lid.

[*They find the stone rolled away, and learn from the angels that Christ is risen.*]

III. MARIA. Alleluya schal be oure song,
Sithen Crist, oure Lord, by angellus steuen,
Schewus him as mon here vs among
And is Goddis Son, heghest in heuen.

[*The Marys return and announce the Resurrection to the disciples.*][3]

[II. MARIA.] . . . . . was gon.

[CHORUS. *Dic nobis, Maria,*
Quid uidisti in uia ?
I. MARIA. *Sepulcrum Christi uiuentis,*
Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.
II. MARIA. *Angelicos testes,*
Sudarium et uestes.
III. MARIA.] *Surrexit Christus, spes nostra,*
Precedet vos in Galilea m ![4]

[1] *Cf.* p. xxiii, *above.*

[2] *Noted for voices.*

[3] *A red line here in* MS.

[4] Skeat *assigns these two lines to the angel* (*he speaks of only one angel*); *but there is no reason why the words of the angels should appear in this* MS. *I have supplied in brackets all the words from* CHORUS *to* III. MARIA *to sustain my view that the two lines belong to the Third Mary; cf.* p. xxv, *above.*

III. MARIA. Crist is rysen, wittenes we[1]
By tokenes *tha*t we haue sen *th*is morn!
Our*e* hope, our*e* help, our*e* hele, is he,
And hase bene best, sithe we were born!
Yf we wil seke hi*m* for to se,
Lettes noght *th*is lesson be for-lorn:
"But gose eue*n* vn-to Galilee;
*Th*ere schal ȝe fynd hi*m* ȝow beforn!"[2]

III.

[OFFICIUM PEREGRINORUM.][3]

Feria secunda *in ebdo*mada *Pasche discipuli insimul cantent*:

[CHORUS.][4] Infidelis incursum populi
Fugiamus, Ihesu[5] discipuli!
Suspenderu*n*t Ihesum patibulo;
Nulli p*ar*cent eius discipulo.[6]

[*The disciples depart; Luke and Cleophas go together.*]

[LUKE.][7] . . . . . fast to fle.

[CLEOPHAS.] But if we fle, *th*ai wil vs fang,
And ful felly *th*ai wil vs flay;[8]
Agayn to Emause wil we gang,
And fonde to get *th*e gaynest way.

[1] *I suppose this speech to have been preceded by similar ones from the other two Marys, but no cue is given in* MS.

[2] *After this a red line in* MS.

[3] Skeat *supplies as the heading:* The Two Disciples going to Emmaus.

[4] *The actor was one of this Chorus, or their words would not appear here.*

[5] MS. ihesum; *corr. by* Skeat.

[6] *Noted for voices. A red line after this verse.*

[7] *This play does not give the name of either speaker.* Skeat *points out that the one who appears later among the apostles is probably Cleophas; the other, Luke.*

[8] *Qy.* slay.

And make *i*n mynd eu*er* vs amang
Of our*e* gode Maister, as we may,
How he was put to paynes strang, —
On *th*at he tristed con hi*m* be-tray![1] 13

[*Jesus enters and talks with them.*][2]

[Jesus.] . . . . . but agayn.

[Cleophas.] By wy*m*men wordis wele wit may we
Christ is risen vp in gode aray;
For to our*e*-self *th*e sothe say[d][3] he,
Where we went in *th*is world away,
That he schuld dye *and* doluen be,
And rise fro *th*e dethe *th*e thrid day.
And *tha*t we my3t *tha*t si3t now se,
He wisse vs, Lord, as he wele may! 22

[Jesus?] . . . . . resou*n* ri3t.

[Cleophas.][4] *Et quoni*am *tradiderunt eum summi sacerdotes* et *principes nostri in dampnacione*[*m*][3] *mortis* et *crucifixerunt eum*.

Right is *tha*t we reherce by raw
*Th*e maters *tha*t we may on mene,
How p*r*estis *and* princes of our*e* lawe
Ful tenely toke hi*m* hom be-twen,
And dampned hi*m*, w*ith*-outen awe,
For to be dede w*ith* dole,[5] be-dene;
*Th*ai crucified him, wele we knaw,
At Caluary, w*ith* caris kene. 34

[1] *After this verse a red line in* MS. *Probably, as* Skeat *suggests, Jesus enters here.*

[2] *This conversation in all the plays on this subject follows very closely Luke xxiv, 17-21.*

[3] *Supplied by* Skeat.

[4] Skeat *does not assign the Latin to any one: he puts* Cleophas *opposite the first line of the English which follows.*

[5] Skeat *has* dele.

[CLEOPHAS AND LUKE.][1] *Dixerunt eciam se visionem angelorum vidisse, qui dicunt eum viuere.*

[LUKE.] . . . . . wraist.

[CLEOPHAS.] The wy*n*men gret, for he was gon;
But ȝet *th*ai told of meruales mo:
*Th*ai saw angell*us* stondyng on *th*e ston,
And sayn how he was farne hom fro.
Sithen of oures went ful gode wone
To se *that* siȝt, *and* said right so.
Herfore we murne *and* mak*is th*is mon;
Now wot *tho*u wele of all*e* our*e* wo.

[LUKE?][2] . . . . . in pese.

[CLEOPHAS AND LUKE.][3] *Mane nobiscum, quoniam aduesperascit et inclinata est iam dies. Alleluya!*[4]

[*They approach Emmaus.*]

[JESUS.] . . . . . wight.

[CLEOPHAS.][5] Amend our*e* mournyng, maister der*e*,
And fond our*e* freylnes for to felle!
Herk, bro*ther!* help to hold hi*m* her*e*,
Ful nobel talis wil he vs telle!

[LUKE.] . . . . . lent
[CLEOPHAS.] And gode wyne schal vs wont non,
For *th*er-to schal I take entent.

1 Skeat *does not indicate the speaker; the cue following he assigns to Jesus. It seems unlikely that a speech by Jesus existed between this Latin and the English in which Cleophas gives the substance of it. I therefore suppose both disciples to have recited the Latin and then each to have given, as was usual, the sense of it, each emphasizing different features.*

2 *It is impossible to decide whether to assign this to Luke or to Jesus.*

3 *Not indicated by* Skeat.

4 *Noted for voices.*

5 *Omitted by* Skeat.

[*Jesus breaks the bread, and, after giving it to them, vanishes.*]

[LUKE.] . . . . . he went. 57

[CLEOPHAS.] Went he is, *and* we ne wot how,
For here is noght left in his sted![1]
Allas! where were oure wittis now?
With wo now walk we, wil of red!
[LUKE.] . . . . . [he brak][2] oure bred. 62

[CLEOPHAS.] Oure bred he brak *and* blessed hit;
On mold were neuer so mased men,
When *that* we saw him by vs sit,
That we couthe noght consayue him *then*. 66

[LUKE.] . . . . . ay.

[*Cleophas and Luke return to the other disciples, singing:*]

[CLEOPHAS AND LUKE.] *Quid agam*us *uel dicam*us,
*Ignorantes quo eam*us,
Qui Doctorem sciencie
Et patrem consolacionis
Amisimus?[3] 72

[LUKE.] . . . . . gode state

[CLEOPHAS.] We schal hom telle, with-outen trayn,
Bothe word *and* werk, how [that] hit was,
I se hom sitt samyn in a playn.
Forthe in apert dar I not pas! 77

[*They join the other disciples.*][4]

[LUKE?] . . . . . *and* wife.
[CLEOPHAS.] We saw him holle, hide *and* hewe;
*Ther*fore be still, *and* stint 3oure strife!

[1] MS. stid; *corr. by* Skeat.
[2] *Supplied by* Skeat.
[3] *Noted for voices.*
[4] *A red line here in* MS. Skeat *interprets it as I do.*

That hit was Crist ful wele we knewe,
He cutt oure bred *with*-oute*n* knyfe. 82

[*All the disciples sing:*]

[CHORUS.] *Gloria tibi, Domine,*
Qui surrexisti a mortuis,
*Cu*m *Patre* et *Sancto Spiritu,*
In sempiterna secula; Amen! [1]

[*Enter St. Thomas, who refuses to believe until convinced by the appearance of Christ.*] [2]

[CHORUS.] *Frater Thoma, causa tristicie*
Nobis tulit summa leticie!

[*Explicit.*]

1 *Noted for voices.*

2 Skeat *thinks a new play begins here; but the Incredulity of St. Thomas is not celebrated on Easter Monday.*

PART I.

NORWICH WHITSUN PLAYS.

These two versions of the pageant of the Grocers of Norwich are reprinted from: "Norwich Pageants. The Grocers' Play. From a MS. in the possession of Robt. Fitch, Esq., F.G.S. [Privately printed.] Norwich, 1856." The first of them was composed before June 16, 1533; the other, in 1565.

I.

The Story of *the*[1] Creac*i*on[2] of Eve, w*i*t*h* *the* Expellyng of Adam *and* Eve out of Paradyce.

PATER. *Ego principiu*m, *Alpha* et ω, *in altissimis habito;*
In *the* hevenly empery I am resydent.
Yt ys not semely for man, *sine adjutorio*,
To be allone, nor very convenyent.
I have plantyd an orcheyard most congruent
For hym to kepe *and* to tylle, by contemplac*i*on.
Let us make an adjutory of our formac*i*on

To hys symylatude, lyke in plasmac*i*on.
In-to Paradyce I wyll nowe descende
W*i*t*h* my mynysters angelicall of our creac*i*on
To assyst us in ow*e*r worke *tha*t we intende,
A slepe in-to man be soporac*i*on to sende.
A ribbe out of man*n*ys syde I do here take;
Bothe flesche *and* bone I do thys creatur blysse;
And a woman I fourme, to be his make,
Semblable to man; beholde here she ys.

[1] F. y^{e}; *so below.*
[2] *Perhaps this ought to be expanded as* Creacyon.

ADAM. O my Lorde God, incomprehensyble, withoute mysse,
Ys thy hyghe excellent magnyfysens.
Thys creature to me ys *nunc ex ossibus meis*,
And *virago* I call hyr in thy presens,
Lyke on-to me in naturall preemynens.
Laude, honor and glory to the I make.
Bothe father and mother man shall for hyr forsake.

PATER. Than my garden[1] of plesure kepe thou suer.
Of all fruts *and* trees shall thou ete *and* fede,
Except thys tre of connyng, whyle ye bothe indure;
Ye shall not touche yt, for that I forbede.
ADAM. Thy precept, Lorde, in will, worde and deede
Shall I observe, and thy request fulfyll
As thou hast com*m*andyd, yt ys reason *and* skyll.

PATER. Thys tre ys callyd of connyng good *and* yll;
That day that ye ete thereof shall ye dye,
Morte moriemini, yf that I do you aspye;

Showe thys to thy spowse now by and bye.
I shall me absent for a time and space;
A warned man may lyve; who can it denye?
I make the lord therof; kepe wyll my place;
If thou do thys, thou shall have my grace;
In-to mortalite shall thou el*l*es falle.
Looke thow be obedyent whan I the calle.

ADAM. Omnipotent God and hygh[2] Lord of all,[2]
I am thy servante, bownde onder thyn obedyens,
And thou my creatour, one God eternall;
What thou com*m*andest, I shall do my dylygens.
PATER. Here I leve the, to have experyens,
To use thys place in vertuse occupac*i*on,
For nowe I wyll retorne to myn habitac*i*on.
ADAM. O lovely spowse of God*e*s creac*i*on,
I leve the here alone, I shall not tary longe,
For I wyll walke a whyle for my recreac*i*on

[1] *A stroke over* n. [2] *Both the* h *and the* ll *are crossed.*

And se over Paradyce, that ys so stronge.
No-thynge may hurt us, nor do us wronge ;
God ys ow*e*r p*ro*tecto*ur* *and* soverayn[1] guyde ;
In thys place no*n* yll thynge may abyde. 54

SERPENS. O gemme of felycyte and femynyne love,
Why hathe God und*e*r precept p*ro*hybyte thys frute,
That ye shuld not ete therof to yo*ur* behofe ?
Thys tre ys plesant w*ith*outen refute. 58

EVA. *Ne forte* we shuld dye, *and* than be mortall ;
We may not towche yt, by God*es* com*m*andement.
SERPENS. *Ne-quaq*ua*m*, ye shall not dye perpetuall,
But ye shuld be as god*es* resydent,
Knowyng good *and* yll spyrytuall ;
No-thyng can dere you *tha*t ys carnall. 64

EVA. For us than now what hold you best,
That we do not ow*e*r God offende ?
SERPENS. Eate of thys apple at my requeste.
To the, Almyghty God dyd me sende.
EVA. Nowe wyll I take therof ; *and* I intende,
To plese my spowse, therof to fede,
To know good *and* yll for ow*e*r mede. 71

ADAM. I have walkyd abought for my solace ;
My spowse, how do you? tell me.
EVA. An angell cam from God*es* grace
And gaffe me an apple of thys tre.
Part therof I geffe to the ;
Eate therof for thy pleasure,
For thys frute ys God*es* own treasure. 78

PATER. Adam, Adam, wher art thou thys tyde?
Before my presens why dost thou not appere?

[A large gap in the MS. here.]

Musick.
Aftyr that Adam and *Eve be drevyn out of Paradyse, they schall speke thys foloyng:*

[1] *A stroke over* n.

ADAM. O, *with* dolorows sorowe we may wayle *and* weepe !
Alas, alas, whye ware we soo bolde ?
Bye ower fowle presumpsyon we ar cast full depe,
Fro pleasur to payn, *with* carys manye-fold.

EVA.[1] *With* wonderows woo, alas ! it cane not be told ;
Fro Paradyse to ponyschment *and* bondage full strong.
O wretchys that we are, so ever we xal be inrollyd ;
Therfor ower hande*s* we may wrynge *with* most dullfull[2] song.

And so thei *xall syng, walkyng together abowt the place, wryngyng ther hands:*

Wythe dolorous sorowe we may wayle *and* wepe
Bothe[3] nyght *and* daye in sorowe,[4] sythys full depe.

[*N.B. These last 2 lines set to musick twice over and again, for a chorus of 4 pts.*][5]

II.

The Storye of *the* Temptacion of Man in Paradyce, beyng therin placyd, *and the* Expellynge of Man *and* Woman from thence, newely renuid[6] *and* accordynge unto *the* Skrypture, begon thys yere, A° 1565, A° 7 Eliz.

ITEM. *Yt ys to be notyd* that *when* the *Grocers Pageant is played with-owte eny other goenge befor yt, then doth the Prolocutor say in* this *wise:*

[THE FIRST PROLOGUE.]

Lyke as yt chancyd before this season,
Owte of God*es* Scripture reuealed, in playes
Was dyvers stories sett furth, by reason,
Of pageants apparellyd in Wittson dayes ;
And lately be fallen into decayes ;

[1] F. Eve.
[2] F. dull full.
[3] *In* F. *at end of preceding line.*
[4] F. sory.
[5] *This note is apparently added by* F.
[6] F. renvid.

Which stories dependyd in theyr orders sett
By severall devyces, much knowledge to gett;

Begynnyng in Genesis, that story repleate,
Of God his creacion of eche lyvynge thynge,
Of heaven *and* of erth, of fysh smalle *and* greate,
Of fowles, herbe *and* tre, *and* of all best*es* crepynge,
Of angel, of man, w*hi*ch of erth hath beynge,
And of *the* fall of angell[s], in *the* Apocalyps to se;
W*hi*ch stories w*i*th the Skriptures most justly agree.

Then followed this ow*e*r pageant, w*hi*ch sheweth to be
The Garden of Eden, w*hi*ch God dyd plante,
As yn *the* seconde chapter of Genesis ye se;
Wherin of frutes pleasant no kynde therof shulde wante;
In w*hi*ch God dyd putt man to cherish tre *and* plante,[1]
To dresse *and* kepe *the* grownde, *and* eate what frute hym lyste,
Except *the* tre of knowledge, God*es* high wyll[2] to resyste.

The story sheweth further, that, after man was blyste,
The Lord did create woman owte of a ribbe of man;
W*hi*ch woman was deceyvyd with *the* Serpent*es* darkned myste;
By whose synn ow*e*r nature is so weake no good we can;
Wherfor they were dejectyd *and* caste from thence than
Unto dolloure *and* myseri[3] *and* to traveyle *and* payne
Untyll God*es* spryght renuid;[4] and so we ende certayne.

*Note that yf ther goeth eny other pageant*es *before yt*, the *Prolocutor sayeth as ys on* the *other syde* and *leaveth owte this.*

[The Second Prologue.]

The Prolocutor. As in theyr former pageant*es* is semblably declared
Of God*es* mighty creac*i*on in every lyvyng thynge,
As in *the* fyrst of Genesis to such it is p*re*pared[5]

[1] F. [hym] taute.
[2] F. wytt.
[3] F. nyseri.
[4] F. renvid.
[5] F. p*ro*pared.

As lust they have to reade to memory to brynge
Of pride *and* fawle of angells that in hell hathe beinge;
In *the* seconde of Genesis of mankynde hys creacion
Unto this Garden Eden is made full preparacion. 7

And here begynneth ow*er* pageant to make *the* declaracion,
From *the* letter C in *the* chapter before saide,
Howe God putt man in Paradyse to dresse yt in best fassion,
And that no frut therof from hym shuld be denayed,
Butt of *the* tre of lyffe *that* man shuld be afraide
To eat of, least that daye he eate yt he shuld dye;
And of womans creacion apperinge by *and* bye; 14

And of *the* Deavills temptacion discouv[r]inge w*ith* a lye
The woman beinge weakest, *that* cawsed man to tast.
That[1] God dyd so offende, that even contynentlye
Owte of *the* place of joye was man *and* woman cast,
And into so great dolloure *and* misery browght at last;
Butt that by God his spright was comforted ageyne.
This is of this ow*er* pagent *the* some *and* effect playne. 21

[The Creation and Fall.]

God *the* father. I am Alpha et Homega, my Apocalyps doth testyfye,
That made all of nothinge for man his sustentacion;
And of this pleasante garden *that* I have plante most goodlye
I wyll hym make *the* dresser for his good recreacion.
Therfor, Man, I gyve yt the, to have thy delectacion.
In eatyng thou shalt eate of every growenge tre
Excepte *the* tre of knowledge, *the* which I forbydd the; 7

For in what daye soever thou eatest[2] thou shallt be
Even as the childe of death; take hede; *and* thus I saye,
I wyll the make an helper, to comforte the alwaye.
Beholde, therfore a slepe I bryng this daye on the,

[1] F. *inserts* [he]. [2] F. eaten.

And owte of this thy ribbe, that here I do owte-take,
A creature for thy help behold I do the make.
A-ryse, *and* from thy slepe I wyll the nowe awake,
And take hyr unto the, that you both be as one
To comfort one thother when from you I am gone.

And, as I saide before when *that* thou wert alone,
In eatying thow mayst eate of every tre here is,
Butt of *the* tre of knowledge of good *and* evyll eate non,
Lest that thou dye the deth by doenge so amysse.
I wyll dep*ar*te [1] now wher myn habitacion is.
I leave you here.
Se *that* ye have my wordes in most high estimacion.

Then Man and *Woman speke bothe.*

[MAN AND WOMAN.] We thank the, mighty God, *and* gyve the honoracion.

Man spekethe.

[MAN.] Oh bone of my bones *and* flesh of my flesh eke,
Thou shalt be called Woman, by-caus thou art of me.
Oh gyfte of God most goodlye, *that* has [2] us made so lyke,
Most lovynge spowse I muche do here rejoyce of the.
WOMAN. And I lykewyse, swete lover, do much reioyce of the.
God therefore be praised, such comforte have us gyve
That ech of us w*ith* other thus pleasantly do lyve.

MAN. To walke abowt this garden my fantasye me meve;
I wyll the leave alone tyll that I turne ageyne;
Farewell, myn owne swete spouse, I leave *the* to remayne.
WOMAN. And farewell, my dere lover, whom my hart doth conteyn.

The Serpent spekethe.

[THE SERPENT.] Nowe, nowe, of my purpos I dowght nott to attayne;
I can yt nott abyde, in theis joyes they shulde be.
Naye! I wyll attempt them to syn unto theyr payne;

[1] F. dep*r*ote. [2] F. hast.

By subtylty to catch them the waye I do well se ;
Unto this, angell of lyght I shew mysylfe to be,
With hyr for to dyscemble ; I fear yt nott at all,
Butt that unto my haight some waye I shall hyr call.

Oh lady of felicite, beholde my voice so small !
Why have God sayde to you, "Eate nott of every tre
That is within this garden "? Therein now answere me.

WOMAN. We eate of all the frutte that in the grownde we se,
Excepte that in the myddest, wherof we may nott taste,
For God hath yt forbydd, therfor yt may nott be,
Lest that we dye *the* deth *and* from this place be caste.
THE SERPENT. Ye shall not dye *the* deth; he made you butt agaste ;
Butt God doth know full well *that* when you eate of yt
Your eys shall then be openyd *and* you shall at *the* last
As god*es* both good *and* evyll to knowe ye shall be fytt.

WOMAN. To be as God [1] indede *and* in his place to sytt,
Therto for to agre my lust conceyve somewhatt;
Besyd*es* the tre is pleasante to gett wysedome *and* wytt,
And nothyng is to be comparyd unto that.
THE SERPENT. Then take at my request, *and* eate, *and* fere yt natt.

Here she takyth and *eatyth*, and *Man cumyth in* and *sayeth unto hyr :*

MAN. My love, for my solace I have here walkyd longe.
Howe ys yt nowe w*ith* you? I pray you do declare.
WOMAN. In-dede, lovely lover, the heavenly kynge most stronge
To eate of this apple his angell hath prepare ;
Take therof at my hande thother frutes amonge,
For yt shall make you wyse *and* even as God to fare.

Then Man taketh and *eatyth* and *sayethe :*

[MAN.] Alack ! alacke ! my spouse, now se I nakid we ar;
The presence of ow*er* God we can yt nott abyde.

[1] F. God*es*.

We have broke his precepte, he gave us of to care;
From God therfor in secrete in some place lett us hide.
WOMAN. *With* fygge-leavis lett us cover us, of God we be nott spyede.

THE FATHER. Adam! I saye, Adam! Wher art thou now this tyde,
That here before my presence thou dost nott now apere?
ADAM. I herde thy voyce, oh Lorde, but yett I dyd me hide.
For that which I am naked I more greatly dyd feare.

THE FATHER. Why art thou then nakyd? Who so hath cawsyd the?
MAN. This woman, Lord *and* God, which thou hast gyven to me.
THE FATHER. Hast thou eat of *the* frute *that* I forbyd yt the?
Thow Woman, why hast thou done unto him thys trespace?
WOMAN. The Serpente diseayvyd me *with* that his fayer face.

THE FATHER. Thow Serpente, why dydst thou this wise prevente my grace,
My creatures *and* servant*es* in this maner to begyle?
THE SERPENTE. My kynde is so, thou knowest, *and* that in every case,—
Clene oute of this place theis p*er*sons [1] to exile.[2]

THE FATHER. Cursed art for causynge my com*m*andement to defyle,
Above all cattell *and* beast*es*. Remayne thou in *the* fylde;
Crepe on thy bely *and* eate duste for this thy subtyll wyle;
The womans sede shall ov*er*-com the, thus yt [3] have I wylde.
Thou, Woman, bryngyng chyldren *with* payne shall be dystylde,
And be subiect to thy husbonde, *and* thy lust shall p*er*tayne [4]
To hym. I hav determynyd this ever to remayne.

[1] F. *pro*sons.
[2] F. excite.
[3] F. y^t.
[4] F. p*ro*tayne.

And to the, Man, for *that* my voyce thou didst disdayne,
Cursed is *the* erth for ever for thy sake;
Thy lyvyng shall thou gett with swett unto thy payne,
Tyll thou departe unto the erth [wherof] I dyd the make.
Beholde, theis letherin aprons unto *your*selves now take.

Lo! Man as one of us hathe bene, good *and* evyll to knowe;
Therfor I wyll exempte hym from this place to aslake,
Lest of the tre of lyfe he eate *and* ever growe.
Myne angell, now cum furth *and* kepe *the* waye *and* porte,
Unto *the* tre of lyfe that they do nott resorte.

THE AUNGELL. Departe from hence at onys from this place of comforte,
No more to have axcesse or ells for to apere.
From this place I exile you, that you no more resorte,
Nor ever do presume ageyne for to come here.

Then Man and *Woman departyth to the nether parte of the pageant*, and *Man sayeth:*

[MAN.] Alack! myn owne sweteharte, how am I stroke *with* fear,
That from God am exiled *and* brow*ght* to payne *and* woo.
Oh! what have we lost! Why dyd we no more care,
And to what kynd of place thatt we resort *and* goo?
WOMAN. Indede into *the* worlde now must we to *and* fro,
And where or how to rest I can nott saye at all.
I am even as ye ar, what-so-ever me be-fall.

Then cumeth Dolor and *Myserye* and *taketh Man by both armys* and *Dolor sayeth:*

[DOLOR.] Cum furth, O Man, take hold of me!
Through envy hast lost thy heavenly lyght
By eatynge; in bondage from hence shall be.
Now must thou me, Dolor, have always in sight.

MYSERYE. And also of me, Myserye, thou must taste *and* byte,
Of hardenes *and* of colde *and* eke of infirmitie;

Accordinge to desarte thy portion is, of right,
To enioye that in me that is withoute certentye.

ADAM. Thus troublyd, nowe I enter into Dolor *and* Miserie.
Nowe, Woman, must we lerne ower lyvynges to gett
With labor *and* with travell; ther is no remedye,
Nor eny-thyng therfrom we se that maye us lett.

Then cumyth in the *Holy Ghost comforting Man* and *sayeth:*

[THE HOLY GHOST.] Be of good cheare, Man, *and* sorowe no more;
This Dolor *and* Miserie that then thou hast taste
Is nott in respecte, layd up in store,
To *the* joyes for the that ever shall[1] last.
Thy God doth not this the away to cast,
But to try the as gold is tryed in *the* fyer;
In the end, premonyshed, shalt have thy desire.

Take owte of the Gospell *that* yt the requyre,
Fayth in Chryst Jhesu *and* grace thatt ensewe.
I wylbe thy guyde *and* pay the thy hyer
For all thy good dylygence *and* doenge thy dewe.
Gyve eare unto me, Man, *and* than yt ys trewe,
Thou shalt kyll affectes *that* by lust in the reygne,
And put Dolor *and* Mysery and Envy to payne.

Theis armors ar preparyd, yf thou wylt turne ageyne;
To fyght wyth, take to the, *and* reach Woman the same:
The brest plate of rightousnes Saynte Paule wyll the retayne;
The shylde of faythe to quench, thy fyrye dartes to tame;
The hellmett of salvacion the devylls wrath shall lame;
And *the* sworde of *the* spright, w*hi*ch is *the* worde of God, —
All theis ar nowe the offred to ease thy payne *and* rodd.

ADAM. Oh! prayse to the, Most Holye, *that* hast w*ith* me abode,
In mysery premonyshynge by this thy Holy Spright.

[1] F. shalt.

Nowe fele I such great co*m*forte, my syns they be unlode
And layde on Chrystes back, w*hi*ch is my joye *and* lyght.
This Dolor *and* this Mysery I fele to me no wight;
No! Deth is overcu*m* by fore predestinacion,
And we attayned wyth Chryst in heavenly consolacion. 150

Therfor, myne owne swett spous, w*ith*outen cavylacion
Together lett us synge, *and* lett o*ur* hart*es* reioyse
And gloryfye ow*er* God wyth mynde, powre *and* voyse. 153
Amen.

[*Old musick, Triplex, Tenor, Medius, Bass:*][1]

With hart *and* voyce
Let us reioyce
And prayse the Lord alwaye
For this o*ur* joyfull daye,
To se of this o*ur* God his maiestie,
Who[2] hath given himsellfe ov*er* us to rayne *and* to gov*er*ne us.
Lett all o*ur* harte[s] reioyce together,
And lett us all lifte up o*ur* voyce, on of us with another. 161

[1] *Apparently added by* F.

[2] F. Who the hath. *Perhaps something is lost that is necessary to the regularity of the stanza.*

TOWNELEY PLAYS.

Reprinted from advance sheets of the edition of the Early English Text Society. I have not reproduced the crosses, tags, and curls usually attached in this MS. to *ll*, *th*, *ht*, *t*, *f*, and *r*, for they seem mere flourishes. The MS. dates from the second half of the fifteenth century. In the footnotes, M. indicates Mätzner's "Altenglische Sprachproben," I, 1, pp. 357 ff.

Processus Noe cu*m* filiis. Wakefield.

NOE. Myghtfull God veray, / maker of all that is,
Thre p*er*sons, withoutten nay, / oone God in endles blis,
Thou maide both nyght & day, / beest, fowle, & fysh;
All creatures that lif may / wroght thou at thi wish,
As thou wel myght;
The son, the moyne, verament,
Thou maide; the firmament;
The sternes also full feruent
To shyne thou maide ful bright;

Angels thou maide ful euen, / all orders that is,
To haue the blis in heuen: —/ this did thou more & les.
ffull mervelus to neuen,/ yit was ther vnkyndnes,
More bi fold*is* seuen / then I can well expres;
ffor why
Of all angels in brightnes
God gaf Lucifer most lightnes,
Yit prowdly he flyt his des,
And set hym euen hym by.

He thoght hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made,
In brightnes, in bewty. / Therfor he hym degrade;
Put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a brade,
Hym and all his menye, / wher he may be vnglad
ffor euer.
Shall thay neuer wyn away,
Hence vnto domysday,
Bot burne in bayle for ay ;
Shall thay neuer dysseuer.

Soyne after that gracyous Lord / to his liknes maide man,
That place to be restord / euen as he began,
Of the Trinite bi accord, / Adam, & Eue that woman.
To multiplie without discord / in paradise put he thaym,
And sithen to both
Gaf in commaundement,
On the tre of life to lay no hend;
Bot yit the fals feynd
Made hym with man wroth,

Entysyd man to glotony, / styrd him to syn in pride ;
Bot in paradise, securly, / myght no syn abide,
And therfor man full hastely / was put out, in that tyde,
In wo & wandreth for to be; / [1] paynes full vnrid
To knawe, [2]
ffyrst in erth, sythen [3] in heli
With feyndis for to dwell,
Bot he his mercy mell
To those that will hym trawe.

Oyle of mercy he hus hight, / as I haue hard red,
To euery lifyng wight / that wold luf hym and dred ;
Bot now before his sight / euery liffyng leyde
Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede
ffull bold;

[1] E. E. T. S. *has* In paynes.
[2] MS. knowe.
[3] E. E. T. S. *has* in sythen in; M. *reads* and sythen.

Som in pride, ire, and enuy,
Som in couetyse[1] & glotyny,
Som in sloth and lechery,
And other wise many-fold. 54

Therfor I drede lest God / on vs will take veniance,
ffor syn is now alod / *with*out any repentance;
Sex hundreth yeris & od / haue I, without distance,
In erth, as any sod, / liffyd with grete grevance
All-way;
And now I wax old,
Seke, sory, and cold,
As muk apon mold
I widd*er* away; 63

Bot yit will I cry / for m*er*cy and call;
Noe thi seruant am I, / Lord, ou*er*-all!
Therfor me and my fry, / shal w*ith* me fall,
Saue from velany / and bryng to thi hall
In heuen;
And kepe me from syn
This warld within;
Comly Kyng of mankyn,
I pray the here my stevyn! 72

Deus. Syn I haue maide all thyng / that is liffand,
Duke, emperour, and kyng / w*ith* myne awne hand,
ffor to haue thare likyng / bi see & bi sand,
Eu*er*y man to my bydyng / shuld be bowand
ffull feruent,
That maide man sich a creatoure,
ffarest of favoure.
Man must luf me p*ar*amoure,
By reson, and repent. 81

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be
All angels abuf, / like to the Trynyte;

[1] MS. Couetous; *corr. by* M.

And now in grete reprufe / full low lig*is* he,
In erth hy*m*self to stuf / w*ith* syn that displeasse me
Most of all;
Veniance will I take
In erth for syn sake,
My grame thus will I wake
Both of grete and small.

I repente full sore / that eu*er* maide I man,
Bi me he sett*is* no store / and I am his soferan;
I will distroy therfor / both beest, man, and woman,
All shall p*er*ish, les and more; / that bargan may thay ban
That ill has done.
In erth I se right noght
Bot syn that is vnsoght;
Of those that well has wroght
ffynd I bot[1] a fone.

Therfor shall I fordo / all this medill-erd
With flood*is* that shall flo / & ryn w*ith* hidous rerd;
I haue good cause therto; / ffor me no man is ferd;
As I say shal I do, / of veniance draw my swerd,
And make end
Of all that beris life,
Sayf Noe and his wife,
ffor thay wold neu*er* stryfe
W*ith* me then[2] me offend.

Hym to mekill wyn / hastly will I go,
To Noe my s*er*uand, or I blyn, / to warn hy*m* of his wo.
In erth I se bot syn, / reynand to and fro,
Emang both more & myn, / ichon other fo
W*ith* all thare entent;
All shall I fordo
W*ith* flood*is* that shall floo,
Wirk shall I thaym wo,
That will not repent.

[1] MS. bo^t.

[2] MS. then; E. E. T. S. ne.

[*God descends and comes to Noah.*][1]

Noe, my freend, I thee co*m*maund, / from cares the to keyle,
A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and bord ful wele.
Thou was alway well wirkand, / to me trew as stele,
To my bydyng obediand; / frendship shal thou fele
To mede.
Of lennthe thi ship be
Thre hundreth cubett*is*, warn I the,
Of heght euen thirte,[2]
Of fyfty als in brede.

Anoynt thi ship w*ith* pik and tar / w*ith*out & als w*ith*in,
The wat*er* out to spar / this is a noble gyn;
Look no man the mar; / thre chese[3] chambres begyn;
Thou must spend many a spar / this wark or thou wyn
To end fully.
Make in thi ship also
P*ar*loures oone or two,
And houses of offyce mo
ffor beest*is* that ther must be.

Oone cubite on hight / a wyndo shal thou make;
On the syde a doore w*ith* slyght / be-neyth shal thou take;
W*ith* the shal no man fyght / nor do the no kyn wrake.
When all is doyne thus right, / thi wife, that is thi make,
Take in to the;
Thi sonnes of good fame,
Sem, Iaphet, and Came,
Take in also [t]hame,[4]
Thare wif*is* also thre.

ffor all shal be fordone / that lif in land bot ye,
W*ith* flood*is* that from abone / shal fall, & that plente;
It shall begyn full sone / to rayn vncessantle,

[1] *Supplied by* E. E. T. S.
[2] E. E. T. S. thrirte.
[3] MS. chefe.
[4] *Corr. by* M.

Aft*er* dayes seuen be done, / and induyr dayes fourty,
W*ith*outten fayll.
Take to thi ship also
Of ich kynd beest*is* two,
Mayll & femayll, bot no mo,
Or thou pull vp thi sayll.

ffor thay may the avayll / when al this thyng is wroght;
Stuf thi ship w*ith* vitayll, / ffor hungre that ye p*er*ish noght,
Of beest*is*, foull, and catayll, / ffor thaym haue thou in thoght;
ffor thaym is my counsayll / that som socour be soght
In hast;
Thay must haue corn and hay,
And oder mete alway;
Do now as I the say,
In the name of the Holy Gast.

Noe. A ! benedicite ! / what art thou that thus
Tellys afore that shall be ? / Thou art full m*er*velus !
Tell me, for charite, / thi name so gracius.
Deus. My name is of dignyte / and also full glorius
To knawe.[1]
I am God most myghty,
Oone God in Trynyty,
Made the and ich man to be:
To luf me well thou awe.

Noe. I thank the, Lord so dere, / that wold vowch-sayf
Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe;
Blis vs, Lord, here; / for charite I hit crafe;
The bett*er* may we stere / the ship that we shall hafe,
Certayn.
Deus. Noe, to the and to thi fry
My blyssyng graunt I:
Ye shall wax and multiply,
And fill the erth agane,

[1] MS. knowe.

When all thise flood*is* ar past / and fully gone away.
NOE. Lord, homward will I hast / as fast as that I may;
My [wife] [1] will I frast / what she will say, [*Exit Deus.*] [1]
And I am agast / that we get som fray
Betwixt vs both;
ffor she is full techee, [2]
ffor litill oft angre,
If any-thyng wrang be,
Soyne is she wroth. 189

Tunc perget ad vxorem.

God spede, dere wife, / how fayre ye?
VXOR. Now as eu*er* myght I thryfe, / the wars I thee see.
Do tell me belife, / where has thou thus long be?
To dede may we dryfe / or lif for the,
ffor want.
When we swete or swynk,
Thou dos what thou thynk,
Yit of mete and of drynk
Haue we veray skant. 198

NOE. Wife, we ar hard sted / with tythyngis new.
VXOR. Bot thou were worthi be cled / in Stafford blew;
ffor thou art alway adred, / be it fals or trew.
Bot God knowes I am led, / and that may I rew
ffull ill;
ffor I dar be thi borow,
ffrom euen vnto morow
Thou spek*is* eu*er* of sorow:
God send the onys thi fill! 207

We women may wary / all ill husband*is*.
I have oone, bi Mary / that lowsyd me of my band*is*!
If he teyn, I must tary, / how-so-eu*er* it stand*is*,
With seymland full sory, / wryngand both my hand*is*
ffor drede.

[1] *Supplied by* E. E. T. S. [2] E. E. T. S. tethee.

Bot yit other while,
What with gam & *with* gyle,
I shall smyte and smyle,
And qwite hym his mede.

NOE. We ! hold thi tong, ram-skyt, / or I shall the still.
VXOR. By my thryft, if thou smyte, / I shal turne the vntill.
NOE. We shall assay as tyte. / Haue at the, Gill !
Apon the bone shal it byte. /
VXOR. A, so, Mary ! thou smyt*is* ill !
Bot I suppose
I shal not in thi det
fflyt of this flett!
Take the ther a langett
To tye vp thi hose ! [*Striking him.*]

NOE. A! wilt thou so ? / Mary, that is myne.
VXOR. Thou shal [have] thre for two, / I swere bi God*is* pyne.
NOE. And I shall qwyte the tho, / in fayth, or syne.
VXOR. Out apon the, ho ! /
NOE. Thou can both byte and whyne
With a rerd!
ffor all if she stryke,
Yit fast will she skryke;
In fayth, I hold none slyke
In all medill-erd;

Bot I will kepe charyte, / ffor I haue at do.
VXOR. Here shal no man tary the; / I pray the go to!
ffull well may we mys the, / as eu*er* haue I ro.
To spyn will I dres me. /
NOE. We ! fare well, lo;
Bot, wife,
Pray for me besele,
To eft I com vnto the.
VXOR. Euen as thou prays for me,
As eu*er* myght I thrife.

NOE. I tary full lang / fro my warke, I traw ;
Now my gere will I fang / and thederward draw.
I may full ill gang, / the soth for to knaw.
Bot if God help amang, / I may sit downe daw
To ken ;
Now assay will I
How I can of wrightry,
In nomine Patris, & Filii,
Et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.

To begyn of this tree / my bonys will I bend ;
I traw from the Trynyte / socoure will be send.
It fayres full fayre, thynk me, / this wark to my hend ;
Now blissid be he / that this can amend.
Lo, here the lenght,
Thre hundreth cubett*is* euenly ;
Of breed, lo ! is it fyfty ;
The heght is euen thyrty
Cubett*is* full stre*n*ght.

Now my gowne will I cast, / and wyrk in my cote ;
Make will I the mast, / or I flyt oone foote.
A ! my bak, I traw, will brast ! / this is a sory note !
Hit is wond*er* that I last, / sich an old dote
All dold !
To begyn sich a wark,
My bonys ar so stark,
No wond*er* if thay wark,
ffor I am full old.

The top and the sayll / both will I make ;
The helm and the castell / also will I take ;
To drife ich a nayll / will I not forsake ;
This gere may neu*er* fayll, / that dar I vnd*er*take
Onone.
This is a nobull gyn,
Thise nayles so thay ryn
Thoro more and myn,
Thise bord*is* ichon ;

Wyndow and doore, / euen as he saide,
Thre ches-chambre, / thay ar well maide;
Pyk & tar full sure / ther-apon laide;
This will eu*er* endure, / therof am I paide;
ffor why
It is bett*er* wroght
Then I coude haif thoght.
Hym that maide all of noght
I thank oonly.

Now will I hy me, / and no-thyng be leder,
My wife and my meneye / to bryng euen hed*er*.

[*Goes to find his wife.*]

Tent hedir tydely, / wife, and consid*er*;
Hens must vs fle / all sam togeder
In hast.
VXOR. Whi, syr, what alis you?
Who is that asalis you?
To fle it avalis you
And ye be agast.

NOE. Ther is garn on the reyll / other, my dame.
VXOR. Tell me that ich a deyll, / els get ye blame.
NOE. He that cares may keill, — / blissid be his name! —
He has [spokyn?] [1] for oure seyll, / to sheld vs fro shame,
And sayd,
All this warld aboute
With flood*is* so stoute,
That shall ryn on a route,
Shall be ou*er*laide.

He saide all shall be slayn / bot oonely we,
Oure barnes, that ar bayn, / and thare wif*is* thre;
A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs & oure fee.
Therfor w*ith* all oure mayn / thank we that fre,
Beytt*er* of bayll.

[1] *No word nor gap in* E. E. T. S.

Hy vs fast ; go we thedir !
VXOR. I wote neu*er* whedir ;
I dase and I dedir
ffor ferd of that tayll.

NOE. Be not aferd ; haue done ; / trus sam oure gere,
That we be ther or none, / w*ith*out more dere.
I[1] FILI*US*. It shall be done full sone. / Brether, help to bere.
II FILI*US*. ffull long shall I not hoyne / to do my devere,
Brether Sam.
III FILIUS. W*ith*out any yelp,
At my myght shall I help.
VXOR. Yit for drede of a skelp
Help well thi dam.

[*They go to the Ark ; Uxor enters it.*]

NOE. Now ar we there / as we shuld be ;
Do get in oure gere, / oure catall and fe
In-to this vessell here, / my chyld*er* fre.
VXOR. I was neu*er* bard ere, / as eu*er* myght I the,
In sich an oostre as this.
In fa[i]th, I can not fynd,
Which is before, which is behynd.
Bot shall we here be pynd,
Noe, as haue thou blis? [*Exit from Ark.*]

NOE. Dame, as it is skill, / here must vs abide grace ;
Therfor, wife, w*ith* good will / com into this place.
VXOR. Sir, for Iak nor for Gill / will I turne my face,
Till I haue on this hill / spon a space
On my rok.
Well were he, myght get me !
Now will I downe set me ;
Yit reede I no man let me,
ffor drede of a knok.

[1] *Here and below* MS. *has the regular contracted forms of the Latin ordinal numerals.*

NOE. Behold to the heuen, / the cateractes all,
Thay[1] ar*e* open full euen, / grete and small,
And the planett*is* seuen / left has thare stall;
Thise thoners and levyn / downe gar fall
ffull stout
Both halles and bowers,
Castels and towres;
ffull sharp ar thise showers
That renys aboute;

Therfor, wife, haue done; / com into ship fast.
VXOR. Yei, Noe, go cloute thi shone, / the bett*er* will thai last.
I MULIER. Good mod*er*, com in sone, / for all is ou*er*-cast,
Both the son and the mone. /
II MULIER. And many wynd blast
ffull sharp;
This flood*is* so thay rin,
Therfor, mod*er*, come in.
VXOR. In fayth, yit will I spyn;
All in vayn ye carp.

III MULIER. If ye like ye may spyn, / mod*er*, in the ship.
NOE. Now is this twyys: com in, / dame, on my frenship.
VXOR. Whed*er* I lose or I wyn, / in fayth, thi felowship,
Set I not at a pyn. / This spyndill will I slip
Apon this hill
Or I styr oone fote.
NOE. Pet*er*! I traw we[2] dote;
W*ith*out any more note,
Come in if ye will.

VXOR. Yei, wat*er* nyghys so nere / that I sit not dry;
Into ship w*ith* a byr, / therfor, will I hy
ffor drede that I drone here. / [*Rushes into the ship.*]
NOE. Dame, securly,
It bees boght full dere, / ye abode so long by
Out of ship.

[1] E. E. T. S. That. [2] *Qy.* ye.

VXOR. I will not, for thi bydyng,
Go from doore to mydyng.
NOE. In fayth, and for youre long taryyng,
Ye shall lik on the whip.

VXOR. Spare me not, I pray the, / bot euen as thou thynk,
Thise grete word*is* shall not flay me. /
NOE. Abide, dame, and drynk,
ffor betyn shall thou be / w*ith* this staf to thou stynk.
Ar strok*is* good? say me. / [*Striking her.*]
VXOR. What say ye, Wat Wynk?
NOE. Speke!
Cry me m*er*cy, I say!
VXOR. Therto say I nay.
NOE. Bot thou do, bi this day,
Thi hede shall I breke.

VXOR. Lord, I were at ese / and hertely full hoylle,
Might I onys haue a measse / of wedows coyll;
ffor thi saull, w*ith*out lese, / shuld I dele penny doyll;
So wold mo, no frese, / that I se on this sole
Of wif*is* that ar here,
ffor the life that thay leyd,
Wold thare husband*is* were dede;
ffor, as eu*er* ete I brede,
So wold I oure syre were.

NOE. Yee men that has wif*is*, / whyls they ar yong,
If ye luf youre lif*is*, / chastice thare tong.
Me thynk my hert ryf*is*, / both levyr and long,
To se sich stryf*is* / wedmen emong;
Bot I,
As haue I blys,
Shall chastyse this.
VXOR. Yit may ye mys,
Nicholl Nedy! [*Fighting* ad lib.]

NOE. I shall make *th*e still as stone, / begynnar of blunder!
I shall bete the, bak and bone, / and breke all in sonder.

VXOR. Out, alas, I am gone ! / oute apon the, mans wonder !
NOE. Se how she can grone / and I lig vnder !
Bot, wife,
In this hast let vs ho,
ffor my bak is nere in two.
VXOR. And I am bet so blo
That I may not thryfe. 414

I FILIUS. A ! whi fare ye thus, / ffader and moder both ?
II FILIUS. Ye shuld not be so spitus, / standyng in sich a woth.
III FILIUS. Thise [strifis ?][1] are so hidus, / with many a cold coth.
NOE. We will do as ye bid vs ; / we will no more be wroth,
Dere barnes !
Now to the helme will I hent,
And to my ship tent.
VXOR. I se on the firmament,
Me thynk, the seven starnes. 423

NOE. This is a grete flood, / wife, take hede.
VXOR. So me thoght, as I stode ; / we are in grete drede ;
Thise wawghes ar so wode. /
NOE. Help, God, in this nede !
As thou art stere-man good, / and best, as I rede,
Of all,
Thou rewle vs in this rase,
As thou me behete hase.
VXOR. This is a perlous case :
Help, God, when we call ! 432

NOE. Wife, tent the stere-tre, / and I shall asay
The depnes of the see / that we bere, if I may.
VXOR. That shall I do ful wysely ; / now go thi way,
ffor apon this flood haue we / flett many day
With pyne.

[1] *No word nor gap in* E. E. T. S.

NOE. Now the wat*er* will I sownd :
A ! it is far to the grownd ;
This trauell, I expownd,
Had I to tyne.

Aboue all hillys bedeyn / the wat*er* is rysen late
Cubett*is fyfteyn ;* [1] / bot in a high*er* [2] state
It may not be, I weyn, / for this well I wate,
This forty dayes has rayn beyn ; / it will therfor abate
Full lele.
This wat*er* in hast
Eft will I tast ;
Now am I agast,
It is wanyd a grete dele.

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyt,
Both the most and the leest. /
VXOR. Me thynk, bi my wit,
The son shynes in the eest ; / lo, is not yond it ?
We shuld haue a good feest, / were thise flood*is* flyt,
So spytus.
NOE. We have been here, all we,
Thre hundreth [3] dayes and fyfty.
VXOR. Yei, now wanys the see ;
Lord, well is vs !

NOE. The thryd tyme will I prufe / what depnes we bere.
VXOR. How [4] long shall thou hufe ? / Lay in thy lyne there.
NOE. I may towch with my lufe / the grownd evyn here.
VXOR. Then begynnys to grufe / to vs mery chere ;
Bot, husband,
What grownd may this be ?
NOE. The hyllys of Armonye.
VXOR. Now blissid be he
That thus for vs can ordand !

[1] MS. xv.
[2] E. E. T. S. hight*er*.
[3] MS. ccc.
[4] E. E. T. S. Now ; *corr. by* Child.

NOE. I see the toppys of hyllys he, / many at a syght ;
No thyng to let me, / the wedir is so bright.
VXOR. Thise ar of m*er*cy / tokyns full right.
NOE. Dame, thou[1] counsell me / what fowll best myght
And cowth
With flight of wyng
Bryng, w*i*t*h*out taryying,
Of m*er*cy som tokynyng
Ayther bi north or southe ;

ffor this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne.
VXOR. The ravyn, durst I lay, / will come agane sone ;
As fast as thou may, / cast hym furth ; haue done.
He may happyn to-day / com agane or none
With grath.
NOE. I will cast out also
Dowf*y*s oone or two.
Go youre way, go, [*He sends out the birds.*]
God send you som wathe !

Now ar thise fowles flone / into seyr countre ;
Pray we fast ichon, / kneland on our kne,
To hym that is alone / worthiest of degre,
That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee
To glad vs.
VXOR. Thai may not fayll of land,
The wat*er* is so wanand.
NOE. Thank we God all-weldand,
That lord that made vs.

It is a wond*er* thyng, / me thynk sothle,
Thai ar so long taryyng, / the fowles that we
Cast out in the mornyng. /
VXOR. Syr, it may be
Thai tary to thay bryng. /
NOE. The ravyn is a-hungrye
All-way ;

[1] E. E. T. S. thi ; *corr. by* Kittredge.

He is *with*out any reson ;
And he fynd any caryon,
As *per*aventure may befon,
He will not away ;

The dowfe is more gentill, — / her trust I vntew, —
Like vnto the turtill, / for she is ay trew.
VXOR. Hence bot a litill / she co*mm*ys. Lew, lew !
She bryng*ys* in her bill / som novels new.
Behald !
It is of an olif tre
A branch, thynk*ys* me.
NOE. It is soth, p*er*de,
Right so is it cald.

Doufe, byrd full blist, / ffayre myght the befall !
Thou art trew for to trist / as ston in the wall ;
Full well I it wist, / thou wold com to thi hall.
VXOR. A trew tokyn ist, / we shall be sauyd all ;
ffor why
The wat*er*, syn she com,
Of depnes plom
Is fallen a fathom
And more, hardely.

I FILIUS. Thise flood*is* ar gone, / fad*er*, behold.
II *FILIUS*. Ther is left right none, / and that be ye bold.
III *FILIUS*. As still as a stone / oure ship is stold.
NOE. Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold.
My child*er* dere,
Sem, Japhet and Cam,
With gle and *with* gam
Com go we all sam,
We will no long*er* abide here.

VXOR. Here haue we beyn, / Noy, long enogh,
With tray and *with* teyn / and dreed mekill wogh.

NOE. Behald, on this greyn / nowd*er* cart ne plogh
Is left, as I weyn, / nowd*er* tre then bogh,
Ne other thyng,
Bot all is away ;
Many castels, I say,
Grete townes of aray,
fflitt has this flowyng.

VXOR. Thise flood*is* not afright / all this warld so wide
Has mevid w*ith* myght / on se and bi side.
NOE. To dede ar thai dyght, / prowdist of pryde, —
Eu*er* ich a wyght / that eu*er* was spyde
With syn ;
All ar thai slayn,
And put vnto payn.
VXOR. ffrom thens agayn
May thai neu*er* wyn ?

NOE. Wyn ? No, i-wis, / bot he that myght hase
Wold myn of thare mys / & admytte thaym to grace.
As he in bayll is blis, / I pray hym in this space,
In heven hye w*ith* his / to purvaye vs a place,
That we,
With his sant*is* in sight
And his angels bright,
May com to his light :
Amen, for charite.

Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.

HEGGE PLAYS.

Printed from MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii. I have expanded curled *r* and *n* and crossed *h* and *ll*, because the scribe seems to have used them with a definite intention. In the footnotes, H. marks the readings of the edition of the old Shakespeare Society: "Ludus Coventriæ, . . . ed. J. O. Halliwell. London, 1841."

I have chosen to call the plays by the name of the earliest known owner of the MS., for I see no reason to connect them with Coventry, and "so-called Coventry Plays" is a clumsy expression.

[Noah and Lamech.]

Noe. God of his goodnesse and of grace grounde,
By whoys gloryous power all*e* thyng is wrought,
In whom all*e* vertu plentevously [1] is ffounde,
W*ith*owtyn whos [2] wyl may be ryth nought,
Thy seruaunt*es* saue, Lord, fro synful sownde
In wyl, in werk, in dede *and* in thouht;
Our*e* welth in woo lete nevyr be fownde;
Vs help, Lord, from synne *tha*t we be in brought,
Lord God fful of myght!
Noe, ser*es*, my name is knowe; [*Addressing the audience.*]
My wyff *and* my chylder*e* her*e* on rowe;
To God we pray w*ith* hert ful lowe,
To plese hym in his syght. 13

In me, Noe, *the* secunde age
Indede be-gynnyth as I 30w say;

[1] MS. plentevoufly.
[2] MS. whof; *probably for* whofe.

Afftyr Adam, *with*outy*n* langage,
The secunde fadyr am I, in fay.
But men of levyng be so owt-rage
Bothe be nyght *and* eke be day,
That, lesse *th*an synne *the* soner swage,
God wyl be vengyd on vs su*m* way,
In-dede.
Ther may no man go th*er*owte,
But synne regnyth in every rowte ;
In every place rownde a-bowte
Cursydnes doth sprynge *and* sprede.

Vxor Noe. All*e*-myghty God, of his gret grace,
Enspyre men w*ith* hertely wyll*e*
For to sese of her*e* trespace ;
ffor synfull*e* levyng our*e* sowle xal spyll*e*.
Synne offendyth God in his face
And a-grevyth our*e* Lorde ffull*e* ylle ;
It causyth to man ryght grett manace
And scrapyth hym out of lyvys bylle,
That blyssyd book.
What man in synne doth all*e*-wey scleppe,
He xal gon to helle ful depp ;
Than xal he nevyr aft*er* creppe[1]
Out of *that*[2] brennyng brook.

I am 3o*ur* wyff, 3o*ur* childeryn *th*ese be ;
On-to us tweyn it doth longe
Hem to teche in all*e* degre
Synne to for-sakyn *and* werkys wronge.
Therfor*e*, ser*e*,[3] for loue of me,
Enforme hem wele evyr[4] a-monge
Synne to for-sake *and* vanyte,
And vertu to ffolwe, *that* *th*ei ffonge
Our*e* Lord God to plese.

[1] MS. crepp̄.
[2] H. the.
[3] MS. fer*e*.
[4] MS. ovyr.

NOE. I warne 3ow, childeryn, on *and* alle,
Drede oure Lord God in hevy[n] halle,
And in no forfete *that* we ne[1] ffalle
Our Lord for to dysplese. 52

CHEM.[2] A ! dere ffadyr, God for-bede
That we xulde do in ony wyse
Ony werke of synful dede
Oure Lord God *that* xulde a-gryse.
My name is Chem, 3o*ur* son of p*ri*se :
I xal werke aftere 3o*ur* rede ;
And also, wyff, *th*e weylle awyse
Wykkyd werkys *that tho*u non[3] brede,
Neve*r* in no degre.
VXOR SEEM. Forsothe,[4] sere, be Goddys grace,
I xal me kepe from alle trespace
That xulde offende Goddys face,[5]
Be help of *th*e Trynyte. 65

CHAM. I am Cham, 3o*ur* secunde son,[6]
And purpose me, be Goddys myght,
Nevyr suche a dede for to don
That xuld[7] agreve God in syght.
VXOR CHAM. I pray to God me grawnt *th*is bone,[8]
That he me kepe in suche a plyght
Mornynge, hevenynge, mydday *and* none,
I to affendyn hym day nor nyght.
Lord God, I *th*e pray,
Bothe wakynge *and* eke in slepe,
Gracyous God, *tho*u me keppe,
That I nevyr in daunger crepe
On dredfulle domys-day. 78

IAPHET. Iaphet, *th*i iij^de sone, is my name ;
I pray to God, wher-so we be,

[1] MS. no.
[2] H. Shem.
[3] H. none.
[4] H. fforsothe.
[5] H. fface.
[6] H. sone.
[7] H. xulde.
[8] *Curl over* n *in* MS.

That he vs borwe fro synfull*e* shame,
And in vertuous[1] levynge evyr-mor*e* kepe me.
VX[OR] IAPHET. I am 3o*ur* wyff *and* pray *th*e same,
That God vs saue on sonde and se,
W*ith* no grevauns *that* we hy*m* grame ;
He grawnt vs grace synne to fle.
Lord God, now her*e* our*e* bone !
NOE. Gracyous God, *that* best may,
W*ith* herty wyl to the we pray, —
*Tho*u saue us sekyr bothe nyght *and* day,
Synne *th*at we noon done. 91

[*God speaks in heaven.*]

DEUS. Ow ! what menyht this mys-levyng man,
Whiche myn hand made *and* byldyd in blysse?
Synne so sor*e* grevyht me, 30,[2] in certayn,
I wol be vengyd of *th*is grett mysse.
Myn aungel der*e*, *tho*u xalt gan
To Noe *that* my servaunt is ;
A shypp to make on hond to tan
*Tho*u byd hym swyth[3] for hy*m* *and* his,
ffrom drynchyng hem to saue ;
ffor, as I am God off myght,
I xal dystroye *th*is wer[l]d[4] down*e*-ryght ;
Her*e* synne so sor*e* grevyht me in syght,
*Th*ei xal no mercy haue. 104

ffecisse hominem nunc penitet[5] *me*,
That I made man sor*e* doth me rewe ;
Myn handwerk to sle sor*e* grevyth me,
But *that* her*e* synne her*e* deth doth brewe.
Go sey to Noe as I bydde *th*e :
Hy*m*-self, his wyf, his chylderyn[6] trewe,

[1] MS. vertuo͡us.
[2] H. 3a.
[3] H. swythe.
[4] MS. *has* werd *as standard form.*
[5] H. pœnitet.
[6] H. childeryn.

Tho viii[1] sowlys in shyp to be;
Thei xul not drede *the* flod*ys* fflowe,
The fflod xal harme them nowht;
Of all*e* ffowlys *and* bestys thei take a peyr*e*
In shipp[2] to saue, bothe ffoule *and* ffayer*e*,
ffrom all*e* dowtys *and* gret dyspeyr*e*,
This vengeauns or it be wrought.

[*The angel descends.*]

ANGELUS (*ad Noe*). Noe! Noe! A shypp loke *tho*u make
And many a chaumbyr *tho*u xalt haue *ther*inne;
Of euery kyndys best a cowpyl *tho*u take
W*ith*-in *the* shypp-bord,[3] her*e* lyvys to wynne;
ffor God is sor*e* grevyd w*ith* man for his synne,
That all*e* *th*is wyde werd xalbe dreynt w*ith* flood,
Saff *tho*u *and th*i wyff xal be kept from *th*is gynne,
And also *th*i chylderyn w*ith* her*e* vertuys good.

NOE. How xuld I haue wytt a shypp for to make?
I am of ryght grett age, v. c. ȝere olde;
It is not for me *th*is werk to vndyr-take;
ffor ffeyntnesse[4] of age my leggys gyn ffolde.
ANGELUS. This dede ffor to do be bothe blythe *and* bolde;
God xal enforme *the* *and* rewle *the* ful ryght;
Of byrd *and* of beste take, as I *the* tolde,
A peyr in-to *the* shypp, *and* God xal *the* qwyght.

NOE. I am ful redy, as God doth me bydde,
A shypp for to make be myght of his grace.

[*Exit angelus.*]

Alas! *that* ffor synne it xal so be betydde
That vengeauns of flood xal werke *th*is manase.
God is sor*e* grevyd w*ith* our*e* grett tresspas,
That w*ith* wylde watyr *the* werd xal be dreynt.

[1] H. viij.
[2] H. shypp.
[3] H. *omits* bord.
[4] MS. ffeyynneffe = ffeythnnesse.

A shyppe[1] for to make now lete us hens pas,
That God a3ens us of synne haue no compleynt.

Hic transit Noe cum familia sua pro naui; quo exeunte, locum interludij sub-intret statim Lameth conductus ab adolescente et *di*[*cat*][2]:

LAMETH. Gret mornyng I make *and* gret cause I haue;
Alas! now I se not, for age I am blynde;
Blyndenes dothe make me of wytt forto rave;
Whantynge of eye-syght in peyn doth me bynde.
Whyl I had syht,[3] myht nevyr man fynde
My pere of archerye in alle *th*is werd a-boute,
ffor 3itt schet I nevyr at hert, [h]are, nere hynde,
But yf *that* he deyd: of *th*is no man haue doute.

"Lameth, *the* good archere" my name was ovyr-alle,
ffor *the* best archere myn name dede ever sprede;
Record of my boy here, wytnes *th*is he xal,
What merk *that* were set me, to deth it xuld blede.
ADOLESCENS. It is trewe, mayster, *that* 3e seyn indede;
ffor *that* tyme 3e had 3oure bowe hent in honde,
If *that* 3our prycke had be half a myle in brede,
3e wolde *the* pryk han hitte if 3e ny had stonde.

LAMETH. I xuld nevyr a ffaylid,[4] what marke *that* ever were sett,
Whyl *that* I myght loke, *and* had my clere syght;
And 3itt, as me thynkyht, no man xuld shete bett
Than I xuld do now if myn hand were sett aryght.
Aspye som marke, boy, — my bowe xal [I][5] bende wyght, —
And sett myn hand euyn to shete at some best!
And I dar ley a wagour his deth for to dyght.
The marke xal I hitt, my lyff do I hest.

[1] MS. shyp̄p.
[2] MS. di - - -; H. dicens.
[3] MS. syht yt myht; H. syht, ther myht.
[4] MS. affaylid, H. affayled.
[5] *Supplied by* H.

[*The boy sees Cain.*]

ADOLESCENS. Vndyr ȝon grett busche, mayst*er*, a best do I se ;
Take me *thin* hand swyth *and* holde it ful stylle ;
Now is *thin* hand evyn as euyr it may be ;
Drawe up *thin* takyll*e* ȝon best for to kylle.
LAMETH. My bowe xal I drawe ryght w*ith* herty wylle ;
This brod arwe I shete *tha*t best ffor to sayll*e* ;
Now, haue at *tha*t busch*e* ȝon best for to spylle !
A sharppe schote I shote, *ther*of I xal not fayll*e*. 173

CAYM. Out ! out ! *and* alas ! my*n* hert is on-sondyr ;
W*ith* a brod arwe I am ded *and* sclayn.
I dye her*e* on grounde ; my*n* hert is all*e* to tundyr,
W*ith th*is brod arwe it is clovyn on twayn.
LAMETH. Herke, boy, cum telle me *th*e trewth in certeyn ;
What man is he *tha*t *th*is cry doth *th*us make ?
ADOLESCENS. Caym *tho*u hast kyllyd, I telle *th*e ful pleyn*e* ;
W*ith* sharp shetyng his deth hath he take. 181

LAMETH. Haue I slayn Cayme ? Alas ! what haue I done ?
*Tho*u stynkynge lurdeyn, what hast *tho*u wrought ?
*Tho*u art *th*e [cause] why I scle hym so sone ;
*Th*er-for*e* xal I kyll*e th*e her*e*, *tho*u skapyst nowght.

Hic Lameth cum arcu suo[1] *verberat adolescentem ad mortem, dicente adolescente :*

ADOLESCENS. Out ! out ! I deye her*e*, my deth is now sought.
This theffe w*ith* his bowe hath broke my brayn.
Ther may non helpe be, my dethe is me brought ;
Ded her*e* I synke down, as man *tha*t is sclayn. 189

LAMETH. Alas ! what xal I do, wrecch*e*, wykkyd on woolde ?
God wyl be vengyd ful sadly on me ;
ffor deth of Caym I xal haue vij folde

[1] H. sua.

More peyn *th*an he had *th*at Abelle dede sle.
These to mennys deth fulle sore bought xal be ;
Vpon alle my blood God wylle venge *th*is dede.
Where-fore, sore wepyng, hens wyl I fle,
And loke where I may best my hede sone heyde.

Hic recedat Lameth et *statim intrat Noe cum naui cantantes.*[1]

NOE. With doolful hert, syenge sad *and* sore,
Grett mornyng I make for this dredful flood ;
Of man *and* of best is dreynte many a skore.
Alle *th*is werd[2] to spylle *th*ese flodys be ful wood ;
And alle is for synne of mannys wylde mood
That God hath ordeyned *th*is dredfulle vengeaunce.[3]
In *th*is flood spylt is many a mannys blood ;
ffor synfulle levynge of man we haue gret grevauns.

Alle *th*is hundryd 3ere ryght here haue I wrought
This schypp for to make, as God dede byd me ;
Of alle maner bestes a copylle is in brought
With-in my shypp-borde on lyve for to be.
Ryght longe God hath soferyd, amendyng to se,
Alle *th*is hundyrd[4] 3ere God hath shewyd grace.
Alas ! fro gret syn man wyl not fle.
God doth *th*is vengeauns for oure gret trespase.

VXOR NOE. Alas ! for gret ruthe of *th*is gret vengeaunce !
Gret doyl it is to se *th*is watyr so wyde.
But 3it thankyd be God of *th*is ordenaunce,
That we be now savyd on lyve to a-byde.
SEEM. ffor grett synne of lechery alle *th*is doth betyde ;
Alas ! *that* evyr[5] suche synne xulde be wrought.
*Th*is fflood is so gret on every a syde,[6]
That alle *th*is wyde werd to care is now brought.

[1] *See Notes.*
[2] H.; MS. were.
[3] MS. vengeâuce.
[4] H. hundryd.
[5] MS. ovyr.
[6] MS. asyde.

VXOR SEEM. Be-cawse of chylderyn of God *tha*t weryn good
Dede forfete ryght sor*e* what tyme *th*at *th*ei wer*e*
Synfully coupellyd[1] to Caymys blood,
Therfor*e* be we now cast in ryght grett care.
CHAM. ffor synful levynge *th*is werde doth for-far*e*.
So grevous[2] vengeau*n*s myght nevyr man se ;
Ovyr all*e* *th*is werd wyde *ther* is no plot bar*e*.
W*ith* watyr *and* w*ith* flood God vengyd wyll*e* be.

VXOR CHAM. Rustynes of synne is cawse of *th*ese wawys.
Alas ! in *th*is fflood *th*is werd xal be lorn ;
ffor offens to God, brakyng his lawys,
On rokkys ryght sharp is many a man torn.
IAPHET. So grevous fflodys wer*e* nevyr ȝett be-forn ;
Alas ! *tha*t lechery *th*is vengeau*n*s doth gynne.
It wer*e* well*e* bettyr eu*er* to be vn-born
Than fforto forfetyn evyr-mor*e* in *tha*t synne.

VXOR IAPHET. Our*e* Lord God I thanke of his gret grace,
*Tha*t he doth us saue from *th*is dredful payn*e*.
Hy*m* for to wurchipe in euery stede *and* place
We beth gretly bownde w*ith* myght *and* w*ith* mayn.
NOE. XL*ti* days *and* nyght*es* hath lasted *th*is rayn,
And xl*ti* days *th*is grett flood begynnyth to slake.
This crowe xal I sende out to seke sum playn ;
Good tydyng*es* to brynge *th*is massage I make.

Hic emittat corum et *parum expectans iterum dicat :*

This crowe on su*m* careyn is fall*e* for to ete ;
Ther-for*e* a newe masanger*e* I wyll*e* fforth*e* now sende.
ffly fforth, *tho*u fayr dove, ovyr *th*ese wat*er*ys wete,
And aspye afftet*e* su*m* drye lond our*e* mornyng to amend.

Hic euolet columba ; qua redeunte[3] *cum ramo viridj oliue*,[4] [*dicat Noe :*]

Ioye now may we make of myrth *tha*t *tha*t were frende ;
A grett olyve bush*e* *th*is dowe doth us brynge ;

[1] MS. compellyd ; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[2] MS. grevous.
[3] MS. redeuite.
[4] H. viride olivæ.

ffor ioye of *th*is tokyn ryght hertyly we tende.
Our*e* Lord God to worchep a songe lete vs sy*n*ge. 253

Hic decantent hos versus :

*Mare vidit, et fugit : Iordanis conu*ers*us est retrorsum.*
*Non nob*is, *D*omi*ne, non nob*is *:* sed *no*mini *tuo da glo*ri*am.*

Et sic recedant cum naui.

BROME PLAY.

For this text I have used primarily the edition by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, in *Anglia*, VII, 316–337, and secondarily the edition (also by Miss Smith) in "A Commonplace Book of the Fifteenth Century . . . Printed from the Original MS. at Brome Hall, Suffolk, by Lady Caroline Kerrison. Edited with notes by Lucy Toulmin Smith. London and Norwich, 1886." In the footnotes, A. indicates the *Anglia* edition; B., The Boke of Brome; MS. indicates a reading found in the manuscript but relegated to the footnotes by Miss Smith. H. indicates the emendations of Holthausen, *Anglia*, XIII, 361.

As to the MS. Miss Smith says: "The crossed *ll* and *h* are constantly used, but for this date (1470 or 1480) it did not seem necessary to treat them otherwise than as *ll* and *h*."

[Abraham and Isaac.]

Abraham. Fad*er* of heuyn o*mn*ipotent,
W*ith* all my hart to the I call;
Thow hast 3offe me both lond and rent,
And my lyvelod thow hast me sent;
I thanke the heyly eu*er*-mor*e* of all.

Fyrst off the erth *tho*u madyst Adam,
And Eue also to be hys wyffe;
All other creatur*es*[1] of them too cam;
And now thow hast grant to me, Abrah*a*m,
Her in thys lond to lede my lyffe.

In my age *tho*u hast gr*a*ntyd me thys,
That thys 3owng chyld w*ith* me shall won*e*;
I love no-thyng so myche, i-wysse,
Excepe[2] *th*in owyn*e* selffe, der Fad*er* of blysse,
As Ysaac her, my owyn*e* swete son*e*.

[1] B. creatures. *Such differences between the two prints I shall not record hereafter.*

[2] B. Except.

I haue dyu*er*se chyldryn moo,
The wych I love not halffe so wyll;
Thys fayer swet chyld he schereys me soo
In eu*er*y place wer that I goo,
That noo dessece her may I fell.

And therfor,[1] Fadyr of heuyn, I the prey
For hys helth and also for hys g*r*ace;
Now, Lord, kepe hym both nygth and day,
That neu*er* dessese nor noo fray
Cume to my chyld in noo place.

Now cu*m* on, Ysaac, my owyn*e* swet[2] chyld;
Goo we hom and take owr rest.
ISAAC. Abrah*a*m, myn*e* owyn*e* fad*er* so myld,
To folowe 3ow I am full prest,[3]
Bothe erly *and* late.
ABRAHAM. Cume on, swete chyld, I love the best
Of all the chyldryn that eu*er* I be-gat.

[*God speaks above.*]

DEUS. Myn angell, fast hey the thy wey,
And on-to medyll-erth anon *tho*u goo;
Abrams hart now wyll I asay,
Wether that he be stedfast or noo.

Sey I com*m*aw[n]dyd[4] hym for to take
Ysaac, hys 3owng sonne, *tha*t he love so wyll,
And w*ith* hys blood sacryfyce he make,
Yffe ony off my freynchepe he[5] wyll ffell.

Schow hym the wey on-to the hylle
Wer that hys sacryffyce schall be.

[1] B. ther for. [2] B. swete.
[3] MS. glad; *cf. Englische Studien*, XIX, 150.
[4] A. *inserts the* n, *but it is regularly omitted in this* MS.
[5] A. B. yf *before* he.

I schall a-say now hys good wyll,
Whether he lovyth[1] bett*er* hys chyld or me.
All men schall take exampyll be hym
My co*m*mawme*n*t*es* how they schall kepe.

[*The angel begins to descend.*]

ABRAHA*M*. Now, Fad*er* of heuyn, *tha*t formyd all thyng,
My preyere*s* I make to the a-3eyn,
For thys day my tend*er* offryng
Here mvst I 3eve to the, certeyn.
A ! Lord God, all-myty Kyng,
Wat man*er* best woll make *th*e most fayn?
Yff I had ther-of very knoyng,
Yt schuld be don w*ith* all my mayne
Full sone anon*e*.[2]
To don thy plesyng on an hyll,
Verely yt ys my wyll,
Dere Fad*er*, God in t*ri*nyte.

THE ANGELL. Abrah*a*m, Abrah*a*m, wyll *tho*u rest !
Owr Lord comandyth *th*e for to take
Ysaac, thy 3owng son*e* that thow lovyst best,
And w*ith* hys blod sacryfyce *tha*t thow make.

In-to the lond of V[i]syon[3] thow goo,
And offer thy chyld on-to thy Lord ;
I schall the lede and schow all-soo.
Vnto Godd*es* hest, Abrah*a*m, a-cord,

And folow me vp-on thys gren*e*.
ABRAHA*M*. Wolle-com to me be my Lord*es* sond,
And hys hest I wyll not w*ith*-stond ;
3yt Ysaac, my 3owng sonne in lond,
A full der*e* chyld to me haue byn.

[1] A. B. lovyd.
[2] *For* anone, H. *suggests* by me, *to rhyme with* 58.
[3] *Corr. by* H.

I had lev*er*, yf God had be plesyd,
For to a for-bor*e* all *the* good *that* I haue,
Than Ysaac my son*e* schuld a be desessyd,
So God in heuyn my sowll mot saue !

I lovyd neu*er* thyng soo mych in erde,[1]
And now I mvst the chyld goo kyll.
A ! Lord God, my conseons ys stro*n*ly steryd,
And ȝyt, my de*r*e Lord, I am sor*e* [2] a-ferd
To groche ony thyng a-ȝens ȝowr [3] wyll.

I love my chyld as my lyffe,
But ȝyt I love my God myche mor*e*,
For thow my hart woold make ony stryffe,
ȝyt wyll I not spar*e* for chyld nor wyffe,
But don aft*er* my Lord*es* lor*e*.

Thow I love my sonne neu*er* so wyll,
ȝyt smyth*e* of hys hed sone I schall.
A ! Fad*er* of heuyn, to the I knell,
An hard deth*e* my son schall fell
For to honor the, Lord, w*ith*-all.

THE ANGELL. Abrah*a*m ! Abrah*a*m ! thys ys wyll seyd,
And all thys comam*en*t*es* loke *that* *tho*u kepe ;[4]
But in thy hart be no-thyng dysmayd.[5]
ABRAH*A*M. Nay, nay, for-soth, I hold me wyll plesyd [6]
To plesse [7] my God to the best *tha*t I haue.[8]

For thow my hart be heuely sett
To see the blood of my owyn der*e* son*e*,
ȝyt for all thys I wyll not lett, [*Exit angel.*]
But Ysaac, my son, I wyll goo fett,
And cu*m* asse fast as eu*er* we can.

[1] MS. erthe.
[2] A. ser*e*.
[3] B. ȝowre.
[4] *Qy.*: loke thou obay.
[5] H. *for* MS. dysmasyd.
[6] *Qy.*: a-payd.
[7] MS. pelsse.
[8] *Qy.*: may.

Now, Ysaac, my owyn*e* son der*e*,
Wer art thow, chyld? Speke to me.
YSAAC. My fayer[1] swet fad*er*, I am here,
And make my p*rey*rys to *th*e Trenyte.

ABRAHAM. Rysse vp, my chyld, and fast cu*m* hed*er*,
My gentyll barn *tha*t art so wysse,
For we to, chyld, must goo to-ged*er*
And on-to my Lord make sacryffyce.

YSAAC. I am full redy, my fad*er*, loo!
3evyn at 3owr hand*es* I stand rygth here,
And wat-so-eu*er* 3e byd me doo,
Yt schall be don w*ith* glad cher,
Full wyll and fyne.[2]
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, my owyn son soo der*e*,
God*es* blyssyng I 3yffe the, and myn.

Hold thys fagot vp-on *th*i bake,
And her my-selffe fyer schall bryng.
YSAAC. Fad*er*, all thys her wyll I packe;
I am full fayn to do 3owr bedyng.
ABRAHAM. A! Lord of heuyn, my hand*es* I wryng,
Thys chyld*es* word*es* all to-wond my harte.

Now, Ysaac son,[3] goo we owr wey
On-to 3on mownte, w*ith* all owr mayn.
YSAAC. Go we,[4] my der*e* fad*er*, as fast as I may;
To folow 3ow I am full fayn
All-thow I be slendyr.
ABRAHAM. A! Lord, my hart brekyth on tweyn,[5]
Thys chyld*es* word*es*, they be so tend*er*.

[*They arrive at the Mount.*]

A! Ysaac, son, a-non ley yt down,
No leng*er* vp-on *th*i backe yt hold,[6]

[1] B. fader.
[2] A. syne.
[3] B. on.
[4] B. Gowe.
[5] MS. tewyn; *corr. by* A.
[6] MS. bere; *corr. by* Kittredge (*cf.* v. 116).

For I mvst make redy bon
To honowr my Lord God as I schuld.[1] 132

YSAAC. Loo, my dere fader, wer yt ys!
To cher 3ow all-wey I draw me ner;
But, fader, I mervell sore of thys,
Wy *that* 3e make thys heuy chere; 136

And also, fader, euer-more dred I:
Wer ys 3owr qweke best *that* 3e schuld kyll?
Both fyer and wood we haue redy,
But queke best haue we non on *this* hyll. 140

A qwyke best, I wot wyll, must be ded
3owr sacryfyce for to make.[2]
ABRAHAM. Dred the nowyth, my chyld, I the red,
Owr Lord wyll send me on-to thys sted
Summ maner a best for to take,
Throw hys swet sond.
YSAAC. 3a, fader, but my hart begynnyth to quake
To se *that* scharpe sword in 3owr hond. 148

Wy bere 3e 3owr sword drawyn soo?
Off 3owre conwnauns I haue mych wonder.
ABRAHAM. A! Fader of heuyn, so[3] I am woo!
Thys chyld her brekys my harte on-sonder.[4] 152

YSAAC. Tell me, my dere fader, or that 3e ses,
Ber 3e 3owr sword draw[yn][5] for me?
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, swet son, pes! pes!
For i-wys thow breke my harte on thre. 156

YSAAC. Now trewly, sum-wat,[6] fader, 3e thynke,
That 3e morne thus more and more.

[1] A. *suggests* that I fere *for* as I schuld. H. *prefers* as dewli were.
[2] *Lines* 141, 142 *reversed in* MS.; *corr. by* A.
[3] MS. os; *corr. by* A.
[4] A. B. on too; H.'s *correction on basis of Chester Play.*
[5] *Corr. by* H.
[6] B. sum-what.

ABRAHAM. A ! Lord of heuyn, thy grace let synke,
For my hart was [1] neuer halffe so sore.

YSAAC. I preye 3ow, father, that 3e wyll let me that wyt,
Wyther schall I haue ony harme or noo.
ABRAHAM. I-wys, swet son, I may not tell the 3yt,
My hart ys now soo full of woo.

YSAAC. Dere father, I prey 3ow, hyd yt [2] not fro me,
But sum of 3owr thowt that 3e tell me.
ABRAHAM. A ! Ysaac, Ysaac, I must kyll the !
YSAAC. Kyll me, father? alasse ! wat haue I done?

Yff I haue trespassyd a-3ens 3ow owt,
With a 3ard 3e may make me full myld ;
And with 3owr scharp sword kyll me nogth,
For i-wys, father, I am but a chyld.

ABRAHAM. I am full sory, son, thy blood for to spyll,
But truly, my chyld, I may not chese.
YSAAC. Now I wold to God my moder were her on this [3] hyll!
Sche woold knele for me on both hyr kneys
To save my lyffe.
And sythyn that my moder ys not here,
I prey 3ow, father, schonge 3owr chere,
And kyll me not with 3owyr knyffe.

ABRAHAM. For-sothe, son, but 3yf I the kyll,
I schuld greve God rygth sore, I drede ;
Yt ys hys commawment and also hys wyll
That I schuld do thys same dede.

He commawdyd me, son, for serteyn,
To make my sacryfyce with thy blood.
YSAAC. And ys yt Goddes wyll that I schuld be slayn?
ABRAHAM. 3a,[4] truly, Ysaac, my son soo good,
And ther-for my handes I wryng.

[1] B. wos.
[2] A. B. hydygth.
[3] A. ys; B. yis = this.
[4] B. Za.

YSAAC. Now, fad*er*, a3ens my Lord*es* wyll[1]
I wyll neu*er* groche, lowd nor styll;
He mygth a sent me a bett*er* desteny
Yf yt had a be hys plecer.[2]

ABRAHAM. For-sothe, son, but yf Y[3] ded *th*is dede,
Grevosly dysplessyd owr Lord wyll be.
YSAAC. Nay, nay, fad*er*, God for-bede
That eu*er* 3e schuld g*r*eve hym for me.

3e haue other chyldryn, on or too,
The wyche 3e schuld love wyll be kynd.
I prey 3ow, fad*er*, make 3e no woo,
For, be I onys ded and fro 3ow goo,
I schall be sone owt of 3owr mynd.

Ther-for doo owr Lord*es* byddyng,
And wan I am ded, than p*r*ey for me;
But, good fad*er*, tell 3e my mod*er* no-thyng,
Say[4] *th*at I am in a-nother cu*n*tre dwellyng.[5]
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, Ysaac, blessyd mot thow be!

My hart be-gynnyth[6] stronly to rysse,
To see the blood off thy blyssyd body.
YSAAC. Fadyr, syn yt may be noo other wysse,
Let yt passe ou*er* as wyll as I.

But, fad*er*, or I goo on-to my deth,
I prey 3ow blysse me w*ith* 3owr hand.
ABRAHAM. Now, Ysaac, w*ith* all my breth
My blyssyng I 3eve *th*e vpon thys lond
And God*es* also ther-to, i-wys.
Ysaac, Ysaac, son*e*, vp thow stond,
Thy fayer swete mowthe *th*at I may kys.

[1] *Qy.*: decre.
[2] *Qy.*: wyll.
[3] B. I.
[4] B. Sey.
[5] MS. dewllyng; *corr. by* A.
[6] MS. begynnyd; A. *suggests* begynnys

YSAAC. Now for-wyll, my owyne fader so fyn,
And grete wyll my moder in erde.[1]
But I prey 3ow, fader, to hyd my eyne,
That I se not the stroke of 3owr scharpe swerd,[2]
That my fleysse schall defyle.
ABRAHAM. Sone, thy wordes make me to wepe[3] full sore;
Now, my dere son Ysaac, speke no more.
YSAAC. A! my owyne dere fader, were-fore?
We schall speke to-gedyr her but a wylle. 227

And sythyn that I must nedysse be ded,
3yt, my dere fader, to 3ow I prey,
Smythe but fewe[4] strokes at my hed,
And make an end as sone as 3e may,
And tery not to longe.
ABRAHAM. Thy meke wordes, chyld, make me afray;[5]
So, "welawey!" may be my songe, 234

Excepe alonly Godes wyll.
A! Ysaac, my owyn swete chyld,
3yt kysse me a-3en vp-on thys hyll!
In all thys war[l]d[6] ys non soo myld. 238

YSAAC. Now truly, fader, all thys teryyng
Yt doth my hart but harme;
I prey 3ow, fader, make an enddyng.
ABRAHAM. Cume vp, swet son, on-to my arme. 242

I must bynd thy handes[7] too,
All-thow thow be neuer soo myld.
YSAAC. A! mercy, fader! wy schuld 3e do soo?
ABRAHAM. That thow schuldyst not let,[8] my chyld. 246

[1] A. B. erthe.
[2] A. B. sword.
[3] B. weep.
[4] A. B. feve.
[5] A. B. afrayed.
[6] ward *is the regular form of* world *in this* MS.
[7] B. hands.
[8] A. B. *insert* [me].

YSAAC. Nay, i-wysse, fad*er*, I wyll not let 3ow;
Do on for me 3owr wyll,
And on the p*ur*pos that 3e haue set 3ow
For God*es* love kepe yt forthe styll.

I am full sory thys day to dey,
But 3yt I kepe not my God to greve;
Do on 3owr lyst for me hardly,
My fayer swete fad*er*, I 3effe 3ow leve.

But, fad*er*, I prey 3ow eu*er*-mor*e*,
Tell 3e my mod*er* no dell;
Yffe sche wost yt,[1] sche wold wepe full sor*e*,
For i-wysse, fad*er*, sche lovyt me full wylle,
God*des* blyssyng mot sche haue![2]

Now for-wyll, my mod*er* so swete,
We too be leke no mor to mete.
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, Ysaac! son, *tho*u makyst me to gret,
And w*ith* thy word*es* thow dystempurst me.

YSAAC. I-wysse, swete fad*er*, I am sory to g*re*ve 3ow,
I cry 3ow m*er*cy of that I haue donne,
And of all trespasse *tha*t eu*er* I ded meve 3ow;
Now, der*e* fad*er*, for-3yffe me *tha*t I haue donne.
God of heuyn be w*ith* me!

ABRAHAM. A! der*e* chyld, lefe of thy monys;
In all thy lyffe thow grevyd me neu*er* onys;
Now blyssyd be thow, body and bonys,
That eu*er* thow wer*e* bred and born!
Thow hast be to me chyld full good.
But i-wysse, chyld, thow I morne neu*er* so fast,
3yt must I ned*es* her*e* at the last
In thys place sched all thy blood.

[1] A. B. wostyt.
[2] H. *suggests* haue mot sche, *to rhyme with* 263.

Ther-for, my dere son, here schall *thou* lye.
On-to my warke I must me stede,
I-wysse I had as leve my-selffe to dey —
Yff God wyll be[1] plecyd wyth my dede —
And myn owyn body for to offer.
YSAAC. A ! mercy, fader, morne ȝe no more,
ȝowr wepyng make[2] my hart sore,
As my owyn deth that I schall suffer.

ȝowr kerche, fader, a-bowt my eyn ȝe wynd !
ABRAHAM. So I schall, my swettest chyld in erde.[3]
YSAAC. Now ȝyt, good fader, haue thys in mynd,
And smyth me not oftyn with ȝowr scharp swerd,[4]
But hastely that yt be sped.

Here Abraham leyd a cloth on Ysaaces face, thus seyyng :

ABRAHAM. Now fore-wyll, my chyld, so full of grace.
YSAAC. A ! fader, fader, torne downgward my face,
For of ȝowr scharpe sword I am euer a-dred.

ABRAHAM. To don thys dede I am full sory,
But, Lord, thyn hest I wyll not with-stond.
YSAAC. A ! Fader of heuyn, to the I crye,
Lord, reseyve me in-to[5] thy hand.

ABRAHAM. Loo ! now ys the tyme cum certeyn
That my sword in hys necke schall bite.[6]
A ! Lord, my hart reysyth ther-ageyn,[7]
I may not fynd yt[8] in my harte to smygth, —
My hart wyll not now ther-too.
ȝyt fayn I woold warke my Lordes wyll ;
But thys ȝowng innosent lygth so styll,
I may not fynd yt[8] in my hart hym to kyll.
O ! Fader of heuyn ! what schall I doo ?

1 B. *omits* be.
2 H. maketh.
3 A. B. erthe.
4 A. B. sword.
5 A. *omits* to.
6 MS. synke ; *corr. by* H.
7 B. the ageyn.
8 A. B. fyndygth.

YSAAC. A! mercy, fader, wy tery ȝe so,
And let me ley thus longe on this hethe?
Now I wold to God the stroke were doo!
Fader, I prey ȝow hartely, schorte me of my woo,
And let me not loke thus after my degth.

ABRAHAM. Now, hart, wy wolddyst not thow breke on thre?
ȝyt schall th[o]u not make me to my God on-myld.
I wyll no lenger let for the,
For that my God a-grevyd wold be;
Now hoold tha stroke, my owyn dere chyld.

Her Abraham draw[1] *hys stroke and* the[2] *angell toke the sword in hys hond soddenly.*

THE ANGELL. I am an angell, thow mayist se blythe,
That fro heuyn to the ys senth.
Owr Lord thanke the an C sythe
For the kepyng of hys commawment.

He knowyt thi wyll and also thy harte,
That thow dredyst hym above all thyng;
And sum of thy hevynes for to depart
A fayr ram ȝynder I gan brynge;

He standyth teyed, loo! a-mong the breres.
Now, Abraham, a-mend thy mood,
For Ysaac, thy ȝowng son that her ys,
Thys day schall not sched hys blood;

Goo, make thy sacryfece with ȝon[3] rame.
Now for-wyll, blyssyd Abraham,
For on-to heuyn I goo now hom;
The way ys full gayn.
Take vp thy son soo free. [*Exit.*]

ABRAHAM. A! Lord, I thanke the of thy gret grace,
Now am I yeyed[4] on dyuers wysse;

[1] B. *drew.* [2] B. *the.* [3] A. ȝou. [4] *Qy.: for* ethed = eased.

A-rysse vp, Ysaac, my der*e* su*n*ne, a-rysse ;
A-rysse vp, swete chyld, and cu*m* to me.

YSAAC. A ! m*er*cy, fad*er*, wy smygth 3e nowt ? [1]
A ! smygth on, fad*er*, onys w*ith* 3owr knyffe.
ABRAHA*M*. Pesse, my swet son,[2] and take no thowt,[3]
For owr Lord of heuyn hath grant *th*i lyffe
Be hys angell now,

That *tho*u schalt not dey *th*is day,[4] su*n*ne, truly.
YSAAC. A ! fad*er*, full glad than wer I,
I-wys, fad*er*, I sey, i-wys,
Yf thys tale wer trew.
ABRAHA*M*. An hundyrd tymys, my son fayer of hew,
For joy *th*i mowth [5] now wyll I kys.

YSAAC. A ! my der*e* fad*er*, Abrah*am*,
Wyll not God be wroth *th*at we do thus ?
ABRAHA*M*. Noo, noo ! har[de]ly, my swyt son,
For 3yn same rame he hath vs sent [6]
Hether down to vs.[7]

3yn best schall dey her*e* in *th*i sted,
In the wor*th*schup [8] of owr Lord a-lon ;
Goo, fet hym hethyr, my chyld, in-ded.
YSAAC. Fad*er*, I wyll goo hent hym be the hed,
And bryng 3on best w*ith* me a-non.

[*Isaac catches the ram.*]

A ! scheppe, scheppe, blyssyd [9] mot *tho*u be,
That eu*er* thow wer*e* sent down hed*er* !
Thow schall thys day dey for me,
In the worchup of the holy Trynyte.

[1] MS. not 3yt ; *corr. by* H.
[2] A. B. sir.
[3] H. *proposes* dowt.
[4] B. dey.
[5] B. mowt.
[6] H. *proposes :* For he hath sent us 3yn same rame.
[7] *Qy.:* Noo, noo, swyt son, for 3yn same rame
He hath sent hether down to vs.
[8] MS. worpschup ; *corr. by* A.
[9] B. blessed.

Now cum fast and goo we to-geder
To my Fader of heuyn.[1]
Thow thou be neuer so jentyll and good,
3yt had I leuer thow schedyst thi blood,
I-wysse, scheppe, than I.

Loo! fader, I haue browt here full smerte
Thys jentyll scheppe,[2] and hym to 3ow I 3yffe;
But, Lord God, I thanke the[3] with all my hart,
For I am glad that I schall leve
And kys onys my dere moder.
ABRAHAM. Now be rygth myry, my swete chyld,
For thys qwyke best that ys so myld
Here I schall present be-fore all other.

YSAAC. And I wyll fast be-gynne to blowe;
Thys fyer schall brene a full good spyd.
But, fader, wyll I stowppe downe lowe,
3e wyll not kyll me with 3owr sword, I trowe?
ABRAHAM. Noo, har[de]ly, swet son, haue no dred,
My mornyng ys past.
YSAAC. 3a! but I woold that sword wer in a gled,[4]
For, i-wys, fader, yt make me full yll a-gast.

Here Abraham mad hys offryng, knelyng and seyyng thus:

ABRAHAM. Now, Lord God of heuen in Trynyte,
All-myty God omnipotent,
My offeryng I make in the worchope of the,
And with thys qweke best I the present.
Lord, reseyve thow myn intent,
As [thow] art God and grownd of owr grace.

[1] *Qy.:* To my fader in hy.

[2] *As two lines in* A. B., *the first ending here. From here my numbering is one line behind Miss Smith's.*

[3] B. ye.

[4] A. B. glad = gled.

[*God speaks from above.*]

DEUS. Abraham, Abraham, wyll mot thow sped,
And Ysaac, *thi* 3owng son the by!
Trvly, Abraham, for thys dede
I schall mvltyplye 3owr*es* bother*es* sede
As thyke as sterr*es* be in the skye,
Bothe more and lesse;
And as thyke as gravell in the see,
So thyke mvltyplyed 3owr sede schall be;
Thys grant I 3ow for 3owr goodnesse. 397

Off 3ow schall cume frowte gret [won],
And eu*er* be in blysse w*ith*-owt 3ynd.
For 3e drede me as God a-lon
And kepe my co*m*mawment*es* eu*er*yschon,
My blyssyng I 3effe, wer-so-eu*er* 3e wend.[1] 402

ABRAHAM. Loo! Ysaac, my son, how thynke 3e
Be thys warke that we haue wrogth?
Full glad and blythe we may be,
A3ens *th*e wyll of God *that* we grucched nott,
Vp-on thys fayer hetth.
YSAAC. A! fad*er*, I thanke owr Lord eu*er*y dell,
That my wyt servyd me so wyll
For to drede God mor*e* than my detth. 410

ABRAHAM. Why! der*e*-wordy son, wer thow a-dred?
Hardely, chyld, tell me thy lore.
YSAAC. 3a! be my feyth, fad*er*, now haue[2] I red,
I wos neu*er* soo afrayd be-for*e*
As I haue byn at 3yn hyll.
But, be my feyth, fad*er*, I swer*e*
I wyll neu*er*-mor*e* cume ther*e*
But yt be a-3ens my wyll. 418

[1] A. B. goo; *corr. by* H. [2] A. B. hath.

ABRAHAM. 3a ! cu*m* on w*ith* me, my owyn swet son*n*,
And hom-ward fast now let vs goon.
YSAAC. Be my feyth, fad*er*, ther-to I grant,
I had neu*er* so good wyll to gon hom,
And to speke w*ith* my der*e* moder.
ABRAHAM. A ! Lord of heuyn, I thanke the,
For now may I led hom w*ith* me
Ysaac, my 3ownge son*n* so fre, —
The gentyllest chyld a-bove all other,[1]
Thys may I wyll a-voee.

Now goo we forthe, my blyssyd son*n*.
YSAAC. I grant, fad*er*, and let vs gon,
For be my trowthe wer I at home,
I wold neu*er* gon owt vnd*er* that forme.
I pray God 3effe vs grace eu*er*-mo,
And all thow that we be holdyng to.

[*Exeunt. Enter Doctor.*]

DOCTOR. Lo ! sov*er*eyns and sorys, now haue we schowyd
Thys solom story[2] to grete and smale ;
It ys good lernyng to lernd and lewyd
And *th*e wysest of vs all,
Wyth-owtyn ony berryng.
For thys story schoyt 3owe [her]
How we schuld kepe to owr po[we]r*e*
Godd*es* co*m*mawmen*t*s w*ith*-owt grochyng.

Trowe 3e, sor*es*, and God sent an angell
And co*m*mawndyd 3ow 3owr chyld to slayn,[3]
Be 3owr trowthe ys ther ony of 3ow
That eyther wold groche or stryve ther-ageyn ?
How thyngke 3e now, sorys, ther-by ?

[1] MS. erthe ; *corr. by* A.
[2] A. B. *have* hath schowyd *after* story ; *corr. by* H.
[3] A. B. to smygth of 3owr chyld*es* hed ; *corr by* H.

I trow ther be iij or iiij or moo.
And thys women that wepe so sorowfully
Whan that hyr chyldryn dey them froo,
As nater woll[1] and kynd, —
Yt ys but folly, I may well awooe,
To groche a-ȝens God or to *greve* ȝow,
For ȝe schall neu*er* se hym myschevyd, wyll I know,
Be lond nor watyr, haue thys in mynd ;

And groche not a-ȝens owr Lord God
In welth or woo, wether that he ȝow send,
Thow ȝe be neu*er* so hard be-stad ;
For when he wyll, he may yt a-mend,
Hys comawment*es* trevly[2] yf ȝe kepe w*ith* goo[d][3] hart,
As thys story hath now schowyd ȝow be-for[n]*e*,[4]
And feytheffully serve hym qwyll ȝe be qvart,
That ȝe may plece God bothe euyn and morne.
Now Jesu, that weryt the crown of thorne,
Bryng vs all to heuyn blysse !

Finis.

[1] woll *twice in* MS.
[2] B. treuly.
[3] *So* A. B.
[4] *Corr. by* H.

TOWNELEY PLAYS.

For information as to the text, see above, p. 13. The fragmentary condition of the first piece, Isaac, is due to the loss of two leaves of the MS. at this place.

I.

[ISAAC.]

. . . . . .

[ISAAC.] Com nere, son, and kys me,
That I may feyle the smell of the.
The smell of my son is lyke
To a feld with flouris, or hony bike.
Where art thou, Esaw, my son?
IACOB. Here, fad*er*, and ask*is* youre benyson.
ISAAC. The blyssyng my fad*er* gaf to me,
God of heuen & I gif the:
God gif the plente grete
Of wyne, of oyll, and of whete;
And graunt thi childre all
To worship the, both grete and small;
Who-so the blyssys, blyssed be he;
Who-so the waris, wared be he.
Now has thou my grete blyssyng,
Loue the shall all thyne ofspryng;
Go now whed*er* thou has to go.
IACOB. Graunt m*er*cy, s*ir*, I will do so.

Recedet Iacob. [*Esau advances.*]

ESAW. Haue ete, fad*er*, of myn huntyng,
And gif me sythen yo*ur* blyssyng.

ISAAC. Who is that?
ESAW. I, youre son,
Esaw, bryng*is* you venyson.
ISAAC. Who was that was right now here
And broght me bruet of a dere?
I ete well, and blyssyd hym;
And he is blyssyd, ich a lym.
ESAW. Alas! I may grete and sob.
ISAAC. Thou art begylyd thrugh Iacob
That is thyne awne german brother.
ESAW. Haue ye kepyd me none other
Blyssyng then ye set hym one?
ISAAC. Sich another haue I none;
Bot God gif the to thyn handband
The dew of heuen & frute of land;
Other then this can I not say.
ESAW. Now, alas and walo-way!
May I with that tratoure mete,
My faders dayes shall com w*ith* grete,
And my moders also;
May I hym mete, I shall hym slo.

[*Esau retires. Rebecca advances.*]

REBECCA. Isaac, it were my deth
If Iacob weddeth in kynd of Heth;
I will send hym to Aran,
There my brothere dwellys, Laban;
And there may he s*er*ue in peasse
Till his brothers[1] wrath will seasse.
Why shuld I apon a day
Loyse both my sonnes? bett*er* nay.
ISAAC. Thou says soth, wife; call hym hed*er*,
And let vs tell hym where & whed*er*
That he may fle Esaw,
That vs both het*is* bale to brew.

[1] E. E. T. S. brother's.

REBECCA. Iacob, son! thi fad*er* & I
Wold speke w*ith* the; com, stand vs by!

[*Jacob advances.*]

Out of contry must thou fle,
That Esaw slo not the.
IACOB. Whederward shuld I go, dame?
REBECCA. To Mesopotameam;
To my brothere, and thyn eme,
That dwellys besyde Iordan streme;
And ther may thou with hym won,
To Esaw, myne other son,
fforget, and all his wrath be dede.
IACOB. I will go, fad*er*, at youre rede.
ISAAC. Yei, son, do as thi mod*er* says;
Com kys vs both, & weynd thi ways.

*Et osculat*ur.

IACOB. Haue good day, s*ir* and dame!
ISAAC. God sheld the, son, from syn and shame!
REBECCA. And gif the grace good man to be,
And send me glad tything*is* to[1] the.

Explicit Isaac.

II.

[IACOB.][2]

IACOB. Help me, Lord, Adonay,
And hald me in the right way
To Mesopotameam!
ffor I cam neu*er* or now where[3] I am;
I cam neu*er* here in this contre.
Lord of heuen, thou help me!
ffor I haue maide me, in this strete,
Sore bonys & warkand feete.

[1] *Qy.*: fro.
[2] E. E. T. S. Sequit*ur Iacob.*
[3] *Qy.*: *change* now where *to* where now *for metre.*

The son is downe, what is best?
Her purpose I all nyght to rest;
Vnder my hede this ston shal ly;
A nyght*is* rest take will I.

[*He sleeps. God appears and speaks.*]

DEUS. Iacob, Iacob, thi God I am,
Of thi forfad*er* Abraham,
And of thi fad*er* Isaac.
I shall the blys for thare sake.
This land that thou slepys in
I shall the gif, and thi kyn;
I shall thi seede multyply,
As thyk as powd*er* on erth may ly;
The kynd of the shall sprede wide,
ffrom eest to west on eu*er*y syde,
ffrom the south vnto the north, —
All that I say, I shall forth, —
And all the folk*is* of thyne ofspryng,
Shal be blyssyd of thy blyssyng.
Iacob, haue thou no kyns drede!
I shall the clethe, I shall the fede;
Whartfull shall I make thi gate;
I shal the help erly and late;
And all in qwart shall I bryng the
Home agane to thi countre.
I shall not fayll, be thou bold,
Bot I shall do as I haue told.

Hic vigilet.

IACOB. A! Lord, what may this mene?
What haue I herd in slepe, and sene?
That God leynyd hym to a stegh
And spake to me, it is no leghe!
And now is here none othere gate
Bot God*is* howse and heuens yate.

Lord, how dredfull is this stede!
Ther I layde downe my hede,
In God*is* lovyng I rayse this stone,
And oyll will I putt theron.
Lord of heuen, that all wote,
Here to the I make a hote:
If thou gif me mete and foode,
And close to body, as I behoued,
And bryng me home to kyth and kyn
By the way that I walk in,
Without skathe and in quarte,
I p*ro*myse to the w*ith* stedfast hart,
As thou art Lord and God myne
And I Iacob, thi trew hyne,
This stone I rayse in sygne to-day
Shall I hold holy kyrk for ay;
And of all that newes me
Rightwys tend shall I gif the.

[*An interval of about twenty years.*]

Hic egrediatur Iacob de Aran in terram natiuitatis sue.

[IACOB.] A! my Fad*er*, God of heuen,
That saide to me thrugh thi steven,
When I in Aran was dwelland,
That I shuld turne agane to land
Ther I was both fed and borne*e*,
Warnyd thou me, Lord, beforn*e*,
As I went toward Aran
With my staff, and passyd Iordan;
And now I com agane to kyth
With two ostes of men me with.
Thou hete me, Lord,[1] to do well w*ith* me,
To multyplye my seede as sand of see;
Thou saue me, Lord, thrugh vertew,
ffrom veniance of Esaw,

[1] *Qy.: omit* Lord.

That he slo not, for old greme,
These moders *with* thare barne-teme.
RACHELL. Oure anguysh, sir, is many-fold,
Syn that oure messyngere vs told
That Esaw wold you slo,
With foure hundreth men and mo.
IACOB. ffor soth, Rachell, I haue hym sent
Of many beest*is* sere p*re*sent.
May tyde he will oure gift*is* take,
And right so shall his wrath slake.
Where ar oure thyng*is*, ar thay past Iordan?
LYA. Go and look, sir, as ye can.

*Hic scrutet*ur *sup*e*rlectile,* et *luctet*ur *angelus cum eo.*

DEUS. The day spryng*is*; now lett me go.
IACOB. Nay, nay, I will not so
Bot thou blys me or thou gang;
If I may, I shall hold the lang.
DEUS. In tokynyng that thou spek*is* w*ith* me
I shall toche now thi thee,
That halt shall thou eu*er*more,
Bot thou shall fele no sore.
What is thy name, thou me tell?
IACOB. Iacob.
DEUS. Nay, bot Israell.
Syn thou to me sich strengthe may kythe,
To men of erth thou must be stythe.
IACOB. What is thy name?
DEUS. Whi ask*is* thou it?
'Wond*er*full,' if thou wil wyt.
IACOB. A, blys me, Lord!
DEUS. I shall the blys,
And be to the full p*ro*pyce,
And gyf the my blyssyng for ay;
As lord and he that all may,
I shall[1] grayth thi gate,

1 *Qy.* · *insert* goodly.

And full well ordeyn thi state.
When thou has drede, thynk on me,
And thou shal full well saynyd be.
And look thou trow well my sayes ;
And farewell now, the day dayes.
IACOB. Now haue I a new name, Israell ;
This place shall [hight][1] Fanuell,
ffor I haue seyn in this place
God of heuen face to face.
RACHELL. Iacob, lo ! we haue tythand
That Esaw is here at hand.

Hic diuidit turmas in tres partes.

IACOB. Rachell, stand thou in the last eschele,
ffor I wold thou were sauyd wele ;
Call Ioseph and Beniamin,
And let theym not fro the twyn.
If it be so that Esaw
Vs before all to-hew,
Ye that ar here the last
Ye may be sauyd if ye fle fast.

Et *vadat Iacob osculand*[*o*] *Esaw ; venit Iacob, flect*it *genua exorando Deu*m ; et *leuando, occurrit illi Esaw in amplexib*us.

IACOB. I pray the, Lord, as thou me het,
Thou[2] saue me and my gete.
ESAW. Welcom, brother, to kyn and kyth,
Thi wife and childre that comes the with.
How has thou faren in far land?
Tell me now som good tythand.
IACOB. Well, my brother Esaw,
If that thi men no bale me brew.

*Dic*it *seruis suis.*

ESAW. Wemo ! felows, hold youre hend,
Ye se that I and he ar frend,

[1] *Supplied by* E. E. T. S. [2] MS. that.

And frenship here will we fulfill,
Syn that it is God*is* will.
IACOB. God yeld you, brothere, that it so is
That thou thi hyne so wold kys.
ESAW. Nay, Iacob, my dere brothere,
I shall the tell all anothere :
Thou art my lord thrugh destyny.
Go we toged*er*, both thou and I,
To my fad*er* and his wife,
That lofys the, brother, as thare lyfe.

Explicit Iacob.

CHESTER WHITSUN PLAYS.

Reprinted from "The Chester Plays. Reëdited from the MSS. by the late Dr. Hermann Deimling, Part I, E. E. T. S., 1892." I have printed only MS. Harl. 2124, because, although written in 1607, it represents, I believe, a more primitive form of this play than the other MSS. The Duke of Devonshire's MS. (written by Edward Gregorie, 1591) was not collated by Deimling; consequently I do not know which version of our play it presents, but Pollard's partial collation seems to indicate that it would agree with the others. Only occasionally have I recorded the readings of the other MSS. For convenience I have used Deimling's symbols; thus, H.= Harl. 2124 (partly written by James Miller, 1607), B.= Bodley 175 (written by Wm. Bedford, 1604), W. = Brit. Mus., Addit. 10,305 (written by George Bellin, 1592), h.= Harl. 2013 (written by George Bellin, 1600). D. indicates Deimling's text, which agrees with H., unless otherwise specified. I have made no changes without notification, except in punctuation, capitals, and mode of indicating stanza-structure.

Pagina Quinta de Mose et Rege Balaak et Balaam Propheta. The Capp*ers*.

DEUS. Moyses, my servaunte life *and* dere,
And all the people that be here,
You wott in Egipte when you were,
Out of thralldome I you broughte.
I wyll, you honour no God saue me,
Ne mawmentrye none make yee,
My name in vayne nym[1] not yee,
For that me lykes naughte. 8

I will, you hold yo*ur* holy daye,
And worshipp also, by all waye,
Father and mother all that you maye,
And slaye no man no-where.

[1] H. myn; B. W. h. nam.

Fornication you shall flee ;
No mens goods steale yee ;
Ne in no place abyde ne bee
Falce wytnes for to beare.

Your neigheboures[1] wyves covettes noughte,
Servant ne good that he hath boughte,
Oxe ne asse, in deede ne thoughte,
Nor any-thinge that is his,
Ne wrongefullie to haue his thinge
Agayne his will and his lykinge.
In all these doe my byddinge,
That you doe not amisse.

Tunc princeps Sinagogæ statuet eum[2] *in loco et quasi pro populo loquatur ad Dominum et Moysen.*

PRINCEPS SINAGOGÆ. Ah ! good Lord, much of mighte,
Thou comes with so great lighte !
We bene so afraide of this sighte,
No man dare speake ne see ;[3]
God is so grym with us to deale,
But Moyses, master, with us thou mele,—
Els we dyen many and feele,
So afrayde bene all wee.

Tunc Moyses stans super montem loquatur ad populum.

MOYSES. Gods folke, drede you noughte ;
To prove you with, God hath this wrought,
To make you afrayd in deede and thoughte,
Aye for to avoyde synne.
By this sight you may now see
That he is pereles of postye ;
Therfore his teachinge look done yee,
Thereof that you not blyn.

1 D. neightboures.
2 H. eu ; D. *prints* eum, *but suggests* eo ; Zupitza *suggested* se.
3 MS. looke ; *corr. by* D.

PRINCEPS SINAGOGÆ. Ah! highe Lord, God almighte,
That Moyses shynes wondrous bright!
I may no way for great lighte
Now looke upon hym.
And horned he semes in our sighte! Exodus, 34. 29.
Sith he came to the hyll, dight
Our lawe he hase, I hope, aright,
For was he never so grym.

MOYSES. You, Gods folke of Israell,
Hearkens to me that loven heale;
God bade you sholde doe, everye deale,
As that I shall saye.
Six dayes boldelye worches all,
The seaventh Sabaoth you shall call;
That daye for ought that may befall
Hallowed shalbe aye.

That doth not this deede deade shall be.
In houses fire shall no man see.
First fruytes to God offer yee,
For so hym-selfe bade.
Gould *and* silver offers also,
Purple, bisse, and other moe,
To hym that shall save you from woe
And helpe you in your neede.

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, this comaundment
Was of the Old Testamente,
And yet is used with good entent
With all that good bene.
This storye all if we shold fong,
To playe this moneth it were to longe;
Wherfore most frutefull there amonge
We taken, as shall be sene.

Also we read in this storie,
God in the Mownt of Synai

Toke Moises these comaundmentis verelye,
Wrytten with his owne hande
In tables of ston, as reade I ;
But when men honoured mawmentry,
He brake them in anger hastelye,
For that he wold not wonde.

But afterward sone, leeve ye me,
Other tables of stone made he,
In which God bade wrytten shold be
His wordes that were before,
The which tables shryned were
After as God can Moyses leare ;
And that shryne to them was deare
Thereafter evermore.

Tunc Moyses descendet de monte, et ex altera parte montis dicet rex Balaac equitando.

BALAACK REX. I, Balaack, king of Moab land,
All Israell and I had in[1] hand,
I am so wroth, I wold not wond
To slaye them, ech wighte ;
For their God helpes them stiflye
Of other landes to haue mastrye,
That it is bootles, witterlie,
Against them for to fighte.

What nation soever dose them noye,
Moyses prayes anone in hye,
Therefore haue they sone the victorie
And other men[2] haue the worse,
Therfore how will I wroken be,
I am bethought, as mot I the !
Balaam I will shall come to me
That people for to curse,

[1] D. I had it in my ; B. W. h. and I hand in.
[2] D. *has* they *after* men.

For sworde ne knife may not avayle [*Fluryshe.*][1]
These ilke shroes for to assaile ;
That fowndes to fight he shall faile,
For sicker is hym no boote.
All nations they doe any, [*Cast up.*][1]
And my-selfe they can destroie,
As ox that gnawes biselie
The grasse right to the roote.

Who-so Balaam blesses, i-wis,[2]
Blessed sickerlie that man is ;
Who-so he curses, fareth amisse :
Such loos over all hase he. Numbers, 22. 6.
Therfore goe fetch hym, bachler,
That he may curse the people here ;
For, sicker, on them in no manner
Mon we not wroken be.

MILES. Syr, on yo*ur* errand I will gone ;
Yt shall be well done, and that anone,
For he shall wreak you on yo*ur* fone,
The people of Israell.
BALAACK. Yea, looke thou het hym gold gret wone,
And riches for to lyve upon,
To destroy them if he can,
The freakes that be so fell.

Tunc ibit ad Balaam.

MILES. Balaam, my lorde greetes well thee
And prayes the right sone at hym to be,
To curse the people of Iudy,
That do hym great anoye.
BALAAM. Forsooth, I tell the, bacheler,
That I may haue no power
But if Gods will were ;
That shall I witt in hye.

[1] *Not in* H. ; *supplied from the other* MSS.
[2] D. I wis.

[1] [*Tunc ibit Balaam ad consulendum Dominum in oratione, et sedens*[2] *dicat Deus. Balaam prayeth to God one his knees.*]

DEUS (*in supremo loco*). Balaam, I comaund the,
King Balaak his bydding that thou flee;
That people that is blessed of me
Curse thou not by no waye.
BALAAM. Lord, I must doe thy byddinge,
Thoughe it be to me unlykeing;
For, truly, much wynninge
I might haue had to-daye.

DEUS. Thoughe the folke be my foe,
Thou shalt haue leaue thydder to goe,
But looke that thou doe right soe
As I haue thee taughte.
BALAAM. Lord, it shall be done in height,
This asse shall beare me aright.
Goe we together anone, sir knight,
For now leave I haue coughte.

Tunc equitabunt versus regem, et eundo dicat Balaam:

Now, by the law I leve upon,
Sith I haue leaue for to gone,
They shalbe cursed every one,
And I ought wyn maye.
If Balaak hold that he has heighte
Gods hest I set at light;
Warryed they shalbe this night
Or that I wend awaye.

Tunc angelus obuiabit Balaam cum gladio extracto in manu, et stabit asina

Goe forth, Burnell, goe forth, goe!
What the dyvell! my asse will not goe;
Served she me never soe.

[1] *Not in* H.; *supplied from the other* MSS.
[2] B. scedens; W. sedentes; h. *omits.*

What sorrow so her dose nye?
Rise up, Burnell! make thee bowne,
And helpe to beare me out the towne;
Or, as brok I my crowne,
Thou shalt full sore abye!

Tunc percutiet asinam, et loquetur aliquis in asina.

ASINA. Maister, thou dost evell, witterly,
So good an ass as me to nye,
Now hast thou beaten me thry
That beare thee thus aboute.
BALAAM. Burnell, whye begiles thou me,
When I haue most nede to the?
ASINA. That sight that I before me see
Makes me downe to lowte.

Am I not, m*aster*, thyne owne ass,
That ever before ready was
To beare the whether thou woldest pas?
To smyte me now yt is shame.
Thou wottest well, m*aster*, pardy,
Thou haddest never ass like to me,
Ne never yet thus served I thee;
Now I am not to blame.

Tunc Balaam videns angelum evaginatum gladium habentem, adorans dicat:

BALAAM. Ah! Lord, to thee I make avowe,[1]
I had no sight of thee erre now;
Lyttle wist I it was thou
That feared my asse soe.
ANGELUS. Why hast thou beaten thy asse thry?
Now I am comen thee to nye,
That changes thy purpose falcelye,
And woldest be my foe.

[1] D. a vowe.

And the ass had not downe gone,
I wold haue slayne the here anone.
BALAAM. Lord, haue pittye me upon,
For sinned I haue sore!
Is it thy will that I forth goe?
ANGELUS. Yea; but looke thou doe this folk no woe
Otherwise then God bade thee tho
And saide to thee before.

Tunc Balaam et miles ibunt, Balaack venit in obuiam.

BALAACK. Ah! welcome, Balaam, my frend!
For all myne anguish thou shalt end,
If that thy will be to wend,
And wreake me of my foe.
BALAAM. Nought may I speake, so haue I win,
But as God puttes me in,
To forby all and my kin;
Therfore, sure, me is woe.

BALAACK. Come forth, Balaam, come with me!
For on this hill, so mot I thee,
The folke of Israell thou shalt see;
And curse them, I thee praye.
Thou shalt haue riches, golde and fee,
And I shall aduance thy dignytye,
To curse men, — cursed they may be
That thou shalt see to-day.

Tunc adducens secum Balaam in montem et ad australem partem respiciens dicat ut sequitur.[1]

BALAAM. How may I curse them in this place,
The people that God blessed hase?
In them is both might and grace,
And that is alwayes seene.

[1] *This stage direction seems to indicate that a speech of Balaac's has dropped out, — perhaps the stanza contained in the other version:*

Lo! Balaam, thou seest here
God*is* people all in feare,

Wytnes I may none beare
Against God that thus[1] can were
His people that no man may deare
Ne troble with no teene.

I saye these folkes shall haue their will,
That no nation shall them gryll ;
The goodnes that they shall fulfill
Nombred may not be ;
Their God shall them kepe and save.
No other repreve shall they non[2] have ;
But such death as they shall haue
I praye God send me.

BALAACK. What the devill[3] eyles the, poplart ?
Thy speach is not worth a fart,
Doted I wot well thou art,
For woodlie thou has wrougt.
I bade thee curse them, every one,
And thou blest them, blood and bone ;
To this north syde thou shalt anon,
For here thy deed is nought.

Tunc adducet eum ad borealem partem.

BALAAM. Herken, Balaack, what I say ;
God may not gibb by no waye,
That he saith, is veray,
For he may not lye.

Cittie, castell, *and* riuer ;
Looke now how likes thie.
Curse them now at my prayer,
As thou wilte be to me full dere
And in my realme most of power
And greatest under me.

Tunc Balaam versus austrum : dicat Balaham :

[1] D. this. [2] *So* B. W. h.; H. *has* may I not. [3] D. devilles.

To bless his folk he me sent ;
Therfore I saie, as I am kent
That in this land, verament,
Is used no mawmentry : Numbers, 23. 19. 248

To Iacobs blood and Israell
God shall send ioy and heale ;
And as a lyon in his weale
Christ shalbe haunsed hye,
And rise also in noble araye
As a prynce to wyn great paye,
Overcome his enemyes, as I say, Numbers, 24. 9.
And them bowndly bye. 256

BALAACK. What the devill is this? Thou cursest them naught,
Nor blessest them nether, as me thought.
BALAAM. Syr kinge, this I thee beheight
Or that I come here.
BALAACK. Yet shalt thou to an-other place,
Ther Gods power for to embrace.
The dyvell geve the hard grace
But thou doe my prayer ! 264

Ad occidentalem partem.

BALAAM. Ah ! Lord, that here is fayre wonning,
Halls, chambers of great lyking,
Valleyes, woodes, grass springing,
Fayre yerdes [1] and eke river ! Numbers, 24. 5, 6.
I wot well God made all this
His folk to lyue in ioye and blisse.
That warryeth them, warried is ;
That blesseth [2] them, to God is deare. 272

BALAACK. Popelard ! thou preachest as a pie ;
The deuill of hell thee destroy !
I bade thee curse myne enemye ;
Therfore thou came me to.

[1] D. yordes. [2] D. blessest.

Now hast thou blessed them here thry,
For thou meanes me to nye.
BALAAM. So tould I the before twye,
I might none other doe.

BALAACK. Out! alas! what dyvell ayles thee?
I haue het thee gold and fee
To speake but wordes two or three,
And thou makes much distance.
Yet once I will assay thee,
If any boote of bale will be;
And if thou falcely now faile me,
Mahound geue thee mischance!

Tunc Balaam ad cælum respiciens prophetando:

BALAAM. *Orietur Stella ex Iacob, et exurget Homo de Israell, et confringet omnes duces alienigenarum,*[1] *et erit omnis terra possessio*[2] *eius.*
Now one thinge I will tell you all, Numbers, 24. 18.
Hereafter what shall befall:
A starre of Iacob springe shall,
A man of Israell;
He shall overcome and haue in band
All kinges, dukes of strang land,
And all the world haue in his hand,
As lord to dight and deale.

[*The other prophets enter, attended by the Expositor.*][3]

ESAYAS. I saye a mayden meeke and mylde
Shall conceave and beare a childe,
Cleane, without workes wilde,
To wyn mankinde to wayle;

[1] D. alieginarum.
[2] D. professio, *but suggests* possessio.
[3] *It is, however, possible — even likely — that all were present on the stage from the beginning.*

Butter and hony shall be his meate, Isaiah, 7. 14 ff.
That he may all evill forgeat,
Our soules out of hell to get,
And called Emanuell.

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, these wordes are so veray
That exposition, in good faye,
None needes, but you know may
This word Emanuell.
Emanuell is as much to saye
As "God with us night and day";
Therfore that name for ever and aye
To his sonne cordes wondrous[1] well.

EZECHIELL. [2] *Vidi portam in domo Domini clausam et dixit angelus ad me, "Porta hæc non aperietur sed clausa erit"* et *ct. Ezechiel capitulo 2.*

I, Ezechiell, sothlie see Ezekiel, 44. 2.
A gate in Gods house on hye;
Closed it was, no man came nye;
Then told an angell me:
"This gate shall no man open, i-wis,[3]
For God will come and goe by this,
For him-self it reserved is,
None shall come there but hee."

EXPOSITOR. By this gate, lords, verament,
I understand in my intent
That way the Holy Ghost in went
When God tooke flesh and bloode
In that sweet mayden Mary.
She was that gate, witterly,
For in her he light graciouslie
Mankind to doe good.

[1] *Qy.: omit* wondrous.
[2] *In* D. *this precedes* EZECHIELL.
[3] D. I wis.

IHEREMIA. *Deducant*[1] *oculi mei lacrimas per diem et noctem, et non taceant; contritione magna contrita est virgo filia populi mei et plaga* et *ct.*

My eyes must run and sorrow aye — Ierem. 14. 17.
Without ceasing, night and daye,
For my daughter, soth to saye,
Shall suffer great anye;
And my folke shall doe, in faye,
Thinges that they ne know may
To that mayden, by many waye,
And her sonne, sickerlie. 336

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, this prophesie, i-wis,[2]
Touches the Passion nothing amisse,
For the prophet see well this
What shall come, as I reade:
That a childe borne of a maye
Shall suffer death, sooth to saye;
And they that mayden shall afray,
Haue vengeance for that deede. 344

IONAS. *Clamaui de tribulacione mea ad Dominum et exaudiuit; de ventre inferi clamavi et exaudisti vocem meam et proiecisti me.*

I, Ionas, in full great any — Ion. 2. 2.
To God I prayed inwardlie,
And he me hard through his mercy
And on me did his grace.
In myddes the sea cast was I
For I wrought inobedyentlie,
But in a whalles bellye
Three dayes saved I was. 352

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, what this may signifie
Christ expoundes apertelie,
As we reade in the Evangely
That Christ him-self can saie:

[1] D. Deducunt. [2] D. I wis.

Right as Ionas was dayes three
In wombe of whall, so shall he be
In earth lyinge, as was he,
And rise the third daye.

DAUID. *De summo cælo egressio eius, et occursus eius ad sum*[m]*um eius. Psal.*

I, Davyd, saie that God almighte Psalm, 18. 7.
From *the* highest heaven to earth will light,
And thidder againe with full might,
Both God and man in feare ;
And after come to deeme the righte.
May no man shape them[1] of his sight
Ne deeme[2] that to mankind is dighte,
But all then must apeare.

EXPOSITOR. Lordes, this speach is so veray
That to expound it to your pay
It needes nothing in good faye,
This speach is so expresse.
Each man by it knowe may
That of the Ascention, soth to saie,
David prophesied in his daye,
As yt rehearsed was.

IOELL. *Effundam de spiritu meo super omnem carnem, et prophetabunt filij vestri.*

I, Ioell, saie this sickerlye : Ioel, 2. 28.
That my Ghost send will I
Upon mankinde merciably
From heaven, sitting in see ;
Then shold [y]our childre prophesie,
Ould men meet swevens,[3] wytterly,
Yong se sightes that therby
Many wise shall be.

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, this prophet speakes here
In Gods person, as it were,

[1] Kittredge *suggests* scape then. [2] *Qy.:* doome. [3] H. sweens; *corr. by* D.

And prophesies that he will apeare
Ghostlie to mankinde.
This signes non other, in good faye,
But of his deede on Whitson-day,
Sending his Ghost, that we ever may
On hym haue sadlie mynd.

MICHEAS. [1] *Tu, Bethlem, terra Iuda, nequaquam minima es in principibus Iuda; ex te enim exiet Dux qui reget populum meum Israell.*

I, Micheal, through my mynde
Will saye that man shall sothlie finde
That a childe of kinges kinde
In Bethlem shall be borne,
That shall be duke to dight *and* deale,
And rule the folke of Israell,
Also wyn againe mankindes heale,
That through Adam was lorne.

Mich. 5. 2; Matth. 2. 6.

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, two thinges apertlie
You may see in this prophesie:
The place certifies thee sothlie
Where Christ borne will be;
And after his ending, sickerlie,
Of his deedes of great mercy,
That he shold sit soveraynly
In heauen, thereas is he.

Moe prophet*is*, lordinges, we might play,
But yt wold tary much the daye;
Therfore six, sothe to say,
Are played in this place.
Twoo speakes of his Incarnation,
Another of Christe[s] Passion,
The fourth of the Resurrection.
. . . . . .[2]

[1] H. *seems to have* In; *corr. by* D.
[2] D. *points out that a line is missing in* MS.

The fifte speakes expreslie
How he from *the* highest heavenlye
Light into earth us to forby,
And after thydder steigh
With oure kinde to heaven-blisse.
More loue might he not shew, i-wis,[1]
But right there-as hym-selfe is
He haunshed our kinde on high.

The sixt shewes, you may see,
His Goste to man send will he,
More stidfast that they shalbe
To loue God evermore.
Thus that beleve[2] that leven we
Of Gods deedes that had pittye
One man, when that he made them free,
Is prophesied here before.

BALAACK. Goe we forth! it is no boote
Longer with this man to moote;
For God of Iewes is crop and roote,
And lord of heaven and hell.
Now see I well no man on lyue
Gaynes with him for to stryve;
Therefore here, as mot I thryue,
I will no longer dwell.

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, much more matter
Is in this story then you see here;
But the substance, without were,
Is played you beforne.
And by these prophesies, leav you me,
Three kinges, as you shall played see,
Presented at his Nativitye
Christ, when he was borne.

Finis paginæ quintæ.

[1] D. I wis.

[2] D. beleven.

HEGGE PLAYS.

Printed from MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii ; see p. 31, above. H. denotes the readings of Halliwell's edition. P. denotes the readings of Pollard, who printed the first 139 lines in "English Miracle Plays, Moralities and Interludes, ed. A. W. Pollard, Oxford, 1890 (2d ed. 1895)." K. denotes the readings of Kölbing, *Englische Studien*, XXI, 166. The few unnoted variants are confined, I think, to cases in which my copyist did not regard the curl or stroke as sufficient to indicate final *-e*.

[The Salutation and Conception.]

Contemplacio. ffowre thowsand sex vndryd foure 3ere,[1] I telle,
Man ffor his offens *and* ffowle foly
Hath leyn[2] yer*es* in *the* peynes of helle,
And were wurthy to ly *ther*in endlesly ;
But thanne xulde perysche 3o*ur* grete mercye.[3]
Good Lord, haue on man pyte,
Haue mende of *the* prayo*ur* seyd by Ysaie :
Lete mercy meke *thin* hyest mageste.

Wolde God *tho*u woldyst breke *thin* hefne myghtye,
And com down here in-to erth
And levyn 3er*es* thre *and* threttye,
Thyn famyt ffolke wi*th th*i fode[4] to fede.
To staunche *the*ir[5] thryste lete *th*i syde blede ;
ffor erste[6] wole not be mad redempcion.
Cu*m* vesyte[7] vs in *th*is tyme of nede ;
Of *th*i careful creature*s*, Lord, haue compassyon.[8]

[1] K. *omits* 3ere.
[2] MS. loyn.
[3] H. mercy.
[4] H. ffode.
[5] MS. *th*i.
[6] H. P. erst.
[7] H. vysite ; P. vesite.
[8] *A curl over* on.

A ! woo to vs wrecchis[1] that wrecchis be,
ffor God hath addyd ssorwe[2] to sorwe.
I prey *the*e, Lord, *th*i sowlys[3] com se,
How *the*i ly *and* sobbe bothe eue *and* morwe.[4]
W*ith th*i blyssyd blood from balys[5] hem borwe,
Thy careful creaturys cryenge in captyvyte ;
A ! tary not, gracyous Lord, tyl it be to-morwe !
The devyl hath dysceyved hem be his iniquite.

" A !" q*uo*d Ieremye, " who xal gyff wellys to my*n* eynes
That I may wepe bothe day *and* nyght
To se our*e* bretheryn in so longe peynes?"
Her*e* myschevys a-mende may *th*i meche myght.
As grett as *the* se, Lord, was Adamys contryssyon ryght.
ffrom our*e* hed is falle[6] *the* crowne ;
Man is comeryd in synne ; I crye to *th*i syght,
Gracyous Lord ! gracyous Lord ! gracyous Lord, come downe !

VIRTUES. Lord, plesyth[7] it *thine* hy3 domynac*i*on
On man, *that thou* made, to haue pyte !
Patryarchys *and* pr*o*phetys han mad supplycac*i*on ;
Our*e* offyse is to presente her*e* pr*aye*r*es* to the.
Aungelys, archaungelys, we thre
That ben in *the* fyrst ierarchie,
ffor man to *thin* hy mageste
" Mercy ! mercy ! mercy ! " we crye.

The aungel, Lord, *tho*u made so gloryous,
Whos synne hath mad hy*m* a devyl in helle,
He mevyd man to be so contraryous.
Man repentyd ; *and* he in his obstynacye doth dwelle.
Hese grett males, good Lord, repelle,
And take man on-to *th*i grace ;
Lete *th*i mercy make hy*m* w*ith* au*n*gelys dwelle.
Of Locyfer*e* to restor*e* *the* place.

[1] K. *strikes out* wrecchis. [2] H. ssorowe. [3] P. sowles.
[4] H. P. morewe; both eue & morwe *is written in another hand over the cancelled words:* ffor syknes & sorwe. [5] MS. babys; *corr. by* H.
[6] H. P. ffalle. [7] K. plese.

PATER. *Propter miseriam inopum*
Et gemitum pauperum
Nunc exurgam.[1]

ffor *the* wretchydnes of *the* nedy
And *the* porys lamentac*i*on
Now xal I ryse *that* am almyghty.
Tyme is come of reconsyliac*i*on;
My p*r*ophetys w*i*th prayers haue made supplicac*i*on,
My contryte creaturys crye all*e* for comforte,
All my*n* aungellys in hefne, w*i*th-owte cessac*i*on,
They crye *that* grace to man myght exorte.

VERITAS. Lord, I am *th*i dowter*e*, Trewth,
*Tho*u wylt[2] se I be not lor*e*;
Thyn vnkynde creatur*es* to save were rewthe;
The offens of man hath grevyd *the* sor*e*.
Whan Adam had synnyd, *tho*u seydest yor*e*
That he xulde deye *and* go to helle;
And now to blysse hym to restor*e*—
Twey contraryes mow not to-gedyr dwelle.

Thi[3] Trewthe, Lord, xal leste w*i*th-owtyn ende;
I may in no wyse ffro *the* go.
That wretche[4] *that* was to *the* so vnkende,
He may not haue to moche[5] wo.
He dyspysyd *the* *and* plesyd *th*i ffo.
*Tho*u art his creato*ur* *and* he is *th*i creature;
*Tho*u hast lovyd Trewthe, it is seyd, evyr-mo;
Ther-fore in peynes lete hym evyr-mor*e* endur*e*.

MISERICORDIA. O ffadyr of Mercy, *and* God of Comforte,
That counsell*e*[6] us in eche trybulac*i*on,
Lete 3o*ur* dowter*e*, Mercy, to 3ow resorte;
And on man, *that* is myschevyd, haue compassyon.

[1] MS. exergam; *corr. by* H.
[2] H. P. wilt.
[3] H. P. Thy.
[4] H. P. wrecche.
[5] H. P. meche.
[6] K. *emends to* counsellest.

Hym grevyth fful gretly his transgressyon ;
Alle hefne *and* erthe crye ffor Mercy ;
Me semyth *ther* xuld be non excepcion,
Ther prayers ben offeryd so specyally. 83

Trewthe[1] sseyth she hath evyr be, than.
I graunt it wel ; she hath be so.
*And tho*u seyst endlesly *tha*t Mercy *tho*u hast kept ffor man ;
Than, mercyabyl Lorde, kepe us bothe to !
Thu seyst, *Veritas mea* et *M*isericord*ia mea cum ipso* ;
Suffyr not *th*i sowlys than in sorwe to slepe ;
*Tha*t helle hownde *tha*t hatyth *the* — byddyth[2] hy*m* ho !
*Th*i love, man, no lenger*e* lete hy*m* kepe. 91

IUSTICIA. Mercy, me merveylyth[3] what ȝow movyth !
ȝe know wel I am ȝo*ur* syster*e*, Ryght-wysnes.
God is ryghtful[4] *and* ryghtffulnes lovyth ;
Man offendyd hym *tha*t is endles ;
Therfor*e* his endles punchement may nevyr sees.
Also he forsoke his Maker*e tha*t made hym of clay,
And *the* devyl to his mayst*er* he ches.
Xulde he be savyd? Nay, nay, nay ! 99

As wyse as is God he wolde a be ;
This was *the* abhomynabyl p*resumpcion*.
It is seyd — ȝe know wel *th*is of me —
*Tha*t *the* Ryghtwysnes of God hath no diffynic*ion* ;
Therffor*e* lette[5] *th*is be our*e* conclusyon*e* :
He *tha*t sor*e* synnyd, ly stylle in[6] sorwe.
He may nevyr make a seyth be[7] reson*e* ;
Whoo myght thanne thens hym borwe? 107

M*ISERICORD*IA. Systyr Ryghtwysnes, ȝe ar*e* to vengeable.
Endles synne God endles may restor*e* ;
Above alle hese werkys God is mercyabyl.

[1] MS. Threwthe.
[2] K. *emends to* bydde.
[3] H. mervelyth.
[4] H. P. ryghtfful.
[5] H. P. late.
[6] *A stroke over* n.
[7] H. *proposes* subtyl *for* seyth be.

*Th*ow he for-sook God be synne, be feyth he for-sook
hy*m* nev*er th*e more ;
And *th*ow he p*re*sumyd nevyr so sor*e*,
3e must consyder *th*e frelnes of mankende.
Lerne,[1] *and* 3e lyst, — *th*is is Goddys lor*e*, —
*Th*e Mercy of God is w*ith*-owtyn ende.

PAX.[2] To spar*e* 3o*ur* speches, syster*es*, it syt ;
It is not onest, in Vertuys to ben dyscenc*i*on.
The Pes of God ovyr-comyth all*e* wytt.
*Th*ow [3] Trewth *and* Ryght sey grett reson*e*,
3ett Mercy seyth best to my pleson ;
ffor yf mannys sowle xulde abyde in helle,
Be-twen God *and* man evyr xulde be dyvysyon,
And than myght not I, Pes, dwelle.

Ther*e*-for*e* me semyth best, 3e thus acorde,
Than hefne *and* erthe 3e xul qweme :
Putt bothe 3o*ur* sentens in our*e* Lorde
And in his hy3 wysdam lete hym deme, —
This is most syttynge,[4] me xulde seme, —
And lete se how we ffowr*e* may all*e* abyde.
That mannys sowle it [5] xulde p*er*ysche it wor*e* sweme,
Or *that* ony of vs ffro other*e* xulde dyvyde.

VERITAS. In trowthe, her*e*-to I consente ; [6]
I wole prey our*e* Lorde it may so be.
IUSTICIA. I, Rygtwysnes,[7] am wele contente,
ffor in hym is very equyte.
M*ISERICORD*IA. And I, Mercy, ffro *th*is counsel wole
not fle,
Tyl Wysdam hath seyd I xal ses.
PAX. Her*e* is God now ; her*e* is Vnyte ;
Hefne *and* erth is plesyd w*ith* Pes.

[*They appear before the Son.*]

[1] H. P. Lerne; MS. Lorne.
[2] *A stroke over* AX.
[3] H. Thou.
[4] H. fyttynge.
[5] K. *strikes out* it.
[6] *Qy.:* I, Trowthe, herevnto I (*or* do) consente.
[7] H. P. Ryghtwysnes.

FFILIUS. I thynke *the* thoughtys of Pes, *and* nowth of Wykkydnes!
This I deme to ses *3our* contraversy: —
If Adam had not deyd, peryschyd had Ryghtwysnes,
And also Trewth*e* had be lost *ther*-by, —
Trewth and Ryght wolde chastyse ffoly;
3iff a-nother deth come not, Mercy xulde perysch*e*;
*Th*an Pes were exyled ffynaly:[1]
So tweyn dethis must be, 3ow fowr*e* to cherysch*e*. 147

But he *tha*t xal deye, 3e must knawe
That in hym may ben non iniquyte,
*Tha*t helle may holde hym be no lawe,
But *tha*t he may pas at hese lyberte.
Qwer*e* swyche on is, provyde[2] and se,
And hese deth for mannys deth xal be redempc*i*on;
All*e* hefne *and* erth seke now 3e.
Plesyth it 3ow *th*is con*n*clusyon? 155

[*They seek; and, returning, say:*]

VERITAS. I, Trowthe, haue sowte *th*e erthe w*ith*-owt *and* w*ith*-inne,
And in sothe *ther* kan non be fownde
*Tha*t is of o day byrth w*ith*-owte synne,
Nor to *tha*t deth wole be bownde.
MISERICORDIA. I, Mercy, haue ronne *th*e hevynly regyon rownde,
And ther is non of *tha*t charyte
That ffor man wole suffre a deddly wounde;
I can nott wete how *th*is xal be. 163

IUSTICIA. Sur*e*[3] I can fynde non sufficyent,
ffor servauntys vnprofytable we be ech*e* on;
Hese[4] love nedyth to be ful ardent
That for man to helle wolde gon.

[1] H. ffynyaly.
[2] MS. H. his p*r*evyde.
[3] *In* MS. *this looks like* Oure.
[4] MS. He; H. Hes.

PAX. That God may do, is non but on;
*Ther*fore — *th*is is be hys avyse —
He *tha*t 3aff *th*is cou*n*selle, lete hy*m* 3eve *th*e comforte alon,
ffor *th*e conclusyon in hym of alle *th*ese lyse.

FFILIUS. It peyneth me *tha*t man I made;[1]
*Tha*t is to seyn, peyne I must suffre sore.[2]
A counsel of *th*e Trinite must be had,
Whiche of vs xal man restore.
PATER. In 3o*ur* wysdam, son, man was mad thore,
And in wysdam was his temptac*i*on;
*Ther*for, sone, sapyens 3e must ordeyn here-fore,
And se how of man may be salvac*i*on.[3]

FILIUS. ffadyr, he *tha*t xal do *th*is must be both God *and* man.
Lete me se how I may were *tha*t wede;
And sythe in my wysdam he be-gan,
I am redy to do *th*is dede.
SPI*RIT*US SA*NCT*US. I, the Holy Gost, of 3ow tweyn do *pro*cede;
This charge I wole take on me;
I, Love, to 3o*ur* lover xal 3ow lede:
*Th*is is *th*e assent of oure Vnyte.

MI*SERICORDIA*. Now is *th*e loveday mad of us fowre fynialy;
Now may we leve in pes, as we were wonte;
Misericordia et *Veritas obviauerunt sibi*,
Iusticia et *Pax osculate*[4] *sunt*.

Et *hic osculabunt pariter omnes.*

PATER. ffrom vs, God, au*n*gel Gabryel, *tho*u xalt be sende
Into *th*e countre of Galyle, —
The name of *th*e cyte Na3areth is kende, —

[1] H. mad.
[2] MS. fore; *corr. by* H.
[3] H. salvation.
[4] H. osculatæ.

To a mayd ; weddyd to a man is she,
Of whom *the* name is Ioseph, se,
Of *the* hous of Davyd bore.
The name of *the* mayd ffre
Is Mary, *that* xal al restore.

FFILIUS. Say *that* she is w*ith*-owte wo *and* ful of grace,
And *that* I, *the* Son of *the* Godhed, of here xal be bore.
Hy3e *the*, *thou* were there a-pace,
Ellys we xal be there the be-ffore,[1]
I haue so grett hast to be man thore
In *that* mekest *and* purest virgyne.
Sey here, she xal restore
Of 3ow aungellys *the* grett ruyne.

SPIRITUS SANCTUS. And if she aske *the* how it myth be,
Telle here, I, *the* Holy Gost, xal werke al this ;
Sche xal be savyd thorwe oure Vnyte.
In tokyn, here bareyn cosyn Ely3abeth is
Qwyk w*ith* childe in here grett age, i-wys.
Sey here, to vs is no-thynge impossyble.
Here body xal be so ful-fylt w*ith* blys
That she xal sone thynke *th*is sownde credyble.

GABRIEL. In thyn hey inbassett,[2] Lord, I xal go,
It xal be do w*ith* a thought ;
Be-holde now, Lord, I go here to,
I take my fflyth[3] *and* byde nowth.

[*Gabriel descends to Mary.*]

Ave, Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum!
Heyl, fful of grace, God is w*ith* the !
Amonge alle women blyssyd art thu !
Here *th*is name Eva is turnyd Ave ;
That is to say, w*ith*-owte sorwe ar 3e now.

Thow sorwe in 3ow hath no place,
3ett of ioy, lady, 3e nede more ;

[1] H. before. [2] H. inbasset. [3] H. flyth.

Therfor*e* I adde and sey " ful of grace,"
ffor so ful of grace was nevyr non bor*e*.
3ett who hath grace, he nedyth kepyng sor*e* ;
Therfor*e* I sey " God is w*ith* the,"
Whiche xal kepe 3ow endlesly thor*e*.
So amonge all*e* women blyssyd ar*e* 3e.

MARIA. A ! mercy, God ! *th*is is a mervelyous herynge ;
In *th*e au*n*gelys wordys I am trobelyd her ;
I thynk, 'how may be *th*is gretynge?'
Aungelys dayly to me doth aper,
But not in *th*e lyknes of man ; *tha*t is my fer ;
And also thus hy3ly to comendyd be,
And am most vn-wurthy.[1] I can not answer*e* ;
Grett shamfastnes *and* grett dred is in me.

GABRYEL. Mary, in *th*is take 3e no drede,
ffor at God grace ffownde haue 3e,
3e xal conceyve in 3o*ur* wombe, indede,
A childe, *th*e sone of *th*e Trynyte.
His name of 3ow Ie*s*u clepyd xal be ;
He xal be grett, *th*e son of the Hyest, clepyd of kende ;
And of his ffadyr Davyd *th*e Lord xal 3eve hy*m th*e se,
Reynyng i*n th*e hous of Iacob, of which*e* regne xal be non[2] ende.

MARIA. Aungel, I sey to 3ow :
In what manere of wyse xal *th*is be?
ffor knowyng of man I haue non now ;
I haue evyr-more kept, *and* xal, my virginyte.
I dowte not *th*e wordys 3e hau[e][3] seyd to me,
But I aske how[4] it xal be do.
GABRYEL. The Holy Gost xal come fro above to the,
*And th*e vertu of hy*m* Hyest xal schadu *th*e so ;

[1] H. unwirthy.
[2] MS. *illegible*.
[3] H. han.
[4] H. *says* how *is omitted in* MS.

Therfor*e* *tha*t Holy Gost of *th*e xal be bor*e*,
He xal be clepyd *th*e Son of God sage.
And se, Ely3abeth, 3o*ur* cosyn thor*e*,
She hath conseyvid a son in hyr*e* age;
This is the sexte monyth of her*e* passage, —
Of her*e* *tha*t clepyd was bareyn;
No-thynge is i*m*possyble to Goddys vsage.
They thynkyth longe to her*e* what 3e wyl seyn.

*Her*e the *aungel makyth a lytyl restynge*, and *Mary be-holdyth hym*, and the *aungel seythe*:

Mary, com of *and* haste the,
And take hede in thyn entent
How[1] *th*e Holy Gost, — blyssyd he be! —
A-bydyth *th*in answer*e* *and th*in assent.
Thorwe wyse werke of dyvinyte
The Secunde P*er*sone, verament,
Is mad man by fratirnyte[2]
W*ith*-inne *th*i-self, in place present.

fferther-mor*e*, take hede *th*is space
How[1] all*e* *the* blyssyd spyrytys of vertu
That ar*e* in hefne by-ffor*e* Goddys face,
And all*e* *th*e gode levers *and* trew
That are her*e* in *th*is erthely place,
Thyn owyn kynrede — *th*e sothe ho knew, —
And *th*e chosyn sowlys *th*is tyme of grace
*Tha*t ar*e* in helle *and* byde *ther* rescu,

As Adam, Abraha*m* *and* Davyd, in-fer*e*,
And many other*e* of good reputac*i*on,
*That th*in answer*e* desyr*e* to her*e*
And *th*in assent to *th*e Incarnac*i*on,
In which*e* *tho*u standyst as p*r*eserver,[3]
Of all*e* man-kende savac*i*on.

[1] MS. H. Whow. [2] H. fraternyte. [3] MS. p*er*severe.

Gyff me myn answere now, lady dere,
To alle these creatures comfortacion.

MARIA. With alle mekenes I clyne to this a-corde,
Bowynge down my face with alle benyngnyte.
Se here the hand-mayden of oure Lorde;
Aftyr thi worde be it don to me!
GABRYEL. Gramercy, my lady ffre!
Gramercy of 30ur answere on hyght!
Gramercy of 30ur grett humylyte!
Gramercy, 3e lanterne off[1] lyght!

Here the *Holy Gost discendit with iij bemys to Our Lady*, the *Sone of* the *Godhed next*[2] *with iij bemys to* the *Holy Gost*, the *Fadyr Godly with iij bemys to* the *Sone; and so entre alle thre to here bosom;* and *Mary seyth:*

MARIA. A! now I ffele in my body be
Parfyte God *and* parfyte man,
Havyng al[3] schappe of chyldly carnalyte.
Evyn al at onys, thus God be-gan;

Nott takynge ffyrst o membyr *and* sythe a-nother,
But parfyte childhod 3e haue anon.
Of 30ur hand-mayden now 3e haue mad 30ur modyr,
With-owte peyne, in fflesche *and* bon.
Thus conceyved nevyr woman non
That evyr was beynge in this lyff;
O myn hyest ffadyr, in 30ur trone,
It is worthy, 30ur Son — now my son — haue a prerogatyff!

I can not telle what ioy, what blysse,
Now I fele in my body.
Aungel Gabryel, I thank 30w for thys;
Most mekely recomende me to my Faderes mercy!
To haue be the modyr of God fful lytyl wend I.
Now myn cosyn Elyzabeth ffayn wold I se,
Now sche hath conseyvid as 3e dede specyfy.
Now blyssyd be the hy3 Trynyte!

[1] H. of. [2] MS. nest; H. vest. [3] H. alle.

GABRYEL. ffar*e*-weyl, turtyl, Goddys dowter*e* der*e* !
ffar*e*-wel, Goddys modyr, I *th*e honowr*e* !
ffar*e*-wel, Goddys sustyr and his pleynge fer*e* !
ffar*e*-wel Goddys chawmer*e* and his bowr*e* !

MARIA. ffar*e*-wel, Gabryel, specyalye !
ffar*e*-wel, Goddys masanger*e* expresse !
I thank 3ow for 3o*ur* traveyl hye ;
Gramercy of 3o*ur* grett goodnes,

And namely of 3o*ur* comfortabyl massage !
ffor I vndyrstande, by inspyrac*i*on,
*Tha*t 3e knowe by syngulere p*r*evylage
Most of my sonys Incarnac*i*on.
I p*r*ay 3ow take it in-to vsage,
Be a-custom ocupac*i*on,
To vesyte me ofte be mene passage ;
3o*ur* p*r*esence is my comfortac*i*on.

GABRIEL. At 3o*ur* wyl, lady, so xal it be.
3e gentyllest of blood *and* hyest of kynrede
*Tha*t reynyth in erth in ony degre,
Be pryncypal incheson of *th*e Godhede,

I comende me on-to 3ow, *tho*u trone of *th*e Trinyte,
O mekest mayde, now *th*e modyr of Iesu ;
Qwen of hefne, lady of erth, *and* empres of helle be 3e ;
Soco*ur* to alle synful *tha*t wole to 3ow sew ;
Tho*ur* [1] 3o*ur* body beryth *th*e babe [2] oure blysse xal renew :
To 3ow, modyr of mercy, most mekely I recomende,[3]
And, as I began, I ende, with an " Ave ! " new,
Enionyd [4] hefne *and* erth ; w*ith tha*t I ascende.

*Aue, Maria, gr*atia *plena !*
*Dom*in*us tecu*m, *uirgo serena !* [5] } *Angeli cantando istam sequenciam.*

[1] H. Thoro.
[2] *Qy.* Thour the babe your body beryth ; *but* Kittredge *assumes ellipsis of* that *after* body, *which seems better.*
[3] *Qy.* me comende. [4] H. Enjoynd. [5] MS. fefena.

TOWNELEY PLAYS.

For information as to the text, see above, p. 13. The notes marked K. are from Kölbing's papers in *Englische Studien*, XVI, 278 ff. and XXI, 162 ff.

This play is preceded in the MS. by another on the same subject, which was perhaps played in alternation with this. At the end of the first the MS. has "*Explicit Vna pagina pastor*um," followed by "*Incipit Alia eor*un*dem*."

[The Second Shepherds' Play.]

[*Enter First Shepherd alone.*]

1.[1] Pastor. Lord, what! these weders ar cold! / and I am
yll happyd;
I am nere-hande dold, / so long haue I nappyd;
My legys thay fold, / my fyngers ar chappyd;
It is not as I wold, / for I am al lappyd
In sorow,
In stormes and tempest,
Now in the eest, now in the west.
Wo is hym has neu*er* rest
Myd-day nor morow!

Bot we sely shepardes[2] / that walkys on the moore,
In fayth, we are nere-hand*ys* / [3] outt of the doore;
No wonder, as it standys, / if we be poore,
ffor the tylthe of oure land*ys* / lyys falow as the floore,
As ye ken.

[1] MS. *Primus; similarly below.*
[2] *Qy.* husbandys; *cf.* 22.
[3] K. *inserts* ay.

We ar so hamyd,
ffor-taxed and ramyd,
We ar mayde hand-tamyd
With thyse gentlery men.

Thus thay refe vs oure reste, / Oure Lady theym wary !
These men that ar lord-fest / thay cause the ploghe tary.
That men say is for the best, / we fynde it contrary ;
Thus ar husband*ys* oppres[t] / in po[i]nte [1] to myscary
On lyfe.
Thus hold thay vs hunder,
Thus thay bryng vs in blond*er* ;
It were greatte wonder
And eu*er* shuld we thryfe.

[2] ffor may he gett a paynt slefe / or a broche now on dayes,
Wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says !
Dar noman hym reprefe, / what mastry he mays ;
And yit may noman lefe / oone word that he says,
No letter.
He can make purveance,
W*ith* boste and bragance,
And all is thrugh mantenance
Of men that are gretter.

Ther shall com a swane / as prowde as a po,
He must [3] borow my wane, / my ploghe also ;
Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go.
Thus lyf we in payne, / ang*er*, and wo,
By nyght and day.
He must haue if he langyd,
If I shuld forgang it ;
I were better be hangyd
Then oones say hym nay.

[1] E. E. T. S.
[2] K. *wishes to reverse the order of this stanza and the next.*
[3] K. *wishes to read* will.

It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,
Of this warld for to talk / in man*er* of mone.
To my shepe wyll I stalk / and herkyn anone ;
Ther abyde on a balk / or sytt on a stone
ffull soyne.
ffor I trowe, p*er*de,
Trew men if thay be,
We gett more compane
Or it be noyne. 54

[*Enter Second Shepherd soliloquizing.*]

II. PAST*OR*. Benste and D*omin*us ! / what may this bemeyne ?
Why fares this warld thus ? / Oft haue we not sene !
Lord, thyse weders [1] are spytus / and the weders full kene ;
And the frost*ys* so hydus / thay wat*er* myn eeyne,
No ly.
Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snaw, now in slete ;
When my shone freys to my fete,
It is not all esy. 63

Bot as far as I ken, / or yit as I go,
We sely wedmen / dre mekyll wo ;
We haue sorow then and then, / it fallys oft so.
Sely Capyle, oure hen, / both to and fro
She kakyls ;
Bot begyn she to crok,
To groyne or [to clo]k,[2]
Wo is hym is of [3] oure cok,
ffor he is in the shekyls. 72

These men that ar wed / haue not all thare wyll ;
When they ar full hard sted, / thay sygh full styll ;
God wayte thay ar led / full hard and full yll ;
In bower nor in bed / thay say noght ther-tyll.

[1] *Qy.* winters *for this* weders, *or* windes *for the other ; cf.* l. 128.
[2] E. E. T. S.
[3] *Qy. omit* is of.

This tyde,
My parte haue I fun,
I know my lesson.
Wo is hym that is bun,
ffor he must abyde.

Bot now late in oure lyfys — / a *mer*uell to me,
That I thynk my hart ryfys / sich wonders to see;
What that destany dryfys, / it shuld so be! —
Som men wyll have two wyfys, / and som men thre,
In store;
Som ar wo that has any;
Bot so far can I,
Wo is hym that has many,
ffor he felys sore.

Bot, yong men, of wowyng,[1] / for God that you boght,
Be well war of wedyng / and thynk in youre thoght:
"Had I wyst" is a thyng / it seruys of noght.
Mekyll styll mowrnyng / has wedyng home broght,
And grefys,
With many a sharp showre;
ffor thou may cach in an owre
That shall [savour][2] fulle sowre
As long as thou lyffys.

ffor, as eu*er* red I pystyll, / I haue oone to my fere,
As sharp as a thystyll, / as rugh as a brere;
She is browyd lyke a brystyll, / *with* a sowre-loten chere;
Had she oones wett hyr whystyll, / she couth syng full clere
Hyr pat*er* noster.
She is as greatt as a whall;
She has a galon of gall;
By hym that dyed for vs all,
I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir.

[1] *But* Kittredge *suggests that it is equivalent to* yong men a-wowyng.
[2] *The word in brackets is illegible in the* MS; *supplied by* E. E. T. S.

I. PASTOR. God looke ouer the raw! / ffull defly ye stand.
II. PASTOR. Yee, the dewill in thi maw, / so tariand!
Sagh thou awro of Daw? /
I. PASTOR. Yee, on a ley-land
Hard I hym blaw; / he commys here at hand,
Not far;
Stand styll.
II. PASTOR. Qwhy?
I. PASTOR. ffor he commys, hope I.
II. PASTOR. He wyll make vs both a ly
Bot if we be war.

[*Enter Third Shepherd soliloquizing.*]

III. PASTOR. Crystys crosse me spede / and Sant Nycholas!
Ther-of had I nede, / it is wars then it was.
Whoso couthe take hede / and lett the warld pas,
It is euer in drede / and brekyll as glas,
And slythys.
This warld fowre neuer so,
With meruels mo and mo,
Now in weyll, now in wo,
And all thyng wrythys.

Was neuer syn Noe floode / sich floodys seyn,
Wyndys and ranys so rude / and stormes so keyn;
Som stamerd, som stod, / in dowte, as I weyn;
Now God turne all to good! / I say as I mene,
ffor ponder:
These floodys so thay drowne,
Both in feyldys and in towne,
And berys all downe,
And that is a wonder.

We that walk on the nyghtys / oure catell to kepe,
We se sodan syghtys / when othere men slepe.[1]
Yit me thynk my hart lyghtys; / I se shrewys pepe.

[1] *Originally* slepys; *altered in red ink.*

Ye ar two all[1] wyght*ys* ; / I wyll gyf my shepe
A turne.
Bot full yll haue ĭ ment ;
As I walk on this bent,
I may lyghtly repent,
My toes if I spurne.

A, s*ir*, God you saue, / and mast*er* myne !
A drynk fayn wold I haue / and somwhat to dyne.
I. PAST*OR*. Cryst*ys* curs, my knaue, / thou art a ledyr hyne !
II. PAST*OR*. What ! the boy lyst rave? / Abyde vnto syne ;
We haue mayde it.
Yll thryft on thy pate !
Though the shrew cam late,
Yit is he in state
To dyne, if he had it.

III. PAST*OR*. Sich s*er*uand*ys* as I, / that swettys and swynkys,
Etys oure brede full dry, / and that me forthynkys ;
We ar oft weytt and wery / when mast*er*-men wynkys ;
Yit co*m*mys full lately / both dyners and drynkys.
Bot nately
Both oure dame and oure syre,
When we haue ryn in the myre,
Thay can nyp at oure hyre,
And pay vs full lately.

Bot here my trouth, master, / for the fayr that ye make,
I shall do therafte*r*, — / wyrk as I take ;
I shall do a lytyll, s*ir*, / and emang eu*er* lake ;
ffor yit lay my soper / neu*er* on my stomake
In feyldys.
Wherto shuld I threpe ?
W*ith* my staf can I lepe,
And men say " Lyght chepe
Letherly for-yeldys."

[1] Kittredge *suggests* tall.

I. PASTOR. Thou were an yll lad / to ryde on wowyng
With a man that had / bot lytyll of spendyng.
II. PASTOR. Peasse, boy, I bad ; / no more iangling,
Or I shall make the full rad, / by the heuens[1] kyng !
With thy gawdys.
Wher ar oure shepe, boy ? We skorne.
III. PASTOR. Sir, this same day at morne
I thaym left in the corne,
When thay rang lawdys ; 180

Thay haue pasture good, / thay can not go wrong.
I. PASTOR. That is right. By the roode ! / thyse nyghtys ar long !
Yit I wold, or we yode, / oone gaf vs a song.
II. PASTOR. So I thoght as I stode, / to myrth vs emong.
III. PASTOR. I grauntt.
I. PASTOR. Lett me syng the tenory.
II. PASTOR. And I the tryble so hye.
III. PASTOR. Then the meyne fallys to me ;
Lett se how ye chauntt.[2] 189

Tunc intrat Mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.

MAK. Now, Lord, for thy naymes sevyn,[3] / that made both moyn & starnes
Well mo then I can neuen, / thi will, Lorde, of me tharnys ;
I am all vneuen ; / that moves oft my harnes.
Now wold God I were in heuen, / for there[4] wepe no barnes
So styll.
I. PASTOR. Who is that, pypys so poore ?
MAK. Wold God ye wyst how I foore !
Lo, a man that walkys on the moore,
And has not all his wyll ! 198

II. PASTOR. Mak, where has thou gon[5] ? / tell vs tythyng.
III. PASTOR. Is he commen? Then ylkon / take hede to his thyng.

[1] E. E. T. S. heuen's.
[2] *The song was probably sung, but it is not given in the* MS.
[3] MS. vij. [4] MS. the. [5] MS. gom.

Et *accipit clamidem ab ipso.*

MAK. What! ich be a yoman, / I tell you, of the king;
The self and the same, / sond from a greatt lordyng,
And sich.
ffy on you! goyth hence
Out of my presence!
I must haue reuerence;
Why, who be ich?

I. PASTOR. Why make ye it so qwaynt? Mak, ye do wrang.
II. PASTOR. Bot, Mak, lyst ye saynt? / I trow that ye lang.
III. PASTOR. I trow the shrew can paynt, / the dewyll myght hym hang!
MAK. Ich shall make complaynt / and make you all to thwang
At a worde,
And tell euyn how ye doth.
I. PASTOR. Bot, Mak, is that sothe?
Now take outt that sothren tothe,
And sett in a torde!

II. PASTOR. Mak, the dewill in youre ee! / a stroke wold I leyne you.
III. PASTOR. Mak, know ye not me? / by God, I couthe teyn you.
MAK. God looke you all thre! / me thoght I had sene you, —
Ye ar a fare compane. /
I. PASTOR. Can ye now mene you?
II. PASTOR. Shrew, iape!
Thus late as thou goys,
What wyll men suppos?
And thou has an yll noys
Of stelyng of shepe.

[1] MS. teyle; *but the letters* le *have been written over the original by a later hand.*

MAK. And I am trew as steyll, / all men waytt!
Bot a sekenes I feyll / that hald*ys* me full haytt,
My belly farys not weyll, / it is out of astate.
III. PAST*OR*. Seldom lyys the dewyll / dede by the gate.
MAK. Therfor
ffull sore am I and yll
If I stande stone styll;
I ete not an nedyll
Thys moneth and more.

I. PAST*OR*. How farys thi wyff? by my hoode, / how farys sho?
MAK. Lyys walteryng, by the roode, / by the fyere, lo!
And a howse full of brude / she drynkys well to;
Yll spede othere good / that she wyll do
Bot so!
Etys as fast as she can,
And ilk yere that co*m*mys to man
She bryng*ys* furth a lakan,
And som yeres two.

Bot were I not more gracyus / and rychere be far,[1]
I were eten outt of howse / and of harbar;
Yit is she a fowll dowse / if ye com nar;
Ther is none that trowse / nor knowys a war
Then ken I.
Now wyll ye se what I profer?—
To gyf all in my cofer
To-morne at next to offer
Hyr hed-mas pe*n*ny.

II. PAST*OR*. I wote so forwakyd / is none in this shyre:
I wold slepe, if I takyd / les to my hyere.
III. PAST*OR*. I am cold and nakyd / and wold haue a fyere.
I. PAST*OR*. I am wery for-rakyd, / and run in the myre.
Wake thou!

[1] E. E. T. S. befar.

II. PASTOR. Nay, I wyll lyg downe by,
ffor I must slepe truly.
III. PASTOR. As good a mans [1] son was I
As any of you. 261

Bot, Mak, com hed*er*! betwene / shall thou lyg downe.
MAK. Then myght I lett you, bedene, / of that ye wold rowne,[2]
No drede.
ffro my top to my too,
*Man*us *tuas commendo*,
Poncio Pilato,
Cryst crosse me spede! 268

Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit:

Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys what he wold [3]
To stalk p*re*uely than / vnto a fold
And neemly to wyrk than / and be not to bold,
ffor he might aby the bargan, / if it were told,
At the endyng.
Now were tyme for to reyll;
Bot he ned*ys* good counsell
That fayn wold fare weyll,
And has bot lytyll spendyng. 277

Bot abowte you a serkyll / as rownde as a moyn,[4]
To I haue done that I wyll, / tyll that it be noyn,
That ye lyg stone styll / to that I haue doyne,
And I shall say thertyll / of good word*ys* a foyne
On hight:

[1] E. E. T. S. man's.

[2] E. E. T. S. *notes that two lines are missing and refers to a similar stanza (No. 15) in the first Shepherds' Play. In both cases lines have been lost, I think.*

[3] *From this point on, Pollard's numbering is* 11 *ahead of* E. E. T. S., *possibly because he miscounted the stanzas by one and did not notice that the immediately preceding stanza contains only* 7 *lines.*

[4] K. *corrects the spelling of these four rhyme-words by omitting* y.

Ou*er* youre heyd*ys* my hand I lyft,
Outt go youre een, fordo your syght ;—
Bot yit I must make bett*er* shyft
And it be right.

Lord, what ! thay slepe hard ! / that may y*e* all here.
Was I neu*er* a shepard, / bot now wyll I lere ;
If the flok be skard, / yit shall I nyp nere.
How ! drawes hederward ! / Now mend*ys* oure chere
ffrom[1] sorow.
A fatt shepe I dar say !
A good flese dar I lay !
Eft-whyte when I may,
Bot this will I borow. [*Mak goes home.*]

How, Gyll, art thou in ? / gett vs som lyght.
VXOR EIUS. Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the nyght?
I am sett for to spyn ; / I hope not I myght
Ryse a penny to wyn. / I shrew them on hight
So farys !
A huswyff that has bene
To be rasyd thus betwene !
Here may no note be sene
ffor sich small charys.

MAK. Good wyff, open the hek ! / seys thou not what I bryng ?
VXOR. I may thole the dray the snek. / A, com in, my swetyng !
MAK. Yee, thou thar not rek / of my long standyng.
VXOR. By the nakyd nek / art thou lyke for to hyng.
MAK. Do way ;
I am worthy my mete,
ffor in a strate can I gett
More then thay that swynke and swette
All the long day.

[1] MS. ffron.

[*He shows her the sheep.*]

Thus it fell to my lott, / Gyll, I had sich grace.
VXOR. It were a fowll blott / to be hanged for the case.
MAK. I haue skapyd, Ielott, / oft as hard a glase.
VXOR. Bot so long goys the pott / to the wat*er*, men says,
At last
Comys it home broken.
MAK. Well knowe I the token,
Bot let it neu*er* be spoken ;
Bot com and help fast.

I wold he were slayn, / I lyst well ete ;
This twelmo[n]the[1] was I not so fayn / of oone shepe mete.
VXOR. Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete —
MAK. Then myght I be tane ; / that were a cold swette !
Go spar
The gaytt doore.
VXOR. Yis, Mak,
ffor and thay com at thy bak —
MAK. Then myght I by, for all the pak,
The dewill of the war.

VXOR. A good bowrde haue I spied, / syn thou can none ;
Here shall we hym hyde / to thay be gone, —
In my credyll abyde, — / lett me alone,
And I shall lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone.
MAK. Thou red ;
And I shall say thou was lyght
Of a knaue childe this nyght.
VXOR. Now well is me day bright,
That eu*er* was I bred !

This is a good gyse / and a far cast ;
Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last !
I wote neu*er* who spyse : / agane go thou fast.
MAK. Bot I com or thay ryse, / els blawes a cold blast !
I wyll go slepe.

[1] *Corr. by* K.

[*Mak returns to the shepherds, and resumes his place.*]

Yit slepys all this meneye,
And I shall go stalk p*r*euely,
As it had neu*er* bene I
That caryed thare shepe. [*Sleeps.*] 349

I. PAST*OR*. *Resurrex a mortru*is ! / Haue hald my hand.
*Iudas carnas d*omin*us* ! / I may not well stand :
My foytt slepys, by Ih*esus*,[1] / and I water fastand.
I thoght that we layd vs / full nere Yngland.
II. PAST*OR*. A ye !
Lord, what ! I haue slept weyll ;
As fresh as an eyll,
As lyght I me feyll
As leyfe on a tre. 358

III. PAST*OR*. Benste be here-in ! / so my [body][2] qwakys,
My hart is outt of skyn, / what-so it makys.
Who makys all this dyn ? / So my browes blakys.
To the dowore wyll I wyn. / Harke felows, wakys !
We were fowre :
Se ye awre of Mak now ?
I. PAST*OR*. We were vp or thou.
II. PAST*OR*. Man, I gyf God a-vowe,
Yit yede he nawre. 367

III. PAST*OR*. Me thoght he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.
I. PAST*OR*. So are many hapt / now, namely within.
III. PAST*OR*.[3] When we had long napt, / me thoght w*ith* a gyn
A fatt shepe he trapt / bot he mayde no dyn.
II. PAST*OR*.[4] Be styll ;
Thi dreme mak*ys* the woode ;
It is bot fantom, by the roode.
I. *PAST*OR. Now God turne all to good,
If it be his wyll ! 376

[1] MS. ihc.
[2] Kittredge ; E. E. T. S. [hart ?].
[3] E. E. T. S. II. PASTOR.
[4] E. E. T. S. III. PASTOR.

II. PASTOR. Ryse, Mak ; for shame ! / thou lygys right lang.
MAK. Now Crystys holy name / be vs emang !
What is this, for Sant Iame? / I may not well gang !
I trow I be the same. / A ! my nek has lygen wrang Enoghe,
Mekill thank ! syn yister euen.
Now, by Sant Strevyn,
I was flayd with a swevyn,
My hart out of-sloghe :

I thoght Gyll began to crok / and trauell full sad,
Welner at the fyrst cok, / of a yong lad
ffor to mend oure flok. / Then be I neuer glad ;
I haue tow on my rok / more then euer I had.
A, my heede !
A house full of yong tharnes,[1]
The dewill knok outt thare harnes !
Wo is hym has many barnes,
And therto lytyll brede !

I must go home, by youre lefe, / to Gyll, as I thoght.
I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyll noght ;
I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght. [*Exit.*]
III. PASTOR. Go furth, yll myght thou chefe ! / Now wold I we soght,
This morne,
That we had all oure store.
I. PASTOR. Bot I will go before ;
Let vs mete.
II. PASTOR. Whore?
III. PASTOR. At the crokyd thorne.

MAK. Vndo this doore ! who is here? / how long shall I stand?
VXOR EIUS. Who makys sich a bere? / now walk in the wenyand!

[1] E. E. T. S. tharmes.

MAK. A, Gyll, what chere? / it is I, Mak, youre husbande.
VXOR. Then may we se[1] here / the dewill in a bande,
Syr Gyle;
Lo, he co*m*mys w*ith* a lote
As he were holden in the throte.
I may not syt at my note
A hand-lang while.

MAK. Wyll ye here what fare she makys / to gett hir a glose?
And dos noght bot lakys / and clowse hir toose.
VXOR. Why, who wanders, who wakys, / who co*m*mys, who gose?
Who brewys, who bakys? / what mak*ys* me thus hose?
And than,
It is rewthe to beholde,
Now in hote, now in colde.
ffull wofull is the householde
That want*ys* a woman.

Bot what ende has thou mayde / w*ith* the hyrdys, Mak?
MAK. The last worde that thay sayde / when I turnyd my bak,
Thay wold looke that thay hade / thare shepe all the pak.
I hope thay wyll nott be well payde / when thay thare shepe lak,
P*er*de.
Bot how-so the gam gose,
To me thay wyll suppose,
And make a fowll noyse,
And cry outt apon me.

Bot thou must do as thou hyght. /
VXOR. I accorde me thertyll,
I shall swedyll hym right / in my credyll.
If it were a gretter slyght, / yit couthe I help tyll.
I wyll lyg downe stright; / com hap me.

[1] E. E. T. S. be *emend. by* Kittredge.

MAK. I wyll.
VXOR. Behynde!
Com Coll and his maroo,
Thay will nyp vs full naroo.
MAK. Bot I may cry out haroo,
The shepe if thay fynde. 439

VXOR. Harken ay when thay call; / thay will com onone.
Com and make redy all / and syng by thyn oone;
Syng lullay thou shall, / for I must grone
And cry outt by the wall / on Mary and Iohn,
ffor sore.
Syng lullay on fast
When thou heris at the last;
And bot I play a fals cast,
Trust me no more. 448

III. PASTOR. A, Coll, good morne! / Why slepys thou nott?
I. PASTOR. Alas, that euer was I borne! / we haue a fowll blott.
A fat wedir haue we lorne. /
III. PASTOR. Mary, Godys forbott!
II. PASTOR. Who shuld do vs that skorne? / that were a fowll spott.
I. PASTOR. Som shrewe.
I haue soght with my dogys
All Horbery Shrogys,
And of fefteyn[1] hogys
ffond I bot oone ewe. 457

III. PASTOR. Now trow me, if ye will; / by Sant Thomas of Kent,
Ayther Mak or Gyll / was at that assent.
I. PASTOR. Peasse, man, be still! / I sagh when he went;
Thou sklanders hym yll; / thou aght to repent
Goode spede.

[1] MS. xv.

II. PASTOR. Now as euer myght I the,
If I shuld euyn here de,
I wold say it were he
That dyd that same dede.

III. PASTOR. Go we theder, I rede, / and ryn on oure feete.
Shall I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.
I. PASTOR. Nor drynk in my heede / with hym tyll I mete.
II. PASTOR. I wyll rest in no stede / tyll that I hym grete,
My brothere.
Oone I will hight:
Tyll I se hym in sight
Shall I neuer slepe one nyght
Ther I do anothere.

III. PASTOR. Will ye here how thay hak? / Oure syre lyst croyne.
I. PASTOR. Hard I neuer none crak / so clere out of toyne;
Call on hym.
II. PASTOR. Mak! / vndo youre doore soyne.
MAK. Who is that spak / as it were noyne
On loft?
Who is that? I say.
III. PASTOR. Goode felowse, were it day.
MAK. As far as ye may,
Good, spekys soft,

Ouer a seke womans[1] heede / that is at mayll-easse;
I had leuer be dede / or she had any dyseasse.
VXOR. Go to an othere stede, / I may not well qweasse.
Ich fote that ye trede / goys thorow my nese
So hee!
I. PASTOR. Tell vs, Mak, if ye may,
How fare ye, I say?
MAK. Bot ar ye in this towne to-day?
Now how fare ye?

Ye haue ryn in the myre / and ar weytt yit;
I shall make you a fyre / if ye will syt.

[1] E. E. T. S. woman's.

A nores wold I hyre, / thynk ye on yit ;
Well qwytt is my hyre, — / my dreme this is itt, —
A seson.
I haue barnes, if ye knew,
Well mo then enewe,
Bot we must drynk as we brew,
And that is bot reson.

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode ; / me thynk that ye swette.
II. PASTOR. Nay, nawther mendys oure mode / drynke nor mette.
MAK. Why, sir, alys you oght bot goode ? /
III. PASTOR. Yee, oure shepe *that* we gett
Ar stollyn as thay yode ; / oure los is grette.
MAK. Syrs, drynk*ys* !
Had I bene thore,
Som shuld haue boght it full sore.
I. PASTOR. Mary, som men trowes that ye[1] wore,
And that vs forthynk*ys*.

II. PASTOR. Mak, som men trowys / that it shuld be ye.
III. PASTOR. Ayther ye or youre spouse, / so say we.
MAK. Now if ye haue suspowse / to Gill or to me,
Com and rype oure howse / and then may ye se
Who had hir.
If I any shepe fott,
Aythor cow or stott, —
And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott
Here syn she lade hir, —

As I am true and lele, / to God here I pray
That this be the fyrst mele / that I shall ete this day.
I. PASTOR. Mak, as haue I ceyll, / avyse the, I say ;
He lernyd tymely to steyll / that couth not say nay.

[1] K. *inserts* it.

VXOR. I swelt!
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
Ye com to rob vs, for the nonys.
MAK. Here ye not how she gronys?
Youre hartys shuld melt.

VXOR. Outt, thefys, fro my barne! / negh hym not thor.
MAK. Wyst ye how she had farne, / youre hartys wold be sore.
Ye do wrang, I you warne, / that thus co*m*mys before
To a woman that has farne / — bot I say no more!
VXOR. A, my medyll!
I pray to God so mylde,
If eu*er* I you begyld,
That I ete this chylde
That lyg*ys* in this credyll.

MAK. Peasse, woman, for God*ys* payn, / and cry not so:
Thou spyllys thy brane / and mak*ys* me full wo.
II. PAST*OR*. I trow oure shepe be slayn. / What finde ye two?
III. P*ASTOR*. All wyrk we in vayn; / as well may we go.
Bot hatters,
I can fynde no flesh,
Hard nor nesh,
Salt nor fresh,
Bot two tome platers.

Whik catell bot this, / tame nor wylde,
None, as haue I blys, / as lowde as he smylde.
VXOR. No, so God me blys / and gyf me ioy of my chylde!
I. PASTOR. We haue m*er*kyd amys; / I hold vs begyld.
II. PASTOR. Syr, don.
Syr, Oure Lady hym saue!
Is youre chyld a knaue?
MAK. Any lord myght hym haue,
This chyld to his son;

When he wakyns he kyppys / that ioy is to se.
III. PASTOR. In good tyme to hys hyppys / and in cele!
Bot who was his gossyppys / so sone rede?
MAK. So fare fall thare lyppys! /
I. PASTOR. Hark now, a le!
MAK. So God thaym thank,
Parkyn, and Gybon Waller, I say,
And gentill Iohn Horne, in good fay,
He made all the garray,
With the greatt shank. 565

II. PASTOR. Mak, freyndys will we be, / ffor we ar all oone.
MAK. We! now I hald for me, / for mendys gett I none.
ffare-well all thre! / all glad were ye gone. [*The shepherds go out.*]
III. PASTOR. ffare wordys may ther be, / bot luf is ther none
*Th*is yere.
I. PASTOR. Gaf ye the chyld any-thyng?
II. PASTOR. I trow, not oone farthyng.
III. PASTOR. ffast agane will I flyng,
Abyde ye me there. [*Goes back to the house.*] 574

Mak, take it to no grefe, / if I com to thi barne.
MAK. Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe / and fowll has thou
farne.
III. PASTOR. The child will it not grefe, / that lytyll day-starne.
Mak, w*ith* youre leyfe, / let me gyf youre barne
Bot sex[1] pence.
MAK. Nay, do way; he slepys.
III. PASTOR. Me thynk he pepys.
MAK. When he wakyns he wepys;
I pray you go hence. [*The other shepherds come back.*] 583

III. PASTOR. Gyf me lefe hym to kys, / and lyft vp the
clowtt. [*Seeing the sheep.*]
What the dewill is this? / he has a long snowte.

[1] MS. vj.

I. PASTOR. He is merkyd amys; / we wate ill abowte.
II. PASTOR. Ill spon weft, iwys. / ay commys foull owte.
Ay, so!
He is lyke to oure shepe!
II. PASTOR. How, Gyb! may I pepe?
I. PASTOR. I trow, kynde will crepe
Where it may not go.

II. PASTOR. This was a qwantt gawde / and a far cast.
It was a hee frawde. /
III. PASTOR. Yee, syrs, wast.
Lett bren this bawde, / and bynd hir fast.
A! fals skawde, / hang at the last!
So shall thou.
Wyll ye se how thay swedyll
His foure feytt in the medyll?
Sagh I neuer in a credyll
A hornyd lad or now.

MAK. Peasse byd I! what, / lett be youre fare!
I am he that hym gatt, / and yond woman hym bare.
I. PASTOR. What dewill shall he hatt? / Mak? Lo
God, Makys ayre!
II. PASTOR. Lett be all that. / Now God gyf hym care,
I sagh.
VXOR. A pratty childe is he
As sittys on a womans kne;
A dyllydowne, perde,
To gar a man laghe.

III. PASTOR. I know hym by the eere-marke; / that is a good tokyn.
MAK. I tell you, syrs, hark! / hys noyse was brokyn;
Sythen told me a clerk / that he was forspokyn.
I. PASTOR. This is a fals wark; / I wold fayn be wrokyn;
Gett wepyn!
VXOR. He was takyn with an elfe,
I saw it myself;

[1] E. E. T. S. waman's.

When the clok stroke twelf
Was he forshapyn.

II. PASTOR. Ye two ar well feft / sam in a stede.
I. PASTOR.[1] Syn thay manteyn thare theft, / let do thaym to dede.
MAK. If I trespas eft, / gyrd of my heede!
With you will I be left. /
III. PASTOR.[2] Syrs, do my reede:
ffor this trespas
We will nawther ban ne flyte,
ffyght nor chyte,
Bot haue done as tyte,
And cast hym in canvas.

[*They toss Mak in a sheet.*]

[I. PASTOR.] Lord, what! I am sore, / in poynt for to bryst.
In fayth, I may no more; / therfor wyll I ryst.
II. PASTOR. As a shepe of sevyn[3] skore / he weyd in my fyst.
ffor to slepe ay-whore / me thynk that I lyst.
III. PASTOR. Now I pray you,
Lyg downe in this grene.
I. PASTOR. On these thefys yit I mene.
III. PASTOR. Wherto shuld ye tene?
Do[4] as I say you?

Angelus cantat "Gloria in exelsis"; postea dicat:

ANGELUS. Ryse, hyrd-men heynd! / for now is he borne
That shall take fro the feynd / that Adam had lorne:
That warloo to sheynd / this nyght is he borne;
God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.
He behestys,
At bedlem go se,

[1] E. E. T. S. III. PASTOR; *see Notes.*
[2] E. E. T. S. I. PASTOR.
[3] MS. vij.
[4] E. E. T. S. So.

Ther lyg*ys* that fre
In a cryb full poorely
Betwyx two bestys.

I. PAST*OR*. This was a qwant stevyn / that eu*er* yit I hard.[1]
It is a m*er*uell to neuyn, / thus to be skard.
II. PAST*OR*. Of God*ys* son of heuyn / he spak vpward.
All the wod on a leuyn / me thoght that he gard
Appere.
III. P*ASTOR*. He spake of a barne
In Bedlem, I you warne.
I. P*ASTOR*. That betokyns yond starne ;
Let vs seke hym there.

II. PAST*OR*. Say, what was his song? / hard ye not how he
crakyd it,
Thre brefes to a long? /
III. PAST*OR*. Yee, mary, he hakt it ;
Was no crochett wrong, / nor no-thyng that lakt it.
I. PAST*OR*. ffor to syng vs emong, / right as he knakt it,
I can.
II. PAST*OR*. Let se how ye croyne ;
Can ye bark at the mone?
III. P*ASTOR*. Hold youre tonges, haue done !
I. PASTOR. Hark aft*er*, than !

II. PAST*OR*. To Bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang ;
I am full fard / that we tary to lang.
III. PAST*OR*. Be mery and not sad, / of myrth is oure sang,
Euer-lastyng glad / to mede may we fang,
W*ith*outt noyse.
I. P*ASTOR*. Hy we thed*er* for-thy, —
If we be wete and wery, —
To that chyld and that lady !
We haue it not to lose.

[1] That euer yit I hard *was originally* he spake vpward, *from* l. 649, *but this has been crossed out with red ink.* K. *changes* a qwant stevyn *to* the qwantest stevyn ; *but why not change* that euer *to* as euer, *if emendation must be made?*

II. PASTOR. We fynde by the *pro*phecy — / let be youre dyn —
Of Dauid and Isay / and mo then I myn,
Thay *pro*phecyed by clergy / that in a vyrgyn
Shuld he lyght and ly, / to slokyn oure syn
And slake it,
Oure[1] kynde from wo ;
ffor Isay sayd so :
Ecce[2] *virgo*
Concipiet a chylde that is nakyd. 682

III. PASTOR. ffull glad may we be / and abyde that day
That lufly to se, / that all myght*ys* may.
Lord, well were me / for ones and for ay,
Myght I knele on my kne / som word for to say
To that chylde.
Bot the angell sayd,
In a cryb wos he layde,
He was poorly arayd,
Both men*er*[3] and mylde. 691

I. PASTOR. Patryarkes that has bene / and p*ro*phet*ys* beforne,
Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that is borne.
Thay ar gone full clene ; / that haue thay lorne.
We shall se hym, I weyn, / or it be morne,
To tokyn.
When I se hym and fele,
Then wote I full weyll
It is true as steyll
That p*ro*phet*ys* haue spokyn : 700

To so poore as we ar / that he wold appere,
ffyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.
II. PASTOR. Go we now, let vs fare ; / the place is vs nere.

[1] K. *inserts* To kepe, *or* To fre, *before* Oure.
[2] E. E. T. S. Citè ; *corr. by* K.
[3] K. *suggests* meke.

III. PASTOR. I am redy and yare ; / go we in-fere
To that bright.
Lord, if thi wyll it[1] be,
We ar lewde all thre :
Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle
To comforth thi wight.

[*They enter the stable.*]

I. PASTOR. Hayll, comly and clene ! / hayll, yong child !
Hayll, Maker,[2] as I meyne ! / of a madyn so mylde !
Thou has waryd, I weyne, / the warlo so wylde ;
The fals gyler of teyn, / now goys he begylde.
Lo, he merys ;
Lo, he laghys, my swetyng !
A wel fare[3] metyng !
I haue holden my hetyng.
Haue a bob of cherys !

II. PASTOR. Hayll, sufferan Sauyoure, / ffor thou has vs soght !
Hayll, frely foyde and floure, / that all thyng has wroght !
Hayll, full of fauoure, / that made all of noght !
Hayll ! I kneyll and I cowre. / A byrd haue I broght
To my barne.
Hayll, lytyll tyne mop !
Of oure crede thou art crop :
I wold drynk on thy cop,
Lytyll day-starne !

III. PASTOR. Hayll, derlyng dere, / full of godhede !
I pray the be nere / when that I haue nede.
Hayll ! swete is thy chere ! / My hart wold blede
To se the sytt here / in so poore wede,
With no pennys.

[1] E. E. T. S. wylles.
[2] K. *inserts* born.
[3] E. E. T. S. welfare.

Hayll! put furth thy dall!
I bryng the bot a ball:
Haue and play the with-all,
And go to the tenys.

MARIA. The Fader of heuen, / God omnypotent,
That sett all on seuen, / his Son has he sent.
My name couth he neuen / and lyght or he went.
I conceyuyd hym full euen, / thrugh myght as he ment;
And now he is borne.
He kepe you fro wo!
I shall pray hym so.
Tell, furth as ye go,
And myn on this morne.

I. PASTOR. ffarewell, lady, / so fare to beholde,
With thy childe on thi kne! /
II. PASTOR. Bot he lyg*ys* full cold.
Lord, well is me! / now we go, thou behold.
III. PASTOR. ffor sothe, all redy! / it semys to be told
Full oft.
I. PASTOR. What grace we haue fun!
II. PASTOR. Com furth, now ar we won.
III. PASTOR. To syng ar we bun:
Let take on loft!

Explicit pagina Pastorum.

COVENTRY CORPUS CHRISTI PLAYS.

Reprinted from "A Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries Anciently performed at Coventry . . . by Thomas Sharp. Coventry, 1825." In the notes S. indicates such of Sharp's readings as I have changed. The date of the MS. is given at the end of the play.

It will aid the reader if he bears in mind that in this play *w* and *v* are often interchanged, and that such words as *holy*, *home* are sometimes spelt *wholle*, *whom*. In general, the sound will be a better guide to the meaning than the spelling. *The* is a frequent spelling for *they*, and occurs occasionally for *them;* in such cases I have added a letter in brackets to aid the reader.

[THE PAGEANT OF THE SHEARMEN AND TAYLORS.]

ISAYE. The Sofferent thatt seithe ev*er*e seycrette,
He saue you all and make you p*er*fett *and* stronge,[1]
And geve us[2] g*r*ace w*ith* his marce forto mete!
For now in grett mesere mankynd ys bownd;
The sarpent hathe gevin vs soo mortall a wonde
That no creature ys abull vs forto reyles
Tyll thye right vncion of Jvda dothe seyse. 7

Then schall moche myrthe and joie in-cresse;
And the right rote in Isaraell sprynge,
Thatt schall bryng forthe the greyne off whollenes;
And owt of danger he schall vs bryng
In-to thatt reygeon where he ys kyng
Wyche abowe all othur far dothe a-bownde,
And thatt cruell Sathan he schall confownde. 14

Where-fore I cu*m* here apon this grownde
To comforde eyu*er*e[3] creature off birthe;

[1] *Qy.* sounde. [2] S. geven*us*. [3] S. ey*er*ue.

For I, Isaye the p*ro*fet, hathe fownde
Many swete matt*er*s whereof we ma make myrth
On this same wyse ;
For, thogh that Adam be demid to deythe
W*ith* all his childur, asse Abell *and* Seythe,
Yett *Ecce virgo consepeet*, —
Loo, where a reymede schall ryse !

Be-holde, a mayde schall conseyve a childe
And gett vs more g*ra*ce then eyu*er* men had,
And hir meydin-[h]od nothing defylid.
Sche ys deputyd to beare the Sun, Almyghte God.
Loo ! sufferntis,[1] now ma you be glad,
For of this meydin all we ma be fayne ;
For Adam, *tha*t now lyis in sorrois full sade,
Hir gloreose birth schall reydeme hym ageyn
From bondage and thrall.
Now be myrre eyu*er*e mon,[1]
For this dede bryffly in Isaraell schalbe done,
And before the Fathur in trone,
Thatt schall glade vs all.

More of this matt*er* fayne wolde I meve,
But lengur tyme I haue not here for to dwell.
That Lorde *tha*t ys m*ar*cefull his m*ar*ce soo in vs ma p*re*ve
For to sawe owre sollis from the darknes of hell ;
And to his blys
He vs bryng
Asse he ys
Bothe lord *and* kyng,
And shall be eyu*er*lastyng,
*In secula seculo*rum, *amen !*[2]

[1] *A curl over* n.

[2] *These six lines* (41–46) *as two in* S., *the first ending with* king.

[*Exit Isaiah; enter Gabriel to Mary.*]

GABERELL. Hayle, Mare, full of grace !
Owre Lord God ys w*ith* the ;[1]
Aboue all wemen[2] *tha*t eyu*er* wasse,
Lade, blesside mote thow be !

MARE. All-myght Fathur and King of blys,
From all dysses *tho*u saue me now !
For inwardely my spretis trubbuld ys,
Thatt I am amacid *and* kno nott how.

GABERELL. Dred the nothyng, meydin, of this ;
From heyvin a-bowe hyddur am I sent
Of ambassage from that Kyng of blys
Unto the, lade *and* ver*g*in reyu*er*ent !
Salutyng the here asse most exselent,
Whose v*er*tu aboue all othur dothe abownde.
Wherefore in the g*ra*ce schalbe fownde ;
For thow schalt conseyve apon *thi*s grownd
The Second P*er*sone of God in trone ;
He wylbe borne of the alone ;
W*ith*-owt sin *tho*u schalt hy*m* see.[3]
Thy g*ra*ce *and* thi goodnes wyl neyu*er* be gone,
But eyu*er* to lyve in ver*g*enete.

MARE. I marvell soore how thatt mabe.
Man*us* cu*m*pany knev I neyu*er* yett,
Nor neyu*er* to do, kast I me,
Whyle thatt owre Lord sendith me my wytt.

GABERELL. The Wholle Gost in the schall lyght,
And schado thy soll soo w*ith* ver*t*u
From the Fathur thatt ys on hyght.
These wordis, turtill, the[y] be full tru.

[1] *Lines* 47, 48 *as one in* S.
[2] *Curl over* n.
[3] *Lines* 64, 65 *as one in* S.

This chylde that of the schalbe borne
Ys the Second *Per*sone in Trenete;
He schall saue that wase forlorne
And the fyndis powar dystroie schall he.

These wordis, lade, full tru the[y] bene,
And furthur, lade, here in thy noone lenage
Be-holde Eylesabeth, thy cosyn clene,
The wyche wasse barren *and* past all age,

And now *with* chyld sche hath bene
Syx monethis and more, asse schalbe sene;
Where-for, discomforde *the* not, Mare!
For to God onpossibull nothyng mabe.

MARE. Now, and yt be thatt Lordis wyll
Of my bodde to be borne *and* forto be,
Hys hy pleysuris forto full-fyll
Asse his one hande-mayde I submyt me.

GABERELL. Now blessid be *the* tyme sett
That *tho*u wast borne in thy degre!
For now ys the knott surely knytt,
And God conseyvide in Trenete.

Now fare-well, lade off myghtis most!
Vnto the God-hed I the be-teyche.
MARE. Thatt Lord the gyde in eyu*ere* cost,
And looly he leyde me *and* be my leyche!

Here the angell departyth, and *Joseff cumyth in* and *seyth*:

JOSOFF. Mare, my wyff so dere,
How doo ye, dame, and whatt chere
Ys *with* you this tyde?
MARE. Truly, husebonde, I am here
Owre Lordis wyll forto abyde.

JOSOFF. What! I troo thatt we be all schent!
Sey, womon;[1] who hath byn here sith I went,
To rage wyth thee?
MARE. Syr, here was nothur man[1] nor mans eyvin,
But only the sond of owre Lorde God in heyvin.
JOSOFF. Sey not soo, womon; for schame, ley be!

Ye be *with* chyld soo wondurs grett,
Ye nede no more *ther*of to tret
Agense all right.
For sothe, this chylde, dame, ys not myne.
Alas, that eyu*er* *with* my nynee
I suld see *thi*s syght!

Tell me, womon;[1] whose ys this chyld?
MARE. Non but youris, husebond soo myld,
And thatt schalbe seyne, [ywis].
JOSOFF. But myne? allas! alas! why sey ye soo?
Wele-awey! womon, now may I goo,
Be-gyld as many a-nothur ys.

MARE. Na, truly, sir, ye be not be-gylde,
Nor yet *with* spott of syn I am not defylde;
Trust yt well, huse-bonde.
JOSOFF. Huse-bond, in feythe! *and tha*t acold!
A! weylle-awey, Josoff, as thow ar olde!
Lyke a fole now ma I stand
And truse.[2]
But, in feyth, Mare, *tho*u art in syn;
Soo moche ase I haue cheyrischyd *th*e, dame, *and* all *th*i kyn,
Be-hynd my bake to s*er*ve me thus!

All olde men, insampull take be me,—
How I am be-gylid here may you see!—
To wed soo yong a chyld.

[1] *Curl over* n. [2] *Lines* 128, 129 *as one in* S.

Now fare-well, Mare, I leyve the here alone, —
[Wo] worthe the, dam, and thy warkis ycheone! —
For I woll noo-more be be-gylid[1]
For frynd nor fooe.[2]
Now of this ded I am soo dull,
And off my lyff I am soo full,
No farthur ma I goo.[3] 142

[*Lies down to sleep; to him enters an angel.*]

1. ANGELL.[4] Aryse up, Josoff, *and* goo whom ageyne
Vnto Mare, thy wyff, that ys so fre.
To comford hir loke *tha*t thow be fayne,
For, Josoff, a cleyne meydin ys schee:
Sche hath conseyvid w*ith*-owt any trayne
The Seycond P*er*son in Trenete;
Jh*es*u schalbe hys name, sarten,
And all thys world sawe schall he;
Be not agast.[5]
JOSOFF. Now, Lorde, I thanke the w*ith* hart full sad,
For of these tythyngis I am soo glad
That all my care awey ys cast;
Wherefore to Mare I woll in hast. 155

[*Returns to Mary.*]

A! Mare, Mare, I knele full loo;
Forgeve me, swete wyff, here in *thi*s lond!
Marce, Mare! for now I kno
Of youre good gou*er*nance and how yt doth stond. 159

Thogh[6] thatt I dyd the mys-name,
Marce, Mare! Whyle I leve,
Wyll I neyu*er*, swet wyff, the greve
In ernyst nor in game.[5]
MARE. Now, that Lord in heyvin, sir, he you forgyve!

[1] S. be gylid be. [2] 138, 139 *as one in* S.
[3] *Lines* 141, 142 *as one in* S.
[4] S. ANGELL J; *so below for both angels and shepherds.*
[5] *These two lines as one in* S. [6] S. Thoght.

And I do for-geve yow in hys name
For eu*er*more.[1]
JOSOFF. Now truly, swete wyff, to you I sey the same.

But now to Bedlem must I wynde
And scho my-self, soo full of care;
And I to leyve you, this grett, behynd, —
God wott, the whyle, dame, how you schuld fare.

MARE. Na, hardely, husebond, dred ye nothyng;
For I woll walke w*ith* you on the wey.
I trust in God, all-mighte kyng,
To spede right well in owre jurney.

JOSOFF. Now I thanke you, Mare, of your goodnes
That ye my wordis woll nott blame;
And syth *that* to Bedlem we schall vs dresse,
Goo we to-gedur in Goddis wholle name.

[*They set out, and travel a while.*]

Now to Bedlem have we leygis three;
The day ys ny spent, yt drawyth toward nyght;
Fayne at your es, dame, I wold *that* ye schulde be,
For you grone[2] all werely, yt semyth in my syght.

MARE. God haue marcy, Josoffe, my spowse soo dere;
All p*ro*fettis herto dothe beyre wyttnes,
The were tyme now draith nere
That my chyld wolbe borne, wyche ys Kyng of blis.

Vnto su*m* place, Josoff, hyndly me leyde,
Thatt I moght rest me w*ith* gr*a*ce in *thi*s tyde.
The lyght of the Fathur ou*er* hus both spreyde,
And the gr*a*ce of my sun w*ith* vs here a-byde!

JOSOFF. Loo! blessid Mare, here schall ye lend,
Cheff chosyn of owre Lorde *and* cleynist in degre;
And I for help to towne woll I wende.
Ys nott this the best, dame? whatt sey ye?

[1] *Lines* 165, 166 *as one in* S.

[2] S. groue; *possibly for* growe?

MARE. God haue marce, Josoff, my huse-bond soo meke !
And hartely I p*ra* you, goo now fro me.
JOSOFF. That schalbe done in hast, Mare so swete !
The comford of the Wholle Gost leyve I w*ith* the.

Now to Bedlem streyght woll I wynd
To gett som helpe for Mare soo free.
Su*m* helpe of wem*m*en God may me send,
That Mare, full off g*ra*ce, pleysid ma be.

[*In another part of the place a shepherd begins to speak.*]

I. PASTOR. Now God, that art in Trenete,
Thow sawe my fellois and me !
For I kno nott wheyre my scheepe nor the[y] be,
Thys nyght yt ys soo colde.
Now ys yt nygh the myddis of the nyght ;
These wedurs ar darke and dym of lyght,
Thatt of them can hy haue noo syght,
Standyng here on this wold.

But now to make there hartis lyght,
Now wyll I full right
Stand apon this looe,[1]
And to them cry w*ith* all my myght, —
Full well my voise the[y] kno :
W*hat* hoo ! fellois ! hoo ! hooe ! hoo !

[*Two other shepherds appear (in the street).*]

II. PASTOR. Hark, Sym, harke ! I here owre brothur on the looe ;
This ys hys woise, right well I knoo ;
There-fore toward hym lett vs goo,
And follo his woise a-right.
See, Sym, se, where he doth stond !
I am ryght glad we haue hym fond !
Brothur, where hast thow byn soo long,
And hit ys soo cold this nyght ?[2]

[1] *Lines* 213, 214 *as one in* S.

[2] S. And this nyght hit ys soo cold.

I. PASTOR. E ! fryndis, *ther* cam a pyrie of wynd w*ith* a
myst suddenly,[1]
Thatt forth off my weyis went I
And grett heyvenes then [2] made I
And wase full sore afryght.[3]
Then forto goo wyst I nott whyddur,
But trawellid on this loo hyddur *and* thyddur ;
I wasse so were of this cold weddur
Thatt nere past wasse my might.

III. PASTOR. Brethur, now we be past *that* fryght,
And hit ys far w*ith*-in the nyght,
Full sone woll spryng the day-lyght,
Hit drawith full nere the tyde.
Here awhyle lett vs rest,
And repast owreself of the best ;
Tyll thatt the sun ryse in the est
Let vs all here abyde.

*There the schepp*ardis *drawys furth there meyte* and *doth eyte* and *drynk ; and asse the*[y] *drynk, the*[y] *fynd the star*, and *sey thus :*

III. PASTOR. Brethur, loke vp and behold !
Whatt thyng ys yondur thatt schynith soo bryght?
Asse long ase eyu*er* I haue wachid my fold,
Yett sawe I neyu*er* soche a syght
In fyld.[4]
A ha ! now ys cu*m* the tyme *that* old fathurs hath told,
Thatt in the wynturs nyght soo cold
A chyld of meydyn [5] borne be he wold
In whom all p*ro*feciys schalbe fullfyld.

I. PASTOR. Truth yt ys w*ith*-owt naye,
Soo seyd the p*ro*fett Isaye,
Thatt a [6] chylde schuld be borne of a made soo bryght

[1] *Curl over* n.
[2] S. in.
[3] S. afrayde.
[4] *Lines* 245, 246 *as one in* S.
[5] *Curl over* n.
[6] S. *has* I.

In wentur ny the schortist dey
Or elis in the myddis of the nyght.

II. PASTOR. Loovid be God, most off myght,
That owre *grace* ys to see thatt syght;
Pray we to hym, ase hit ys right,
Yff thatt his wyll yt be,
That we ma haue knoleyge of this syngnefocacion
And why hit aperith on this fassion;
And eyu*er* to hym lett vs geve lawdacion,
In yerthe whyle thatt we be.

There the angelis syng "Glorea in exselsis Deo."

III. PASTOR. Harke! the[y] syng abowe in the clowdis clere!
Hard I neyuer of soo myrre a quere.
Now, gentyll brethur, draw we nere
To here there armonye.
I. PASTOR. Brothur, myrth and solas ys cu*m* hus among;
For be the swettnes of *ther* songe,
Goddis Sun ys cu*m*, whom we haue lokid for long,
Asse syngnefyith thys star *that* we do see.
II. PASTOR. "*Glore, glorea in exselsis*," *that* wase *th*er songe;
How sey ye, fellois, seyd the[y] not thus?
I. PASTOR. Thatt ys welseyd; now goo we hence
To worschipe thatt chyld of hy manyffecence,
And that we ma syng in his p*re*sence
"*Et in tarra pax omynibus.*"

*There the schepp*ardis *syngis "Ase I owt Rodde,"* [1] and *Josoff seyth:*

JOSOFF. Now, Lorde, this noise *that* I do here,
With this grett solemnete,
Gretly amendid hath my chere;
I trust hy nevis schortly wolbe.

[1] *For the song, see* p. 151.

There the angellis syng "Gloria in exsellsis" ageyne.

MARE. A ! Josoff, husebond, cu*m* heddur anon ;
My chylde ys borne *tha*t ys Kyng of blys.
JOSOFFE. Now welcu*m* to me, the Makar of mon,
W*ith* all the omage thatt I con ;
Thy swete mothe here woll I kys.

MARE. A ! Josoff, husebond, my chyld waxith cold,
And we haue noo fyre to warme hym w*ith*.
JOSOFF. Now, in my narmys I schall hym fold,
Kyng of all kyngis be fyld *and* be fryth ;
He myght haue had bettur, *and* hymselfe wold,
Then the breythyng of these bestis to warme hy*m* w*ith*.

MARE. Now, Josoff, my husbond, fet heddur my chyld,
The Maker off man and hy Kyng of blys.
JOSOFF. That schalbe done anon, Mare soo myld,
For the brethyng of these bestis hath warmyd [hym] well, i-wys.

[*Angels appear to the shepherds.*]

I. ANGELL. Hyrd-men[1] hynd,
Drede ye nothyng[2]
Off thys star thatt ye do se ;
For thys same morne
Godis Sun ys borne[3]
In Bedlem of a meydin fre.

II. ANGELL. Hy you thyddur in hast ;
Yt ys hys wyll ye schall hym see
Lyinge in a cribbe of pore reypaste,
Yett of Davithis lyne cu*m*on[1] ys hee.

[*The shepherds approach and worship the Babe.*]

I. PASTOR. Hayle, mayde-mothur *and* wyff soo myld !
Asse the angell seyd, soo haue we fonde.

[1] *Curl over* n.
[2] *Lines* 297, 298 *as one in* S.
[3] *Lines* 300, 301 *as one in* S.

I haue nothyng to present *with thi* chylde
But my pype; hold, hold, take yt in thy hond;
Where-in moche pleysure *that* I haue fond;
And now, to oonowre thy gloreose byrthe,
Thow schallt yt haue to make the myrthe.

II. PASTOR. Now, hayle be thow, chyld, *and* thy dame!
For in a pore [1] loggyn here art thow leyde,
Soe the angell seyde *and* tolde vs thy name;
Holde, take thow here my hat on thy hedde!
And now off won thyng thow art well sped,
For weddur thow hast noo nede to complayne,
For wynde, ne sun, hayle, snoo and rayne.

III. PASTOR. Hayle be thow, Lorde ou*er* watur *and* landis!
For thy cu*m*yng all we ma make myrthe.
Haue here my myttens to pytt on *thi* hondis,
Othur treysure haue I non to present the *with*.

MARE. Now, herdmen hynd,
For youre comyng
To my chylde schall I p*rae*,
Asse he ys heyvin kyng,
To grant you his blessyng,
And to hys blys *that* ye may wynd
At your last day.

There the scheppardis syngith [2] *ageyne and goth forthe of* the *place; and the ij. profettis cumyth in and seyth thus:*

I. PROFETA. Novellis, novellis
Of wonderfull m*er*vellys,[3]
Were hy *and* defuce vnto the heryng!
Asse scripture tellis,
These strange novellis
To you I bryng.[4]

[1] S. apore.
[2] *For this song, see* p. 152.
[3] *Lines* 332, 333 *as one in* S.
[4] *Lines* 335, 337 *as one in* S.

II. PROFETA. Now hartely, sir, I desyre to knoo,
Yff hytt wolde pleyse you forto schoo,
Of what maner a thyng.
I. PROFETA. Were mystecall vnto youre heryng, —
Of the natevete off a kyng. 342

II. PROFETA. Of a kyng? Whence schuld he cum?
I. PROFETA. From thatt reygend ryall *and* mighty mancion,
The sede seylesteall and heyvinly vysedome,
The Second Person *and* Godis one Sun,
For owre sake now ys man be-cum.[1] 347

This godly spere
Desendid here[2]
Into a *ver*gin clere.
Sche, on-defyld[3]
. . . . . .[4]
Be whose warke obskevre
Owre frayle nature
Ys now begilde[5]
II. PROFETA. Why, hathe sche a chylde? 355

I. PROFETA. E! trust hyt well;
And neu*er* the las[6]
Yet ys sche a mayde evin asse sche wasse,
And hir sun the kyng of Isaraell. 359

II. PROFETA. A wondur-full marvell
How thatt ma be,[7]
And far dothe exsell
All owre capasete:[7]
How that the Trenete,
Of soo hy regallete,[7]
Schuld jonyd be[8]
Vnto owre mortallete![7] 367

[1] *Curl over* m.
[2] *Lines* 348, 349 *as one in* S.
[3] *Lines* 350, 351 *as one in* S.
[4] *Line missing.*
[5] *Lines* 353, 354 *as one in* S.
[6] *Lines* 356, 357 *as one in* S.
[7] *This and the preceding line as one in* S.
[8] S. be jonyd.

I. PROFETA. Of his one grett marce,
As ye shall se *the* exposyssion,[1]
Throgh whose vmanyte
All Adam*us* pro*g*ene[1]
Reydemyd schalbe owt of per*d*yssion. 372

Syth man[2] did offend,
Who schuld amend[1]
But the seyd mon[2] and no nothur?
For the wyche cawse he
Incarnate wold be[1]
And lyve in mesere asse man*us* one brothur. 378

II. PROFETA. Syr vnto the deyite,
I beleve p*ar*fettle,[1]
Onpossibul to be there ys nothyng;
How be yt this warke
Vnto me ys darke[1]
In the opp*er*acion or wyrkyng.
I. PROFETA. Whatt more reypriff
Ys vnto belyff
Then[2] to be dowtyng?[3] 387

II. PROFETA. Yet dowtis oftym*us* hathe derevacion.
I. PROFETA. Thatt ys be *the* meynes of comenecacion[2]
Of trawthis to haue a dev pro*b*acion
Be *the* same dowts reysoning.
II. PROFETA. Then to you thys won thyng:
Of whatt nobull *and* hy lenage ys schee
Thatt myght *this* ver*a*bull[4] p*r*encis modur be? 394

I. PROFETA. Ondowtid sche ys cu*m* of hy parrage,
Of the howse of Davith *and* Salamon the sage;
And won off the same lyne joynid to hir be mareage;

[1] *This and the preceding line as one in* S.
[2] *Curl over* n.
[3] *Lines* 385–387 *as one in* S.
[4] *Qy.* renable, *see Notes.*

Of whose trybe
We do subscrybe [1]
This chy[l]dis lenage.[2] 400

II. PROFETA. And why in thatt wysse?
I. PROFETA. For yt wasse the gysse
To conte the parant on the manys lyne,
And nott on the feymy[ny]ne,
Amonst vs here in Isaraell.
II. PROFETA. Yett can I nott aspy be noo wysse
How thys chylde borne schuldbe *with*-ow[t] naturis p*re*judyse.
I. PROFETA. Nay, no prejvdyse vnto nature, I dare well sey;
For the kyng of nature may
Hawe all at his one wyll.[3]
Dyd not *th*e powar of God
Make Aronis rod
Beyre frute in on day?[4] 413

II. PROFETA. Truth yt ys in-ded.
I. PROFETA. Then loke you and rede.
II. PROFETA. A! I p*er*seyve the sede
Where apon thatt you spake.[5]
Yt wasse for owre nede
That he frayle nature did take,[5]
And his blod he schuld schede
Amens forto make[5]
For owre transegression;
Ase yt ys seyd in p*ro*fece
That of the lyne of Jude[5]
Schuld spryng a right Messe,
Be whom all wee
Schall[6] haue reydemcion,[5] 427

I. PROFETA. S*ir*, now ys the tyme cu*m*,
And the date there-of run,[7]
Off his Natevete.

[1] S. subscryve.
[2] *Lines* 398–400 *as one in* S.
[3] *Lines* 409, 410 *as one in* S.
[4] *Lines* 411–413 *as one in* S.
[5] *This and the preceding line as one in* S.
[6] S. schalld.
[7] *Curl over* n.

II. PROFETA. Yett I beseke you hartele
That ye wold schoo me how[1]
Thatt this strange nowelte
Were broght vnto you.[1]

I. PROFETA. This othur nyght soo cold
Hereby apon a wolde
Schepp*ar*dis wachyng there fold,
In the nyght soo far
To them aperid a star,
And eyu*er* yt drev them nar;
Wyche star the[y] did behold
Bryght*er*, *the*[y] sey, M folde
Then the sun so clere
In his mydday spere,
And the[y] these tythyngis tolde.

II. PROFETA. What, seycretly?
I. PROFETA. Na, na, hardely;
The[y] made there-of no conseil;
For the[y] song ase lowde
Ase eyu*er* the[y] cowde,
Presyng the kyng of Isaraell.

II. PROFETA. Yett do I marvell
In what pyle or castell
These herdmen[2] dyd hym see.

I. PROFETA. Nothur in hallis nor yett in bowris
Borne wold he not be,
Nothur in castellis nor yet in towris
That semly were to se;

But att hys Fathurs wyll,
The p*ro*feci to full-fyll,
Be-twyxt an ox and and an as
Ihe*s*u, *thi*s kyng, borne he was.
Heyvin he bryng us tyll!

[1] *This and the preceding line as one in* S. [2] *Curl over* n.

II. PROFETA. Sir, a ! but when these sheppardis had seyne hym there,
In-to whatt place did the[y] repeyre?
I. PROFETA. Forthe the[y] went and glad the[y] were,
Going the[y] did syng ;
With myrthe and solas the[y] made good chere
For joie of that new tything ; 469

And aftur, asse I hard the[m] tell,
He reywardid them full well :
He graunt them hevyn ther-in to dwell ;
In ar the[y] gon with joie and myrthe,
And there songe hit ys " Neowell." 474

There the profettis gothe furthe and *Erod cumyth in, and* the *messenger.*

NONCEOSE.[1] Faytes pais, dñyis,[2] baronys de grande reynowme !
Payis, seneoris, schevaleris de nooble posance ![3]
Pays, gentis homos,[4] companeonys petis egrance ![5]
Je vos command dugard treytus[6] sylance.
Payis, tanque vottur nooble Roie syre ese presance ![7]
Que nollis[8] persone ese non fawis perwynt[9] dedfferance,
Nese[10] harde de frappas ;[11] mayis gardus to to[12] paceance, —

[1] In reading this proclamation I have had the aid of both Professor Kittredge and Professor Sheldon. As this aid, however, was given a year or two ago in the form of a pretty lively oral discussion of the most perplexing of the difficulties, and as I unfortunately neglected to take any notes at the time, I find myself unable, except in one or two cases, to remember to which of the two each suggestion belongs. Of course they are not responsible for any mistakes that may appear here. I have printed the text with no change except in punctuation. The footnotes deal with all difficulties that seem beyond the scope of even a beginner in French.

[2] Sheldon *suggests that this is the* pl. *of* O.F. dame, damne, *influenced by the spelling of some form of* Lat. dominus.

[3] puissance.
[4] *The second* o *is probably only a careless form of* e.
[5] et grands.
[6] de garder trestous.
[7] roi seit ici present.
[8] nulle.
[9] Kittredge : ici non fasse point.
[10] Ne se.
[11] frapper.
[12] gardez tote.

Mayis gardus[1] voter seneor to cor[2] reyu*er*ance ;
Car elat vottur Roie to to puysance.[3]
Anoñ de leo,[4] pase tos ! je vose cum*m*ande,
E lay Roie erott la grandeaboly vos vmport.[5] 485

ERODE. *Qui statis*[6] *in Jude et Rex Iseraell,*
And the myghttyst conquerowre *th*at eyu*er* walkid on ground ;
For I am evyn he thatt made bothe hevin *and* hell,
And of my myghte powar holdith vp *thi*s world rownd.
Magog *and* Madroke, bothe *th*e[m] did I confownde,
And w*ith* this bryght bronde there bonis I brak on-sund*er*,
Thatt all the wyde worlde on those rappis did wond*er*. 492

I am the cawse of this grett lyght and thund*er* ;
Ytt ys throgh my fure *tha*t the[y] soche noyse dothe make.
My feyrefull contenance *th*e clowdis so doth incu*m*bur
That oftym*us* for drede *ther*-of the verre yerth doth quake.
Loke, when I w*ith* males this bryght brond doth schake,
All the whole world from the north to *th*e sowthe
I ma them dystroie w*ith* won worde of my mowthe ! 499

To reycownt vnto you myn innevmerabull substance, —
Thatt were to moche for any tong to tell ;
For all the whole Orent ys vnd*er* myn obbeydeance,
And prynce am I of purgatorre *and* cheff capten of hell ;
And those tyraneos trayturs be force ma I compell[7]
Myne enmyis[8] to vanquese *and* evyn to dust them dryve,
And w*ith* a twynke of myn iee not won to be lafte alyve. 506

[1] *A preposition before the indirect object seems unnecessary.*
[2] tote. [3] Sheldon : Car il est votre roi tout puissant.
[4] A (= au) nom de lui (Sheldon *suggests* loi *instead of* lui).
[5] Sheldon *suggests that the line properly ends with* grand (*modifying* Erott *and rhyming with* 484), — diable vos emporte ! *being merely an unattached pleasantry addressed to the audience.*
[6] Qui statis *is in red in* S.
[7] *Curl over* m. [8] *Curl over* n.

Behold my contenance and my colur,
Bryghtur then the sun in the meddis of *the* dey.
Where can you haue a more grettur succur
Then to behold my p*er*son that ys soo gaye?
My fawcun *and* my fassion, w*ith* my gorgis araye,—
He thatt had the g*ra*ce all-wey *ther*-on to thynke,
Lyve he[1] myght all-wey w*ith*-owt othur meyte or drynke.

And thys my tryomfande fame most hylist dothe a-bownde
Throgh-owt this world in all reygeons abrod,
Reysemelyng the fau*er* of thatt most myght Mahownd;
From Jubytor be desent *and* cosyn to the grett God,
And namyd the most reydowndid king Eyrodde,
Wyche thatt all pryncis hath und*er* subjeccion
And all there whole powar vndur my p*ro*teccion.

And therefore, my hareode, here, callid Calcas,
Warne thow eyu*er*[e] porte thatt noo schyppis a-ryve,
Nor also aleond strang*er* throg my realme pas,
But the[y] for there truage do pay markis fyve.
Now spede the forth hastele,
For the[y] thatt wyll the contrare
Apon a galowse hangid schalbe,
And, be Mahownde, of me the[y] gett noo g*ra*ce!

Noncios. Now, lord and mastur, in all the hast
Thy worethe wyll ytt schall be wroght,
And thy ryall cuntreyis schalbe past
In asse schort tyme ase can be thoght.

Erode. Now schall owre regeons throgh-owt be soght
In eyu*er*[e] place bothe est *and* west;
Yff any katyffis to me be broght,
Yt schalbe nothyng for there best.
And the whyle thatt I do resst,
Trompettis, viallis and othur armone
Schall bles the wakyng of my mai*e*ste.

[1] S. the.

Here Erod goth awey and *the iij Kyngis speykyth in* the *strete.*

I. REX. Now blessid be God of his swet sonde,
For yondur a feyre bryght star I do see!
Now ys he comon[1] vs a-monge,
Asse the p*ro*fet[2] seyd thatt yt schuld be.

A seyd[3] there schuld a babe be borne,
Comyng of the rote of Jesse,
To sawe mankynd that wasse for-lorne;
And truly come*n* now ys he.

Reyue*r*ence and worschip to hym woll I do
Asse God and man, thatt all made of noght.
All the p*ro*fettis acordid and seyd evyn soo,
That w*ith* hys p*r*esseos blod mankynd schuld be boght.

He grant me g*ra*ce,
Be yonde*r* star *tha*t I see,[4]
And in-to thatt place
Bryng me [5]
Thatt I ma hym worschipe w*ith* umellete
And se hys gloreose face.

II. REX. Owt off my wey I deme thatt I am,
For toocuns of thys cuntrey can I non see;
Now, God, thatt on yorth madist man,
Send me su*m* knoleyge where thatt I be!

Yondur, me thynke, a feyre, bryght star I see,
The wyche be-tocunyth the byrth of a chyld
Thatt hedur ys cu*m* to make man fre;
He borne of a mayde,[6] and sche nothyng defyld.

To worschip thatt chyld ys myn in-tent;
Forth now wyll I take my wey.
I trust su*m* cu*m*pany God hathe me sent,
For yonde*r* I se a kyng labur on the wey;

[1] *Curl over* m.
[2] S. p*ro*fettis.
[3] S. Aseyd.
[4] *Lines* 552, 553 *as one in* S.
[5] *Lines* 554, 555 *as one in* S
[6] S. amayde.

To-warde hym now woll I ryde.
Harke! cu*m*ly kyng, I you pray,
In-to whatt cost wyll ye thys tyde,
Or weddur lyis youre jurney? 573

I. REX. To seke a chylde ys myne in-tent
Of whom the p*ro*fetis hathe ment;
The tyme ys cu*m*, now ys he sent,
Be yondur star here ma [you][1] see.
II. REX. Sir, I prey you, w*ith* your lysence,
To ryde w*ith* you vnto his presence;
To hym wyll I offur frank-in-sence,
For the hed of all Whole Churche schall he be. 581

III. REX. I ryde wanderyng in veyis wyde,
Ou*er* montens and dalis; I wot not where I am.
Now, Kyng off all kyngis, send me soche gyde
Thatt I myght haue knoleyge of thys cuntreys name. 585

A! yondur I se a syght, be semyng all afar,
The wyche be-tocuns sum nevis, ase I troo;
Asse me thynke, a chyld peryng in a stare.
I trust he be cu*m* *tha*t schall defend vs from woo. 589

To kyngis yondur I see,
And to them woll I ryde
Forto haue there cu*m*pane;
I trust *th*e[y] wyll me abyde.[2]
Hayle, cu*m*ly kyngis augent![3]
Good surs, I pray you, whedd*er* ar ye ment? 595

I. REX. To seke a chylde ys owre in-tent,
Wyche be-tocuns yond*er* star, asse ye ma see.
II. REX. To hym I purpose thys present.
III. REX. Surs, I pray you, and thatt ryght vmblee,
W*ith* you thatt I ma ryde in cu*m*pane.
[? ALL.] To all-myghte God now prey we
Thatt hys pressiose p*er*sone we ma se. 602

[1] *Supplied by* S. [2] *Lines* 590–593 *as two in* S. [3] *Qy.* and gent.

Here Erode cumyth in ageyne and *the messengere seyth:*

NUNCIOS. Hayle, lorde most off myght!
Thy com*m*andement ys right;
In-to thy land ys comyn *thi*s nyght
iij kyngis and w*ith* them a grett cu*m*pany.
EROD. Whatt make those kyngis in this cuntrey?
NONCIOS. To seke a kyng and a chyld, the[y] sey.
ERODE. Of whatt age schuld he bee?
NONCIOS. Skant twellve deyis old fulle.

EROD. And wasse he soo late borne?
NONCIOS. E, syr, soo the[y] schode me thys same dey in the morne.
EROD. Now, in payne of deyth, bryng them me beforne;
And there-fore, harrode, now hy the in hast,
In all spede thatt thou were dyght
Or thatt those kyngis the cuntrey be past;
Loke thow bryng them all iij before my syght;

And in Jerusalem[1] inquere more of that chyld.
But I warne the that thy wordis be mylde,
For there must[2] thow hede and crafte wey[lde]
How to for-do his powere; and those iij kyngis shalbe begild.

NONCIOS. Lorde, I am redde att youre byddyng
To sarve the ase my lord and kyng;
For joye there-of, loo, how I spryng
W*ith* lyght hart *and* fresche gamboldyng
Alofte here on this molde!
ERODE. Then sped the forthe hastely,
And loke *tha*t thow beyre the eyvinly;
And also I pray the hartely
Thatt thow doo comand me
Bothe to yong and olde.[3]

[1] S. Jerúsalen. [2] S. mast.
[3] *Lines* 629–631 *as two in* S., *the first ending with* doo,

[*The messenger goes to the kings.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, syr kyngis, in youre degre ;
Erood, kyng of these cuntreyis wyde,
Desyrith to speyke *with* you all thre,
And for youre comyng he dothe abyde.

1. REX. Syr, att his wyll we be ryght bayne.
Hy us, brethur, vnto thatt lordis place ;
To speyke *with* hym we wold be fayne ;
Thatt chyld thatt we seke, he grant us of his g*r*ace !

[*They go to Herod.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, lorde *with*-owt pere !
These iij kyngis here have we broght.
ERODE. Now welcu*m*, syr kyngis, all in-fere ;
But of my bryght ble, surs, bassche ye noght !

Sir kyngis, ase I vndurstand,
A star hathe gydid you into my land,
Where-in grett harting[1] ye haue fonde
Be reysun of hir beym*us* bryght.
Wherefore I pray you hartely
The vere truthe thatt ye wold s*er*tefy,
How long yt ys surely
Syn of that star you had furst syght.

1. REX. S*i*r kynge, the vere truthe to sey
And forto schoo you ase hit ys best,
This same ys evin the xijth dey
Syth yt aperid to vs to be west.

ERODE. Brethur, then ys there no more to sey,
But *with* hart and wyll kepe ye your jurney
And cu*m* whom by me this same wey,
Of your nevis thatt I myght knoo.

[1] S. harie.

You schall tryomfe in this cuntre
And *with* grett conquorde bankett *with* me,
And thatt chyld myself then woll I see
And honor hym also.

II. REX. *Sir*, youre com*m*andement we woll fullfyll
And humbly abaye owreself there-tyll.[1]
He thatt weldith all thyng at wyll
The redde way hus teyche,[2]
Sir kyng, thatt we ma passe your land in pes!
ERODE. Yes, and walke softely eyvin at your one es;
Youre pase-porte for a C deyis
Here schall you haue of clere cum*m*and,
Owre reme to labur any weyis
Here schall you haue be spesschall grante.

III. REX. Now fare-well, kyng of hy degre,
Humbly of you owre leyve we take.
ERODE. Then adev, sir kyngis all thre;
And whyle I lyve, be bold of me!
There ys nothyng in this cuntre
But for youre one ye schall yt take.

[*Exeunt the three kings.*]

Now these iij kyngis ar gon on *ther* wey;
On-wysely *and* on-wyttely haue the[y] all wroghte.
When the[y] cum ageyne, the[y] schall dy *that* same dey,
And thus these vyle wreychis to deyth *the*[y] schalbe broght,—
Soche ys my lykyng.
He that agenst my lawis wyll hold,
Be he kyng or keysar neyu*er* soo bold,
I schall them cast in-to caris cold
And to deyth I schall them bryng.

There Erode goth his weyis and *the iij kyngis cum in ageyne.*

I. REX. O blessid God, moche ys thy myght!
Where ys this star thatt gawe vs lyght?

[1] *Qy.* there-to. [2] *Qy.* show.

II. REX. Now knele we downe here in this presence,
Be-sekyng that Lord of hy mangnefecens[1]
That we ma see his hy exsellence
Yff thatt his swet wyll be.[2]

III. REX. Yondur, brothur, I see the star,
Where-by I kno he ys nott far;
Therefore, lordis, goo we nar
Into *thi*s pore place.

There the iij kyngis gois in to the jesen, to Mare and *hir child.*

I. REX. Hayle, Lorde thatt all this worlde hath wroght!
Hale, God and man to-gedur in-fere!
For thow hast made all thyng of noght,
Albe-yt thatt thow lyist porely here;
A cupe-full[3] golde here I haue the broght
In toconyng thow art w*ith*-owt pere.

II. REX. Hayle be thow, Lorde of hy mangnyffecens![4]
In toconyng of p*re*ste[h]od *and* dyngnete of offece
To the I offur a cupe full off in-sence,
For yt be-hovith the to haue soche sacrefyce.

III. REX. Hayle be thow, Lorde longe lokid fore!
I haue broght the myre for mortalete,
In to-cunyng thow schalt mankynd restore
To lyff be thy deyth apon[5] a tre.

MARE. God haue m*ar*ce, kyngis, of yowre goodnes;
Be the gydyng of the godhed hidd*er* are ye sent;
The p*ro*vyssion off my swete sun your weyis whom[6] reydres,
And gostely reywarde you for youre present!

[*As the kings go away, they say:*]

I. REX. Syr kyngis, aftur owre p*ro*mes
Whome be Erode I mvst nedis goo.

[1] S. maugnefecens.
[2] S. wylbe.
[3] S. *inserts* [of].
[4] S. maugnyffecens.
[5] *Curl over* n.
[6] *Curl over* m.

II. REX. Now truly, brethur,[1] we can noo las,
But I am soo for-wachid[2] I wott not wat to do.
III. REX. Ryght soo am I ; where-fore I you pray,
Lett all vs rest vs awhyle upon *this* grownd.
I. REX. Brethur, you*er* seying ys right well vnto my pay.
The g*ra*ce of thatt swet chylde saue vs all sownde !

[*While they sleep, the angel appears.*]

ANGELL*US*. Kyng of Tawrus, S*ir* Jesp*ar*,
Kyng of Arraby, S*ir* Balthasar,
Melchor, Kyng of Aginare,
To you now am I sent.
For drede of Eyrode, goo you west whom ;
In-to those p*ar*ties when ye cu*m* downe,
Ye schalbe byrrid w*ith* gret reynowne ;
The Wholle Gost thus knoleyge hath sent. [*Exit.*]

I. REX. Awake, s*ir* kyngis, I you praye,
For the voise of an angell I hard in my dreyme.
II. REX. Thatt ys full tru thatt ye do sey,
For he reyherssid owre names playne.

III. REX. He bad thatt we schuld goo downe be west
For drede of Eyrodis fawls be-traye.
I. REX. Soo forto do yt ys the best ;
The child that we haue soght, gyde vs the wey !

Now fare-well, the feyrist, of schapp so swete !
And thankid be Jh*es*u of his sonde,
That we iij to-ged*er* soo suddenly schuld mete,
Thatt dwell soo wyde *and* in straunge lond,

And here make owre presentacion
Vnto this kyngis son clensid soo cleyne
And to his mod*er* for ovre saluacion ;
Of moche myrth now ma we meyne,
Thatt we soo well hath done this obblacion.

[1] S. berthur. [2] S. far wachid.

II. REX. Now farewell, Sir Jaspar, brothur, to yoeu,
Kyng of Tawrus the most worthe;
Sir Balthasar, also to you I bow;
And I thanke you bothe of youre good cumpany
Thatt we togeddur haue had.
He thatt made vs to mete on hyll,
I thanke hym now and eyuer I wyll;
For now may we goo with-owt yll,
And off owre offerynge be full glad.[1]

III. REX. Now syth thatt we mvst nedly goo
For drede of Erode thatt ys soo wrothe,
Now fare-well brothur, *and* brothur also,
I take my leve here at you bothe
This dey on fete.[2]
Now he thatt made vs to mete on playne
And offur[3] to Mare in hir jeseyne,
He geve vs grace in heyvin a-gayne
All to-geyder to mete!

[*They go out, and Herod and his train occupy the pageant.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, kyng, most worthist in wede!
Hayle, manteinar of curtese[4] throgh all this world wyde!
Hayle, the most myghtyst that eyuer bestrod a stede!
Ha[y]ll,[5] most monfullist mon in armor man to abyde!
Hayle, in thyne hoonowre!
Thesse iij kyngis thatt forthe were sent
And schuld haue cum ageyne before the here present,
Anothur wey, lorde, whom the[y] went,
Contrare to thyn honowre.

ERODE. A-nothur wey? owt! owt! owtt!
Hath those fawls traytvrs done me this ded?
I stampe! I stare! I loke all abowtt!

[1] S. fayne. [2] S. fote. [3] S. offurde.
[4] *The contraction here is really that for* er, *but it has already occurred about a dozen times in words like* togeder. [5] *Corr. by* S.

Myght I them take, I schuld them bren at a glede!
I rent! I rawe! *and* now run I wode!
A! thatt these velen trayturs hath mard *thi*s my mode!
The[y] schalbe hangid yf I ma cu*m* them to! 783

Here Erode ragis in the *pagond* and *in the strete also.*

E! and thatt kerne of Bedlem, he schalbe ded
And thus schall I for-do his p*ro*fece. 785

How sey you, s*ir* knyghtis? ys not this the best red,
Thatt all yong chyldur for this schuld be dede,
Wyth sworde to be slayne?
Then schall I, Erod, lyve in lede,
And all folke me dowt and drede,
And offur to me bothe gold, rychesse *and* mede;
Thereto wyll the[y] be full fayne. 792

I. MYLES. My lorde kyng, Erode be name,
Thy wordis agenst my wyll schalbe;
To see soo ma*n*y yong chylde*r* dy ys schame,
Therefore consell *ther*-to gettis *tho*u non of me. 796

II. MYLES. Well seyd, fello, my trawth I plyght.
S*ir* kyng, p*er*seyve right well you may,
Soo grett a mord*er* to see of yong frute
Wyll make a rysyng in *thi* noone cuntrey. 800

ERODE. A rysyng? Owt! owt! owt! 801

There Erode ragis ageyne and then seyth thus:

Owt! velen wrychis, har apon you I cry!
My wyll vtturly loke *tha*t yt be wroght,
Or apon a gallowse bothe you schall dy,
Be Mahownde most myghtyste, *tha*t me dere hath boght. 805

I. MYLES. Now, cruell Erode, syth we schall do this dede!
Your wyll nedefully in this realme mvste be wroght;
All the chylde*r* of *tha*t age dy the[y] mvst nede;
Now w*ith* all my myght the[y] schall be vpsoght. 809

II. MYLES. And I woll sweyre here apon your bryght swerde,[1]
All the chylder thatt I fynd, sclayne *the*[y] schalbe ;
Thatt make many a moder to wepe and be full sore aferde [2]
In owre armor bryght when the[y] hus see.

ERODE. Now you have sworne, forthe *that* ye goo,
And my wyll thatt ye wyrke bothe be dey *and* nyght,
And then wyll I for fayne trypp lyke a doo.
But whan the[y] be ded I warne you bryng [t]ham be-fore
my syght.

[*Herod and his train go away, and Joseph and Mary are, while asleep, addressed by an angel.*]

ANGELL*US*. Mare and Josoff, to you I sey,
Swete word from the Fathur I bryng you full ryght :
Owt of Bedlem in-to Eygype forth goo ye *the* wey
And w*ith* you take the King, full of myght,
For drede of Eroddis red*e* !

JOSOFF. A-ryse up, Mare, hastely and sone ;
Owre Lordis wyll nedys mvst be done,
Lyke ase the angell vs bad.

MARE. Mekely, Josoff, my none spowse,
Towarde that cuntrey let vs reypeyre ;
Att Eygyp [3] to su*m* cun [3] off howse,
God grant hus g*r*ace saff to cu*m* there !

Here the wemen cum in wythe there chyldur, syngyng them ;[4] *and Mare* and *Josoff goth awey cleyne.*

I. WOMON. I lolle my chylde wondursly swete,
And in my narm*us* I do hyt kepe,
Be-cawse thatt yt schuld not crye.

II. WOMAN. Thatt babe thatt ys borne in Bedlem, so meke,
He saue my chyld and me from velany !

III. WOMAN. Be styll, be styll, my lyttull chylde !
That Lorde of lordis saue bothe the *and* me !

[1] S. sworde.
[2] *Two lines in* S.
[3-3] S. su*m* tocun ; *emend. by* Kittredge.
[4] *For the song, see* p. 151.

For Erode hath sworne *with* wordis wyld
Thatt all yong chyldur sclayne *the*[y] schalbe.

I. MYLES. Sey, ye wyddurde wyvis, whydd*er* ar ye a-wey?
What beyre you in youre arm*us* nedis mvst we se.
Yff the[y] be man-chyldur,[1] dy the[y] mvst *this* dey,
For at Eroddis wyll all thyng mvst be.

II. MYLES. And I in handis wonys them[2] hent,
Them forto sley noght woll I spare;
We mvst full-fyll Erodis com*m*andement,
Elis be we asse trayturs *and* cast all in care.

I. WOMAN. S*ir* knyghtis, of youre curtessee,
Thys dey schame not youre chevaldre,
But on my chyld haue pytte
For my sake in this styde;
For a sympull sclaghtur yt were to sloo
Or to wyrke soche a chylde woo,
That can nod*er* speyke nor goo,
Nor neu*er* harme did.

II. WOMAN. He thatt sleyis my chyld in syght,
Yff thatt my strokis on hym ma lyght,
Be he skwyar or knyght,
I hold hym but lost.
Se, thow fawls losyngere,
A stroke schalt thow beyre me her*e*
And spare for no cost.

III. WOMAN. Sytt he neyu*er* soo hy in saddull,
But I schall make his braynis addull,
And here w*ith* my pott-ladull
W*ith* hym woll I fyght.
I schall ley on hym a[s] thogh[3] I wode were,
W*ith* thys same womanly geyre;
There schall noo man steyre,
Wheddur thatt he be kyng or knyght.

[1] *Curl over* n. [2] *Curl over* m. [3] S. athog.

I. MYLES. Who hard eyu*er* soche a cry
Of wemen thatt there chyldur haue lost,
And grettly reybukyng chewaldry
Throgh-owt this reme in eyu*er*e[1] cost,
Wyche many a mans lyff ys lyke to cost?
For thys grett wreyche *tha*t here ys done
I feyre moche wengance *ther*-off woll cu*m*.

II. MYLES. E! brothur, soche talis may we not tell;
Where-fore to the kyng lett vs goo,
For he ys lyke to beyre the p*er*ell,
Wyche wasse the cawser that we did soo.
Yett must the[y] all be broght hym to
W*ith* waynis and waggyns fully fryght;
I tro there wolbe a carefull syght.

[*They go to Herod.*]

I. MYLES. Loo! Eyrode, kyng, here mast thow see
How many M' thatt we haue slayne.
II. MYLES. And nedis thy wyll full-fyllid must be;
There ma no mon sey there-ageyne.

[*Enter Nuntius.*]

NUNCIOS. Eyrode, kyng, I schall the tell,
All thy dedis ys cu*m* to noght;
This chyld ys gone in-to Eygipte to dwell.
Loo! sir, in thy none land what wondurs byn wroght!

EROD. Into Eygipte? alas, for woo!
Lengur in lande here I canot abyde;
Saddull my palfrey, for in hast wyll I goo,
Aftur yondur trayturs now wyll I ryde,
Them for to sloo.
Now all men hy fast
In-to Eygipte in hast!
All thatt cuntrey woll I tast,
Tyll I ma cu*m* them to.

[1] S. eyue*er*.

Fynes lude de taylars and scharmen.

Tys[1] matter / nevly correcte be Robart Croo / the xiiijth dey of marche / fenysschid in the yere of owre lorde god / MCCCCC & xxxiiij^{te} / then beyng mayre mastur Palmar / also mastris of the seyd fellyschipp Hev Corbett / Randull Pynkard and / John Baggeley.

Theise Songes / belonge to / the Taylors *and* Shearemens Pagant. / The first and the laste the Shepheards singe / and the second or middlemost the Women singe.

Thomas Mawdycke / die decimo tertio Maij anno d*omi*ni millessimo quingentesimo nonagesimo primo. / Praetor fuit ciuitatis Couentriæ D. Mathaeus[2] Richardson, tunc Consules / Johanes Whitehead *et* Thomas Crauener.

Song I.

As I out rode this enderes night,
Of thre ioli sheppardes I saw a sight,
And all a-bowte there fold a star shone bright;
They sange terli terlow;
So mereli the sheppards ther pipes can blow.

Song II.

Lully, lulla, thow *littell tine child,*
By by, lully, lullay, thow *littell tyne child,*
By by, lully, lullay!

[1] S. T[h]ys.

[2] S. Mathaens.

O sisters too,
How may we do[1]
For to preserve *th*is day
This pore yongling
For whom we do singe[1]
By by, lully, lullay?

Herod, the king,
In his raging,[1]
Chargid he hath this day
His men of might
In his owne sight[1]
All yonge children to slay,—

That wo is me,
Pore child, for thee,[1]
And ever morne and may[2]
For thi parting
Nether say nor singe,[1]
By by, lully, lullay.

Song III.

Doune from heave*n*, from heave*n* so hie,
Of angeles *th*er came a great companie,[3]
W*ith* mirthe and ioy and great solemnitye,
The[y] sange terly terlow,
So mereli the sheppards *th*er pipes ca*n* blow.

[1] *This and the preceding as one line in* S.
[2] S. say; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[3] *Curl over* m.

YORK CORPUS CHRISTI PLAYS.

Reprinted from "York Plays . . . ed. [Miss] Lucy Toulmin Smith, Clarendon Press, 1885." In the footnotes, Y. indicates this edition, which, unless the contrary is stated, represents the MS.; Ha. indicates J. Hall's review, *Englische Studien*, IX, 484 ff.; He. indicates "Studien zu den York Plays, von O. Herttrich. Breslau, 1886"; Ho. indicates F. Holthausen's emendations, *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen*, LXXXV, 411 ff., LXXXVI, 280 ff., and "Philologische Studien; Festgabe für Eduard Sievers, Halle, 1896," 30 ff.; K. indicates E. Kölbing's emendations, *Englische Studien*, XX, 179 ff.; T. indicates the corresponding play in the Towneley cycle, but its readings are only occasionally recorded.

[THE RESURRECTION.]

[*Enter Pilatus, Cayphas, and Anna with attendants.*]

PIL. Lordingis, listenys nowe vnto me,
I comaunde ȝou, in ilke degre;
Als domesman chiffe in *th*is contre,
For counsaill kende,
Atte my bidding ȝou awe to be
And baynly bende.

And, sir Cayphas, chiffe of clergye,
Of youre counsaill late here in hye,
By oure[1] assente sen we dyd dye
Ihesus *th*is day,
*Th*at we[2] mayntayne — and stand *th*erby —
*Th*at werke all-way.

CAYPH. ȝis, sir, *th*at dede schall we mayntayne;
By lawe it was done all be-dene,

[1] He. K. ȝoure. [2] K. Yff ȝe.

3e wotte youre-selue, with-outen wene,
Als wele as we.
His sawes are nowe vppon hym sene,
And ay schall be.

ANNA. *Th*e pepull, sir,[1] in *th*is same steede
Be-fore 3ou saide with a hole hede
*Th*at he was worthy to be dede,
And *th*erto sware.
Sen all was rewlid by right[w]is[2] rede,
Nevyn it nomore.

PIL. To neuyn me thinketh it nedfull thyng;
Sen he was hadde to beriyng,
Herde we nowthir of olde ne 3ing
Tidynges[3] be-twene.
CAYPH. Centurio, sir, will tidingis bringe[4]
Of all be-dene.

We lefte hym *th*ere for man moste wise,
If any rebelles[5] wolde ought rise
Oure rightwise dome for to dispise
Or it offende,
To sese *th*ame till *th*e nexte assise
And *th*an make ende.

[*Enter Centurio.*]

CENT. [*To himself.*] A! blissid Lorde Adonay,
What may *th*es meruayles signifie
*Th*at her was schewed so oppinly
Vn-to oure sight
*Th*is day whanne *th*at *th*e man gune dye
*Th*at Ihesus highte?

[1] Y. sirs.
[2] *Corr. by* Ha.
[3] Y. Thithynges; Ho. Tithynges.
[4] Y. bringe thidingis; Ho. bringe tiding.
[5] T. *has* rybaldes.

Itt is a misty thyng to mene ;
So selcouth a sight was neuere sene,
*Th*at[1] oure princes and prestis be-dene
Of *th*is affray
I woll go weten, with-outen wene,
What *th*ei can saye.

[*He salutes Pilate and the priests.*]

God saue ȝou, sirs, on ilke a side !
Worschippe and welthe in worldis wide
With mekill mirthe myght ȝe abide
Both[2] day and nyght !
PIL. Centurio, welcome this tide,
Oure comely knyght !

ȝe haue bene miste vs here[3] among.
CENT. God giffe you grace grathely to gang !
PIL. Centurio, [o]ure frende full lang,
What is your will ?
CENT. I drede me *th*at ȝe haue done wrang
And wondir ill.

CAYPH. Wondir ill ? I pray *th*e, why ?
Declare it to *th*is company.
CENT. So schall I, sirs, telle ȝou trewly,
With-owten trayne :
*Th*e rightwise mane *th*anne mene I by
*Th*at ȝe haue slayne.

PIL. Centurio, sesse of such sawe.
*Th*ou arte a lered man in *th*e lawe,
And if we schulde any witnes drawe
Vs to excuse,
To mayntayne vs euermore *th*e[4] awe
And noȝt reffuse.

[1] K. *inserts* to.

[2] Y. Boght; *corr. by* K. *The whole line is in a later hand than the rest of the* MS.

[3] K. *reads* here vs.

[4] Ho. *reads* ye.

CENT. To mayntayne trouthe is wele wor*thi*;
I saide ȝou, whenne I sawe hym dy,
*Th*at he was Goddis sone Almyghty
*Th*at hanged[1] *th*ore;
ȝitt saie I soo, and stande *th*erby
For-euermore.

CAYPH. ȝa, sir, such reasouns may ȝe rewe.
ȝe schulde noght neueyn such note enewe[2]
But ȝe couthe any tokenyngis trewe
Vnto vs tell.
CENT. Such woundirfull cas neuere ȝit ȝe knewe
As now befell.

ANNA. We pray *th*e, tell vs of what thyng.
CENT. All elementis, both olde and ȝing,
In ther maneres *th*ai made mornyng
In ilke a stede;
And knewe, be countenaunce, *th*at *th*er kyng
Was done to dede.

*Th*e sonne for woo he waxed all wanne;
*Th*e mone and sterres of schynyng blanne;
*Th*e erthe tremeled and also manne[3]
Be-gan to speke;
*Th*e stones *th*at neuer was stered or *th*anne
Gune[4] a-sondir breke;

And dede-men rose, both grete and small.
PIL. Centurio, be-ware with-all!
ȝe wote oure clerkis *th*e clipsis *th*ei call
Such sodayne sight.
Both sonne and mone *th*at sesonne[5] schall
Lak of *th*er light.

[1] Y. hangeth; *corr. by* K.
[2] T. *has* notes newe.
[3] T. And erthe it tremlyd as a man; *qy.* And erthe it tremeled as the man.
[4] *Qy. omit* Gune.
[5] Ho. sesoune.

CAYPH. 3a, and if dede men rose bodily,
*Th*at myght be done thurgh so[r]cery ;[1]
*Th*erfore we sette no thyng *th*erby,
To be abaiste.
CENT. All *th*at I tell, for trewthe schall I
Euermore traste.

For[2] this ilke werk *th*at 3e did wirke
Nought allone *th*e sonne was mirke,
But howe youre vaile raffe in youre kirke
That witte I wolde.
PIL. Swilke tales full sone will make vs irke
And *th*ei be talde.

ANNA. Centurio, such speche withdrawe ;
Of all *th*es wordes we haue none awe.
CENT. Nowe, sen 3e sette noght be my sawe,
Sirs, haue gode day !
God[3] graunte you grace *th*at 3e may knawe
*Th*e soth alway.

ANNA. With-drawe *th*e faste, sen *th*ou *th*e dredis,
For we schall wele mayntayne oure dedis. [*Exit Centurio.*]
PIL. Such wondir reasouns as he redis
Was neuere beforne.
CAIPH. To neven *th*is noote no more vs nedis,
Now*th*ere even ne morne.

*Th*erfore loke nomanne make ille[4] chere.
All *th*is doyng may do no dere ;
But to be-ware 3itt of more were
*Th*at folke may fele,
We pray you, sirs, of *th*es sawes sere
Avise 3ou wele.

[1] *Corr. by* K.; *but* socery *occurs often.*
[2] Y. In; T. Not for.
[3] *Supplied by* K.
[4] Y. ilke; *corr. by* Ho.

And to *th*is tale takes hede in hye,
For Iesu saide even opynly
A thyng *th*at greues all *th*is Jury,
And riȝte so may, —
*Th*at he schulde rise vppe bodily
With-in[1] *th*e thirde day.

And be it so, als motte I spede,
His lattar deede is more to drede
*Th*an is the firste, if we take hede
Or tente *th*erto.
To neuyn *th*is noote me thynke maste nede
And beste to do.

ANNA. ȝa, sir, all if[2] *th*at he saide soo,
He has no myght to rise and goo.
But if his menne stele hym vs froo
And bere away,
*Th*at were tille us and o*th*er moo
A foule [a]ffraye ;[3]

For *th*anne wolde *th*ei saie, euere-ilkone,
*Th*at he roose by hym-selffe allone ;
*Th*erfore latte hym be kepte anone
With knyghtes hende,
Vnto thre daies be comen and gone
And broght till ende.

PIL. In certayne, sirs, right wele ȝe saie ;
For *th*is ilke poynte nowe [to][4] purvaye,
I schall ordayne, if that[5] I may,
He schall not ryse,
Nor none schalle wynne hym *th*ens away
On no-kyns wise.

[1] Kittredge *suggests* On.
[2] Y. if all.
[3] K. T. enffraye.
[4] Y.
[5] K.; Y. if; Ho. it if.

[*He speaks to the soldiers.*]

Sir knyghtis, *th*at are in dedis dowty,
Chosen for chiffe of cheualrye,
As we ay in youre force affie
Bo*th*e day and nyght,
[1] Wendis and kepis Jesu body
With all youre myghte; 168

And for thyng *th*at euere be maye
Kepis hym wele to *th*e thirde day,
And latis noman take[2] hym away
Oute of *th*at stede;
For, and *th*ei do, suthly I saie,
ȝe schall be dede. 174

I. MILES. Lordingis, we saie ȝou for certayne,
We schall kepe hym with myght[3] and mayne;
*Th*er schall no traitoures with no trayne
Stele hym vs froo.
Sir knyghtis, takis gere *th*at moste may gayne,
And lates vs goo. 180

II. MIL. ȝis, certis, we are all redy bowne;
We schall hym kepe till oure rennowne.

[*The soldiers go to the Sepulchre.*]

On ilke a side latte vs sitte doune
Now all in-fere,
And fownde[4] we schall to[5] crake his croune,
Whoso comes here. 186

[*The soldiers sit down and fall asleep.*]

Tunc "Iesu resurgente."[6]

[1] K. *prefixes* Ye. [3] Y. myghtis; *corr. by* K.
[2] Y. takis; *corr. by* Ho. [4] K.; Y. sone. [5] *Om.* Y.
[6] Miss Smith *says:* "*The marginal note in later hand here,* 'tunc angelus cantat Resurgens.' *See lines* 383–386." *This is supported by* T., *which has:* "Tunc cantabunt angeli 'Jesus resurgens.'"

[*Enter the three Marys going to the Tomb.*]

I. MAR. Allas! to dede I wolde be dight,
So woo in worlde[1] was neuere wight;
Mi sorowe is all for *th*at sight
*Th*at I gune see,
Howe Criste, my maistir, moste of myght,
Is dede fro me.

Allas, *th*at I schulde se his pyne,
Or yit *th*at I his[2] liffe schulde tyne!
Of ilke a myscheue he is[3] medicyne
And bote of all,
Helpe and halde to ilke a hyne
On hym wolde call.[4]

II. MAR. Allas! who schall my balis bete,
Whanne I thynke on his woundes wete?
Jesu, *th*at was of loue so swete
And neuere did ill,
Es dede and grauen vnder *th*e grete
With-outen skill.

III. MAR. With-owten skill *th*e Jewes ilkone
*Th*at louely lorde has newly slone,[5]
And trespasse did he neuere none
In no-kyn steede.
To whome nowe schall I make my mone,
Sen he is dede?

I. MAR. Sen he is dede, my sisteres dere,
Wende we will on mylde manere,
With oure a-noynementis faire *and* clere
*Th*at we haue broght,
To noynte his wondis, on sides sere
*Th*at Jewes hym wroght.

[1] Y. werke; T. warld; *pointed out by* **He.**
[2] Ho. my. [3] Ho. T. was.
[4] MS. *th*at on hym on wolde call; *corr. by* **Y.**
[5] **K. T.**; Y. slayne.

II. MAR.[1] Goo we same, my sisteres free.
Full sare[2] vs longis his corse to see,
But I wotte noght howe beste may be;
Helpe haue we none,
And who schall nowe here of vs thre
Remove *the* stone?

III. MAR. *Th*at do we noght but we wer moo,
For it is huge and heuy also.
I. MAR. Sisteris! a ȝonge child, as we goo
Makand mornyng,
I see it sitte wher we wende to,
In white clothyng.

II. MAR. Sisters, sertis, it is noght to hide,
The heuy stone is putte beside!
III. MAR. Sertis, for thyng *th*at may be-tyde
Nere will we wende,
To layte *th*at luffely and with hym bide
*Th*at was oure ffrende.

[*They approach nearer the Sepulchre.*]

ANGEL. Ȝe mournand women in youre *th*ought,
Here in *th*is place whome haue ȝe sought?
I. MAR. Jesu, *th*at unto[3] dede was[4] brought,
Oure Lord so free.
ANG. Women, certayne here is he noght;
Come nere and see.

He is noght here, *th*e soth to saie;
The place is voide *th*at he in laye.
The sudary here se ȝe may,
Was on hym laide.
He is resen and wente his[5] way,
As he ȝou saide.

[1] Y.; MS. *Prima* Maria; *see Notes.*
[2] Y. faire; T. sore; *pointed out by* He.
[3] K. T.; Y. to.
[4] T.; Y. is.
[5] MS. *repeats* his.

Euen as he saide, so done has hee ;
He is resen thurgh grete poostee.
He schall be foune in Galile,
In flesshe and fell.
To his discipilis nowe wende ȝe,
And *th*us *th*ame tell.

I. MAR. Mi sisteres dere, sen it is soo,
*Th*at he is resen dede *th*us froo,
As *th*e aungell tolde me and yow too, —
Oure lorde so free, —
Hens[1] will I neuer goo
Or I hym see.

II. MAR. Marie, vs thare no lenger lende ;[2]
To Galile nowe late vs wende.
I. MAR. Nought tille I see *th*at faithfull frende,
Mi lorde *and* leche.
*Th*erfore all *th*is, my sisteres hende,
*Th*at ȝe forth preche.[3]

III. MAR. As we haue herde, so schall we saie.
Marie oure sistir, haue goode daye !
I. MAR. Nowe verray God, as he wele maye,
Man most of myght,[4]
He wisse you, sisteres, wele in youre waye
And rewle ȝou right !

[*Exeunt second and third Marys.*]

Allas ! what schall nowe wor*th*e on me?
My kaytiffe herte will breke in three
Whenne I thynke on *th*at body free,
How it was spilte,
Both feete and handes nayled tille a tre,
Withouten gilte !

[1] He. *wishes to insert* furthe.
[2] MS. layne ; *corr. by* Y.
[3] Ho. T. Loke *th*at ȝe preche.
[4] *Line missing in* MS. ; *supplied by* Y. *from* T.

With-outen gilte *th*e trewe was tane,
For trespas did he neuere nane. [1]
*Th*e woundes he suffred, — many ane, — [2]
Was for my misse ;
It was my dede [3] he was for slayne [4]
And no-thyng his. 281

How might I, but I loued *th*at swete,
*Th*at for my loue tholed woundes wete
And sithen be grauen vndir *th*e grete,
Such kyndnes kithe?
*Th*er is no-thing to *th*at we mete
May make me blithe. 287

[*The soldiers awaken.*]

I. MIL. What ! oute ! allas ! what schall I saie?
Where is *th*e corse *th*at here in laye?
II. MIL. What ayles *th*e, man? Is he awaye
*Th*at we schulde tente?
I. MIL. Rise vppe and see.
II. MIL. Harrowe ! for ay
I telle vs schente. 293

III. MIL.[5] What deuill is *th*is? what aylis 3ou twa [6]
Such noyse and crye *th*us for to ma? [7]
I. MIL. For he is gone. [8]
III. MIL. [9] Allas ! wha?
II. MIL. He *th*at here laye.[9]
IV. MIL. Whe ! harrowe ! deuill ! [10] how swa 298
Gat he away? [10] 298 *a*

[1] Y. none.
[2] Y. one.
[3] He. T. gylt.
[4] K; Y. for-slayne.
[5] *On this stanza, see Notes.*
[6] Y. twoo.
[7] Y. to make too; T. to may.
[8] T.; Y. Why is he gone?
[9-9] T.; Y. Allas whare is he *th*at here laye?
[10-10] T.; Y. whare is he away?

III. MIL.[1] What! is he *th*us-gatis fro vs wente,
*Th*at fals traitour *th*at here was lente,
And we trewly here for to tente
Had vndir-tane?
Sekirlie,[2] I telle vs schente
Holy, ilkane.

I. MIL.[3] Allas! what schall we do *th*is day
*Th*at *th*us *th*is warlowe is wente his waye?
And sauely, sirs, I dare wele saie,
He rose allone.
II. MIL. Witte sir Pilate of *th*is affraye,
We mon be slone.

III. MIL. Why,[4] canne none of vs no bettir rede?
IV. MIL. *Th*er is not ellis but we be dede.
II. MIL. Whanne *th*at he stered oute of *th*is steede,
None couthe it kenne.
I. MIL. Allas! harde happe was on my hede
Amonge all menne.

Fro sir Pilate witte of *th*is dede,
*Th*at we were slepande whanne he ȝede,
He will[5] forfette, with-outen drede,
All that we haue.
II. MIL. Vs muste[6] make lies, for *th*at is nede,
Oure-selue to saue.

III. MIL. ȝa, that rede I[7] wele, also[8] motte I goo.
IV. MIL. And I assente *th*erto alsoo.
II. MIL. An hundereth, schall I saie, and moo,
Armed[9] ilkone,
Come and toke his corse vs froo
And[10] vs nere slone.[11]

[1] MS.; *changed by* Y. *to* II. MIL., *but see Notes.*
[2] K. *inserts* sirs.
[3] T.; Y. III. MIL.
[4] K. *omits* Why.
[5] T. We mon; *preferred by* He.
[6] Ho. bus.
[7] Y. I rede I; T. He. red I.
[8] T. so; Ho. als.
[9] T. K. Welle armed.
[10] He. Had.
[11] T.; Y. slayne.

I. MIL. Nay, certis, I halde *th*ere none so goode
As saie *th*e soth even as it stoode,
Howe *th*at he rose with mayne and mode
And wente his way.
To sir Pilate, if he be wode,
*Th*is dar I saie.

II. MIL. Why, dare *th*ou to sir Pilate goo
With thes tydingis and saie hym soo?
I. MIL. So rede I, for,[1] if he vs sloo,
We dye but onys.
III. MIL. Nowe, he *th*at wrought vs all *th*is woo,
Woo worthe his bonys!

IV. MIL. Go we *th*anne, sir knyghtis hende,
Sen *th*at[2] we schall to sir Pilate wende.
I trowe *th*at we shall parte no frende[3]
Or *th*at we passe.
I.[4] MIL. And I schall hym[5] saie ilke word tille ende
Even as it was.

[*They go to Pilate.*]

Sir Pilate, prince withouten pere,
Sir Cayphas and Anna, in-fere,
And all ȝe lordyngis *th*at are here,
To neven by name,
God saue ȝou all, on sidis sere,
Fro synne and schame!

PIL. ȝe are welcome, oure knyghtis kene!
Of mekill mirthe nowe may ȝe mene;
Therfore some tales telle vs be-twene,
Howe ȝe haue wroght.
I. MIL. Oure wakyng, lorde, with-outen wene,
Is worthed[6] to noȝt.

[1] *Inserted by* K.; Ho. *inserts* do *after* he.
[2] *Om.* T.
[3] Y. frendes; *corr. by* K. *from* T.
[4] *Speaker added by late hand.*
[5] *Om.* T. K.
[6] He. T. worthe.

CAYPH. To noght? allas! Sesse of such sawe!
II. MIL. *Th*e prophete Jesu, *th*at ȝe wele knawe,
Is resen and gone, for all oure awe,
With mayne and myght.
PIL. *Th*erfore *th*e deuill hym-selffe *th*e drawe,
Fals recrayed knyght!

Combered cowardis I you call!
Haue ȝe latten hym goo fro you all?
III. MIL. Sir, *th*er was none *th*at did but small
When *th*at he ȝede.
IV. MIL. We wer so ferde, downe ganne we falle
And dared for drede.

ANNA. Hadde ȝe no streng[t]he hym to gayne-stande?
Traitoures! ȝe myght haue boune in bande
Bothe hym and *th*ame *th*at ȝe *th*er fande,
And sessid *th*ame sone.
I. MIL. *Th*at dede all erthely men leuand
Myght noȝt haue done.

II. MIL. We wer so radde euer-ilkone,
Whanne *th*at he putte beside *th*e stone,
We wer so stonyd we durst stirre none,
And so abasshed.
PIL. What! rose he by hym-selfe allone?
I. MIL. ȝa, sir, *th*at[1] be ȝe traste.

IV. MIL. We herde never sen we were borne,
Nor all oure faderes vs be-forne,
Suche melodie, mydday ne morne,
As was made *th*ere.
CAYPH. Allas! *th*anne is oure lawes lorne
For-euere-mare.

II. MIL. What tyme he rose good tente I toke;
*Th*e erthe *th*at tyme tremylled and quoke.

[1] K. *omits th*at.

All kyndely force *th*an me for-soke,
Tille he was gone.
III. MIL. I was a-ferde, I durste not loke,
Ne myght had none ;

I myght not stande, so was I starke.
PIL. Sir Cayphas, ȝe are a connyng clerke, —
If we amisse haue tane oure merke, —
I trowe same [1] faile ;
*Th*erfore what schalle wor*th*e nowe [2] of *th*is werke,
Sais your counsaille.

CAYPH. To saie *th*e beste, forsothe, I schall,
That schall be prophete [3] to vs all :
ȝone knyghtis behoues *th*ere wordis agayne [4] call,
Howe he is miste :
We nolde for thyng *th*at myght be-fall
*Th*at no man wiste.

ANNA. Now, sir Pilate, sen *th*at it is soo,
*Th*at he is resynne [in-]dede us froo,
Comaundis ȝoure knyghtis to saie wher *th*ei goo
*Th*at he was tane
With xx*ti* m*l*. men, and mo,
And *th*ame [5] nere slayne.

And therto of our tresorie
Giffe to *th*ame a rewarde for-thy.
PIL. Nowe of *th*is purpose wele plesed am I,
And forther *th*us : [6]

[*To the soldiers.*]

Sir knyghtis, *th*at are in dedis dowty,
Takes tente to vs,

[1] Ho. sanz. [3] *Of course a bad spelling of* profit. [5] He. *th*ai.
[2] *Om.* K. [4] K. gayne. [6] He. T. It shalbe thus, *which is probably right.*

And herkenes what *th*at ȝe shall saie
To ilke a man,[1] both nyȝt and daye :
That[2] ten m[l]. men in good araye
Come ȝou vntill,
With forse of armys bare hym awaye
Agaynst your will.

Thus schall ȝe saie in ilke a lande,
And *th*erto, on *th*at same comenaunde,
A thousande pounde haue in youre hande
To your rewarde ;
And frenschippe, sirs, ȝe vndirstande,
Schall not be spared.

CAIPH.[3] Ilkone youre state we schall amende ;
And loke ȝe saie as we ȝou kende.
1. MIL. In what contre so ȝe vs sende,
Be nyght or daye,
Wherso we come, wherso we wende,
So schal we saie.

PIL. ȝa, and where-so ȝe tarie in ilke contre,
Of oure doyng in no degre
Dois *th*at nomanne *th*e wiser be,
Ne freyne be-forne ;
Ne of *th*e sight *th*at ȝe gonne se,
Nevynnes it[4] now*th*ere even ne morne ;

For we schall mayntayne ȝou alwaye,
And to *th*e pepull schall we saie
It is gretely agaynste oure lay
To trowe such thing.
So schall *th*ei deme, both nyght and day,
All is lesyng.

[1] Y. aman.
[2] *Om.* K.
[3] *Late hand.*
[4] Ho. *omits* Nevynnes it.

Thus schall *th*e sothe be bought and solde,
And treasoune schall for trewthe be tolde ;
*Th*erfore ay in youre hartis ȝe holde
*Th*is counsaile clene.
And fares nowe wele, both younge and olde,
Haly be-dene !
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CHESTER WHITSUN PLAYS.

Printed from MS. Hengwrt 229, the property of W. R. M. Wynne, Esq. The date of the MS. is, according to Dr. Furnivall, 1475 or a little later; Mr. Warner, of the British Museum, assigns it to the end of the fifteenth century. It is, therefore, at least a century older than the oldest of the five complete MSS. of this collection. Another claim to interest is indicated in a note by Dr. Furnivall: "Mr. Wynne's MS must have been owned by some player or manager, who doubled it up and carried it about in his pocket, used it with hot hands, and faded its ink. I suppose it 's the only copy of the kind."

Mr. Wynne, whose kindness I cannot adequately acknowledge, wishes the print to represent the MS. as exactly as possible. I have accordingly given the text without change, except that I have not attempted to reproduce the forms of the letters — long *ſ*, for example — and that I have supplied the punctuation, there being none in the MS. Final *ll* is usually crossed, and final *m* and *n* flourished, but it seemed unnecessary to indicate these; only exceptional peculiarities are pointed out. The capitals, it will be observed, are those of the MS. Such corrections and additions as seemed absolutely necessary for the ordinary reader have been supplied in the footnotes, where will also be found a sufficient number of readings from the other MSS. to indicate in a general way the relations of this MS. to the two classes established by Deimling. A full collation seemed unnecessary, in view of the nature of this book and of the likelihood that we shall ere long have the second part of Deimling's edition. Suffice it to say here that this MS. is more closely related to H. than to B. W. h.

In the footnotes, Wr. indicates Wright's edition (2 vols., Shakespeare Society, 1843); W. indicates Dr. Furnivall's reading of MS. Addit. 10,305, — the basis of Wright's text; H. indicates MS. Harl. 2124; cf. p. 66, above. The occasional remarks on the different ways in which the same word has been read are intended to help the reader to a conception of the actual appearance of the MS.

[ANTICHRIST.]

[1]Incipit pagina XX . . .[2] De salla . . . [3]Ante*christi*.

Primo equitando incipiat Ant . . .:[4]

p. 1. De celso trono poli, pollens clarior sole —
Age vobis[5] monstrare — descendi vos iudicare.

[1] *All Latin is written in big letters.*
[2] *In* Wr. *it is* XXIV, *but the* MS. *he follows calls it* XXIII.
[3] *Qy.* fallacia.
[4] Antechristus.
[5] Wr. Age vos; *both words almost illegible in* MS.

Reges et principes sunt subditi sub me viuentes ;
Sites [1] sapientes vos, semp*er* in me credentes,
Et faciam flentes gaudere atq*ue* dolentes ;
Sic omnes gentes gaudebunt in me sperantes.
Descendi presens Rex pius et perlustrator ;
Prinnceps eternus Vocor, cristus, vester Saluator. 8

All ledys in londe, now bese light,
That wyllyn be Rulyde throghe out the Right :
Youre [2] Savyor nowe in youre sight
Here may ye sauely see ;
Messyas, criste [2] and most of might,
That in the [2] lawe wos youe behyght,
All monkynde Ioy to dyght
Is comyn, for I am hee. 16

Off me was spokyn in prophecye
Off Moyses, davyd and ysaye ;
I am [3] he they call messye,
fforbyer of Israell.
That [4] levyn on me stydfastly,
I shall them saue frome all Any,
And siche [5] joye Right as haue I
w*ith* hem [6] I thinke to dele. 24

*De me enim d*icitu*r Ezechiel tricesimo sexto :* "*Tollam vos de gentib*us, *et congregabo vos de vniuersis terris, et reduam* [7] *vos in terra*m *vestra*m."

But one hath lyggydd [8] hym here in londe, —
Ihesu he hight, I vnderstond, —
To fforther falsed [9] he confounde [10]

1 Wr. Sitis ; *almost illegible in* MS.
2 *The beginning of these lines almost illegible.*
3 I am *is almost illegible.* 4 Wr. Those that. 5 Wr. *omits* siche.
6 *This is the only example of* hem (= them) *in this* MS.
7 *The correct reading,* reducam, *is written below this word in* MS.
8 *Corrected in* MS. *from* laykyd. 9 Wr. falsehoode.
10 *Read* can (= gan) fonde ; Wr. *has* can founde.

And ferde withe ffantasye.
His wykydneȝ he wolde not wonde [1]
Till he wos takyn and putt in bonde [1]
And Slayne throghe v*er*tue of my sonde.[1]
This ys sothe sycurlye.

My peple of Iues he cothe twynne,
p. 2. That theyr land come they neu*er* in ;
Then on theym nowe most I myn
And Restoure theym agayn.
To bylde this temple wyll I not blyn,
And as god hon*ur*yd be therin ;
And endless wele I shall them wyn,
All that to me bene bayne.

De me etiam[2] *dicitur in psalmo: "Adorabo ad templum Sanctum tuum in timore tuo."*

One thing me gladys, be ye bolde,
As Danyell, the prophett, ffore me tolde,
All women in worlde me loue shulde
when I were comyn Rowland.[3]
This prophesye I shall well holde,[4]
which ys most lykyng to yonge & olde.
I thinke to ffaast mo*n*ye folde [5]
And theyr ffayrnesse to ffounde.

Also he told them,[4] leue ye me,
That I of giftis shulde be free, —
whiche prophesye don shalbe
When I my Realme [4] haue wonnen, — [6]
And that I [4] shulde [4] graunte [4] men poste,[7]
Ryvyd Riches, lond and ffee ; —

[1] *The* o *in these words looks like* e. [2] *Perhaps* enim *as in* Wr.
[3] Wr. *has l.* 48 *as both* 44 *and* 48 ; H. *gives the correct reading:* When I were come in land. [5] Wr. I thinke faste manye to holde.
[4] *Almost illegible.*
[6] H. *has* nommen ; *the word is so uncertain in* MS. *that it was at first read* memory. [7] Wr. mercy ; H. *agrees with* MS.

That shall[1] be done,[1] that ye shall see,
Whan I am hether comen.[2]

Danielis[1] *tercio decimo*: "*dabit eis potestatem mult* . .[1] *et terram diuidet gratuita*m."

Whatt saye ye, kingis that here ben lente?
Ar not my wordys at youre Assente?
That I[1] am[1] criste omnypotente,—
Leve ye not thus Ichon[1]?
PRIMUS REX. We leuen, lorde, *with*out lett,
That crist he ys not comyn yet.
Yff thowe be he, thowe shalbe sett
In temple as god Alon.

SECUNDUS REX. Iff thowe be crist, callyd messye,
That from oure bale shall vs bye,
Doe[1] byfore us some maistrye,
A signe[1] that we may see.
p. 3. TERCIUS REX. Then will I leue that hitt ys so
yf thowe do wonders or thow goo;
So that thow saue vs of oure woo,
Then honoryd shall thowe be.

QUARTUS REX. ffowle haue we levyd mony a yer*e*
And of oure wenyng bene in were;
And thowe be crist now comyn here,
Then may thowe stynt all striffe.
ANTE*CHRISTUS*. That I am Crist, and Crist wilbe,
By v*er*rey signes sone shall ye see,
ffor dede[3] men thrughe my poste
Shall Ryse from dethe to lyue.

Now wyll I turne all thrughe my myght
Trees downe, the Rote vp Right,—
That ys m*ar*vell to youre sighte,—

[1] *Almost illegible.* [2] *The line is almost illegible.*
[3] *This was at first read as* alle; Wr. *has* dead.

And ffrute groing vpon :
So shall they growe and Multiplie[1]
Throghe my might and my maistrey, —
I putt you out of hereysye
to here[2] me Apon.

and bodyes that ben dede and slayne,
Yff I may Rayse theym vp Agayne,
Thow honorys me *with* myght & mayn ;
Then shall no mon yow gryue.
fforsothe then after will I dee
And Ryse Agayn thrughe my poostye.
Yff I may do thus ma*re*ulosly,
I Redd yow on me leue.

Men buryed in graue, as ye may see,
What Maistrye ys nowe, hope ye,
To Rayse theym vp thrughe my postye
And all thrughe my none Accorde?
Whyther I in my godhede be,
By eu*er*y signe ye shall se.
Ryse vp, ye dede men, & honures me
And knoys me for youre lorde.

Tunc Resurgendo dicat primus Mortuus.

A ! lord, to the I aske mercye ;
I wos dede, but nowe lyue I !
Nowe wot I well and wytterly
That Crist ys hyther comyn.

p. 4. SECUNDUS MORTUUS. Hym honore we and all Men,
Devotly kneling on oure knen.
Wurshipte be thowe then, Amen !
Crist, that oure name has nomen.[3]

[1] *A stroke through the second* l.
[2] *Corrected in margin to* leeve.
[3] Wr. Christe our name is comen.

ANTECRISTUS. That I shall fulfill holly wrytt,
Ye shall wott and knowe well hyt ;
ffor I am wall of welle and wytt [1]
And lord of eu*e*ry londe ;
And as the prophet Sophanye
Spekis of me full wytturlye,
I shall Reherse here Redylye
That Clerkys shall vnderstond :

Sophonie tercio : expectame [2] *in die Resurrecc*i*onis mee in futuru*m, *quia iudiciu*m [3] *ut congrege*m *gentes et colliga*m *Regna.*

Nowe will I dye that ye shall see,
And Ryse agayne thrughe my poostye.
I wyll in graue that ye put me
And wurship me Alon ;
ffor in this temple a tombe ys made,
Ther*e* in my bodye shalbe leyde.
Then wyll I Ryse as I haue sayde, —
Take tente to me ychon, —

And after my Resurreccion,
Then wyll I sytt w*ith* gret Renovne,
And my gost sende to yow downe [4]
In forme of fyer full sone.
I dye ! I dye ! nowe am I dede !

PRIM*US* REX. Nowe sithe this worthy lorde ys dede
And his [4] grace ys withe us lede,
To [4] take hys body it ys my Rede [5]
And burye it in a graue.
SECUND*US* REX. fforsothe and so to us he saide,
In a toumbe he wolde be laide.

[1] Wr. wall [of] wayle and witte ; *read* welle of wele and wytt.
[2] *Read* expecta me.
[3] Wr. *also omits* meum.
[4] *Almost illegible.*
[5] *This was at first read as* bedde.

Nowe goo we forthe all at a brayde !
ffrome dyssese he may us saue. 141

Tunc transeunt ad Antechristum.

TERCIUS REX. Take we the bodye of this swete
And ley it low vndre the greet !
Nowe, lorde, comforde us, we the biseke,
And send vs of thy grace.
p. 5. QUARTUS REX. And if he Rise sone[1] thrughe his myght
ffrome dethe to lyve, as he hyght,
Hym wyll I hono*u*r day and nyght
As god in eu*e*ry place. 149

Tunc recedent de tumulo usque ad terram, et dicat

PRIM*US* REX. Nowe wot I well that he ys dede,
ffor nowe in greve we haue hym layde.
Yff he[2] Ryse as he hasse sayd,
He ys[2] of fulgret[3] myghte.
SECUNDUS REX. I can not leffe hym apon
But yf he Ryse hym selffe alon,
As he hass sayde to monyon,
And shoo hym here in syght. 157

TERCIUS REX. Tyll that oure sauyore be Ryson agayne,
In fayth, my hart may not be fayne
. . . . . .[4]
But I hym see withe yee.
QUARTUS REX. I most morne withe All my mayne
Till Crist be Rison vp Agayn.
Off that myracle make us fayne,
Ryse vp,[2] lorde, that we may see. 164

[1] *A curve over* n. [2] *Almost illegible.* [3] *Read* ful gret.
[4] *The* MS. (W.) *printed by* Wr. *also omits this line;* Wr. *supplied it from* H., *as follows:* My body eke will not be bayne.

Tunc Antechristus leuat caput suum surgens a mortuis.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. I Rise nowe ! Reue*r*ence dose to me !
God glorify, fyrst, last, in [1] degre.
Iff I be crist, nowe levys ye,[2]
And warchis after the wyse ![3]
PRIM*US* REX. A ! lord, welcome most thowe be !
That thow art god, nowe leue we.
There*fore* go sit vp in thy see,
And kepe oure sacryfyse. 172

Tunc transient ad Antechristum.

SEC*UNDUS* REX. Forsoth in seyte thowe shaltbe sett,
And honoryd bothe w*ith* lambe & gete,[4]
As moseyes lawe that lastyth yet,
As he as[5] sayd*e* beffore.[6]
TERCIUS REX. O gracius lorde, go sytt downe then,
And we shall, kneling on oure knen,
wurship the as thyn owne men
And worche after thy lore. 180

Tunc assendit Antechristus ad . . . .[7]

p. 6. ET TERCIUS[8] REX. Hethur we be comyn w*ith* good entent
To make oure sacryfice, lord excellent,
Withe this lambe that I haue here hente,
Knelyng the before.
Thowe graunte vs grace to do & saye

[1] Wr. glorified, created of; H. glorified, greatest of. *The latter is probably correct and the original of the reading of our* MS. Dr. Furnivall, *however, thinks* MS. *really has* glorify kreatyd in.

[2] Wr. H. ye me. [3] Wr. my will.

[4] Wr. honoured with lande (*for* laude) greate.

[5] Wr. hath; *read* has.

[6] *This line in another hand, which* Dr. Furnivall *thinks later.*

[7] Wr. cathedram. *In* MS. *this stage direction follows* Et Tercius Rex, *on the same line.*

[8] H. *has* Primus; Wr. *has no speaker's name.*

That it be plesing to the aye,
To thy blysse that come we may
And never fro it be loore.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. I lord, I god, I hyght Iustyce,
I crist, that made the dede to Rise,
Here I Receyue youre sacryfyce,
And blesse you ffleshe and fell

*Tunc transiunt de Ante*christo.

Ye kyngis, also to you I tell,
I wyll nowe send my holly goost
To knowe me lord, of myghtist[1] most,
off heven, yerthe and hell.

Tunc emittit spiritum dicens:

"*Dabo vobis cor novum et spritum novum In medio Vestri.*"

QUARTUS REX. A, god! a, lorde, mycle of myght!
This holye gost is in me pight;
Me thinks my hart ys verry light
Sithe it come into me.
PRIM*US* REX. Lord, we the honor day and nyght,
ffor thowe shewys vs in sight,
Right as moyses vs behyght.
Honoryd most thowe bee!

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Yet worthie werkis to youre will
Off prophcie I will[2] fullfill:
As Danyell prophycied you till
That londys[3] I shulde devyse,
That phrophecye it shalbe done,
That ye shall se Right sone.
Wurshipis me all that ye mone,
And do after the wise.

[1] *Read* myghtis, *as in* Wr. [2] Wr. shall. [3] Wr. baundes.

Ye kyngis, I shall avaunte[1] you All,
And, for youre Regnis be but Small,
Citiez, castells shall you befall,
with Townez and Towrez gay,
p. 7. And make you lordis of lordishipis ffere,[2] —
And well it ffalles for my power ; —
And loke ye do as I you lerr,[3]
And harkens what I say.[4]

I am verey god of myght ;
All thinge I made thrugh my myght,
Son and mone, day and nyght ;
To blisse I may you bring.
Therfor, kyngis noble[5] and gay,
Yoken[6] youre peple[5] that[7] I saye,
That I am crist, god verey,
And tell theym such tything.[8]

My peple[5] of Iwes were put me frome ;
Therfor gret Ruthe I haue theym on.
Whythur they wyll leue me vpon
I wyll fulsone Assaye ;
ffor All that wyll leue me vpon
Wordely welthe shall theym fall on,
And to my blysse shall they come
To dwell withe me for Aye.[10]

And the giftes that I behighte
Ye shall haue, as ys good Right,
Hens or I goo oute of youre sight ;
Ichon shall knowe[11] h*is* doole :
To the I gyffe lambardye ;
And to the, denmarke and hungrye ;

[1] Wr. advanse ; *read* avaunce ; MS. *clearly has* t *not* c.
[2] H. fayre.
[3] H. bad.
[4] 217–220 *are not in* Wr. (W.)
[5] *A stroke through* l.
[6] H. Token.
[7] H. what.
[8] 225–228 *are not in* Wr. (W.)
[10] *This stanza is not in* Wr. (W.)
[11] H. haue ; Wr. knowe.

And take patmouse[1] & Italye,
And Rome hit shall be hyse.[2]

SECUNDUS REX. Graunt marsye, lorde, youre gifte to day!
Honor the we wyll Alway,
ffor we were nevyr so Rych, in ffay,
Ne non of all oure kynde.
[3] ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Therefor be true and stydfast Aye
And levys trulye on my laye,
ffor I wyll harken on you to day
Stydfast yf I you ffynd.

*Tunc sedeat Ante*christus; *et veniant Enoke et Elysas, Quorum dicat enoke:*

Almyghtye god in maiestye,
That made the hevon and yerthe to be,
ffyre, water, ston and tree
And mon Als, throghe thy myght,
The poyntys of thy prevytye
Any erthely mon to see
p. 8. Is impossible, as thynk*is* me,
To ony worldely wighte.

Gracius lorde, that arte so gud,
That who[4] so long in fleshe and blude
Hasse grauntyd lyue and hevonly ffode,
Lett never oure thought*is* be fylyde;
But gyue vs, lorde, might & mayn,
Or we of this shrewe be slayne,
To convert thy peple[5] Agayne,
That he hasse thus begylyd.

[1] Wr. take thou Ponthous.

[2] H. Wr. thyne; *I cannot suggest the emendation required by the rhyme.*

[3] *In the left margin opposite* 249, 250, 251 *are three words, which* Dr. Furnivall *suggests may be the names of actors. From the analogy of the other Chester Plays* (*cf. the Balaam pageant, p.* 70, *above, and that of the Three Kings*) *I should rather infer that they are stage directions. These words in transcript look like* hoore ande offod.

[4] *Qy.* us. [5] *A stroke through* l.

Sythe the worıdis begynnyng
I haue lyvyd in grett lyking,
Thrugh helpe of highe hevon kyng,
In paradyce, *with* out Anye,
Tyll we hard tokening
Off this theeffys co*m*myng,
That nowe in erthe ys Reynyng
And godd*is* folke[1] distryes.[2]

To paradyce takyn I wos that tyde
This theffys comyng to Abyd,
And helye, my brother, here me bysyde,
wos after sende to me.
wythe this Champion we most Chyde,
That nowe in worlde walkys wyde,
To dissp*reve* h*is* pompe and[3] pryde
And payre all h*is* poostye.

Helyas.[4] O lorde, that Maddist Althinge,
And long hasse lent vs lyving,
Lett nevure[5] the Devyle power[3] spryng
This man hass hym w*ith* in.
God gyve you grace, bothe olde & yonge,
To knowe discayte in hys doynge,
That ye may come to that lykynge
Off blisse that nevere shall blyn.

I warne you, all men, wytt*er*ly,
Th*is* hys Ennoke, I am helye,
Ben comyn thys herro*urs*[6] to distrye
That he to you nowe shewe3.
He callis hym selffe crist & messye ;
He lye3, forsothe, App*er*telye :

[1] *A stroke through* l.

[2] Wr. And doth Godes folkes destroye; *of course the final* s *is to be stricken out ; whether* doth *is to be inserted may admit of doubt, considering the numerous instances of* 3. *s. pr. Ind. without either* s *or* th.

[3] *Almost illegible.*

[4] *A curve over* as

[5] *This was at first read as* us dure.

[6] Wr. his errores.

He ys the Devull you to Anye ;
And for non other hym knoys !

p. 9. TERTIUS REX. A ! men,[1] what speke ye of helye
And[1] ennoke ? they ben[2] in companye.
Off oure blude they ben wetterlye,
And we be of theyre kynde.
QUARTUS REX. We Redon in bokys of oure lawe
That they to hevon were I drawe ;
And yet ben ther, ys the comyn sawe,
Wrytyn as men may ffynde.

ENNOKE. We be the men, forsoth I wysse,
Be comyn to tell ye don Amysse
And bring youre sowlys to hevon blisse,
Yff it were ony bote.
HELYAS. This devuls lym that comyn ys,
That saye3 hevon and yerthe ys hys,
Nowe been we Redye, leve ye this,
Agaynst hym for to Mote.

PRIM*US* REX. Yff that we Redye[3] wytt monn,
By p*re*ues of Disputacion,
That ye haue skyll and Reason,
W*ith* you we will Abyde.
SECU*N*DUS REX. And if youre skyllys may do hym
downe,
To dye withe you we wilbe bowne,
In hope of Sawle[4] saluac*ioun*,
What so eu*er* betyd.

ENNOKE. To do hym downe we shall Assay,
Thrugh myght of Ih*es*u borne of A maye,
By Right and Reason, as ye shall say, —
And that ye shall well here ;
And for that cause hyther were we sent

[1] *Almost illegible.*
[2] Wr. bene bouth.
[3] Wr. heare.
[4] Wr. *omits* sawle.

By Ihesu crist omnipotente,
And that ye shall not all be shente:
He thought[1] you all full dere.

Bese glade, therefor, and makis gud chere,
And do, I Redd,[2] as I you lere;
ffor we ben comyn in gud manere
To saue you euerychon.
And drede you noght for that falsse fynde,
ffor ye shall se hym cast Behynde
Or we departe and from hym wynde,
And shame shall hym light on.

*Et sic transibunt Ennoke et Helyas Ad Ante*christu*m, quorum dicat Ennoke:*

p. 10. [3] Say, thowe verey devuls lyme,
That sittis so grisly and[4] grym,
ffrom hym thowe come & shall to hym,
ffor mony A sowle thowe decevys.[5]
Thowe hasse deceyuyd men mony a day,
And made the peple[6] to thy pay,
And wychyd theym into A wrang wey
Wykkydly with thy wylys.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. A! fals fayteors, from me ye fflee!
Am I not most in maiestye?
What men dar meyn theym thus to me
Or make such distaunce?[7]
HELIAS. ffye on the, fayture, fye on the,
The devuls owne nurre!
Thrughe hym thowe preches & hast postye
A whyle thrughe sufferaunce.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. You ypocritis, that so cryn,
losells, lurdans, lowdelye you lyne!

[1] Wr. bought. [2] Wr. And I doe read.
[3] *In left margin a later hand has written some words which in* Dr. Furnivall's *transcript look like:* hore ha sde son s m. [4] Wr. and so.
[5] *Read* begylys. [6] *A stroke through* l. [7] *A stroke over* un.

To spyll my lawe you Asspyne.[1]
That speeche ys gud to spare!
You that my true fayth desyne[2]
And nedeles my folke devyen,[3]
ffrom hens hastely but ye hyne,
To you comys sorowe & care.

ENNOKE. Thy sorowe and care cu*m* on thy hede,
ffor falsly thrughe thy wykkyd Redde
The peple[4] ys put to pyne.[5]
I wolde the[6] body were from the[6] hede,
XX mylys from hit layde
Tyll I hit broght Agayn.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Oute on the, wysarde,[7] w*ith* thy wylis!
ffor falsly my peple thowe begylus;
I shall the hastely honge!
p. 11. And that lurdayn *tha*t stondys the bye,
He puttys my folke to gret Anye
Withe his false flate*r*and tong.

But I shall teche you curtesye,
youre sauyor to knowe anon in hye,
ffals Theffe; w*ith* youre herysye,
And if ye darr Abyde!

HELYAS. Yes, forsothe, for All thy pryde,
Thrughe grace of God Almyght
Here we purpose for to Abyde,
And all the werld, that ys so wyde,
Shall wondre on the on eue*r*y syde,
Sone in all mennys sight.[8]

[1] Wr. spine.
[2] MS. *clearly has* f, *but read* defyne (= defy) *with* Wr. H.
[3] *This was at first read as* denyen; Wr. *has* devyne.
[4] *A stroke through* l. [5] Wr. paine. [6] Wr. thy. [7] Wr. rasarde.
[8] *The stanza lacks the first two lines in* Wr. *also.*

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Out on you, theffys bothe ij !
Iche man may se ye be soe
All by youre Araye ;
Muffelyd in mantyls, non such I knowe ;
I shall make you lowte full loo
Or I departe you all froo,
To knowe me lorde for Aye. 393

ENNOKE. We ben no theffys, I the tell,
Thowe fals fend comyn from hell !
Wythe the we purpous more to mell,
My felow and I in fere,
To knowe thy power and thy myght,
As we these kyngis have behight ;
And thereto we ben Redy dighte,
That all men nowe may here. 401

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. My myght ys most, I tell to the ;
I dyed, I Rose, thrughe my poostye,
That all these kyng*is* sawe w*ith* theyr ee,
And eu*er*y mon and wiffe ;
And myracles [1] and m*ar*vels I did Also.
I consell you, ther*e*for, bothe ij,
To wurship me and no moo,
And lett vs nowe no more stryue. 409

HELYAS. They were no myracles but m*ar*vells [2] thing*is*
That thowe shewyd to these kyngis
. . . . . [3]
Thrughe the fendys crafte.
p. 12. And as the floure nowe springys,
ffallith, fadithe [4] and hyngys,
So do thy Ioy nowe [5] Ragnes
That shalbe from the Rafte. 416

[1] *A stroke through* l.
[2] Wr. marvayles.
[3] *This line, missing also in* Wr., *is supplied by* H.: into falsehood thou them bringes.
[4] Wr. faith.
[5] Wr. So thy joye it; H. So thy joye now it.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Oute on the, theffe, that sett*is* so styll!
Why wylte *tho*u not one wurde speke theym tyll,
. . . . . .[1]
That comyn me to Reprove?[2]
DOCTOR. O Lorde, maistre! what shall I say then?
ANTE*CHRISTUS*. I beshrewe bothe thy kenne,[3]
Arte thowe nowe for to kenn?
In faythe, I shall the greve!

Off my godhed I made the wysse
And sett the eu*er* at Micle[4] price;
Nowe I wolde fele thy gud advyce,
And here what thowe wolde saye.
These lowlers they wolde full fayne me greue,
And nothing on me will they leue,
But eu*er* ben Radye me to Repreue
And all the peple[4] of my lawe.[5]

DOCTOR. O Lord, that art so mycle of myghte,
Me thynke thowe shullest not Chyde nor fyghte,
But curs theym, lorde, thrugh thy myght,
Then[6] shall they far*e* full yll;
for those that thowe Blesses they shall well spede,
And those that thowe cursys they be best dede:
This ys my co*n*cell and my Rede
Yendre herytyk*is* to spyll.

ANTECRYSTUS. The same I purposyd, lerne[7] thowe me;
All thing I knowe thrugh my postye;
But yet I thoghte thy witt to see,
What wos thyn entent.

[1] *This line, missing in* Wr. *also, is supplied by* H.: but lett them speak all thei will.
[2] *Read* repreve.
[3] *Later hand has written in margin* knees; H. *has* knenne.
[4] A *stroke through* l.
[5] *Read* laye.
[6] *Almost illegible.*
[7] *Read* leeve, *with* Wr.

Hit shalbe downe[1] ful sicurlye,—
The sentence gyvon full openly,
with my mouthe trulye,
Apon theym shalbe hente. 447

My curse I gyue you to mend your Melys,
ffrom youre hede vnto youre helys!
walke ye furthe youre[2] way!
ENOKE. Ye! thowe shalt nevur com *in Celis*,
ffor falsly with thy wylus[3]
The peple[4] ys put in pyne.[5] 453

p. 13. ANTECRISTUS. Out on you, Thevys! why far ye thus?
Whither hade ye leuer haue payne or blisse?
I may you saue from all Amys;
I made the day and yke the nyght,
And All thing that ys on yerthe groyng,—
fflowre3 freshe that fayr can spryng,—
Also I made all other thing,[6]
They sterrus that be so bryght. 461

HELYAS. Thowe list! vengeaunce on the befall!
Oute on the, wreche! wrothe the I shall.
Thowe callis the kyng & lord of all;
A ffynde ys the withein! 465

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Thowe liest falsly, I the tell!
Thowe wilbe dampnyd into hell.
I made the, mon, of fleshe & fell,
And all That ys lyvyng;
ffor other god[7] haue you non;
Therefor wurship me Alon,
The wyche hasse made the wat*er* and ston,
And all at my lykyng. 473

[1] Wr. done. [4] *A stroke through* l.
[2] *Instead of* youre, Wr. *has* in twentie devilles.
[3] *After this* H. *has:* all this people thou begyles and puttes them all to paine. [5] Wr. paine. [6] *This line is not in* Wr. [7] Wr. Godes; H. godds.

ENNOKE. fforsothe thowe lyes fulfalsly ![1]
Thowe art A ffende co*m*myn to Any
God*d*is peple that stond*i*s us bye ;
In hell I wolde *tho*u were.
HELYAS. ffye on the, felon ! fye on the ! fye !
ffor All thy wychecrafte & socerye,[2]
To mote[3] w*i*t*h* the I am Redye,
That All the peple may here.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Out on you, harlottys ! whens come ye ?
Where[4] haue you other god then[5] me ?
ENNOKE. Yes ; crist, god in trenyte,
Thow ffalse ffayture Attaynte !
That send his[6] son from hevon see,
That for mon kynd dyed on Rode tree,
That shall fullsone make the to flee,
Thowe ffeaytir false and ffaynte !

p. 14. ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Rybald*i*s Riuelid[7] out of Raye,
What ys the trenyte to saye ?
HELYAS. Thre p*er*sons, as thowe leue may,
In on godhede in ffere :
ffather and son, that ys no nay,
And the holly goost, stryrring Aye :
That ys one god verey ;
Ben all thre namyd her*e*.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Out on you, thevys ! what say ye?
Wyll ye haue bothe one[8] god And iij*e* ?
Howe darr ye so say ?
Maddmen, therefor levys[9] on me

[1] Wr. *omits* ful.
[2] Wr. sorcerye ; *but cf.* p. 157, l. 104.
[3] *This looks a little more like* mote *than* mete ; Wr. *has* mote.
[4] Wr. *also has this form of* whether.
[5] Wr. any other godes but.
[6] MS. *has a second* his, *under-dotted for omission by a later hand.*
[7] Wr. ruled.
[8] *A stroke over* e.
[9] Wr. Madmen, maddmen, leeve.

That am one god, — so is not he !
Then may ye lyue in Ioye & lee,
All th*is* londe I darr lay.

ENNOKE. Nay, tyrand ; vnd*er*stond *tho*u this :
But[1] beginnyng h*is* godhed ys
And also boute[1] ending, ywys ;
Thus fully levon we.
And thowe, that genderyd[2] wos Amys,
Hasse[3] beginnyng & nowe that[4] blisse,
And[5] ende shall haue — no drede there ys —
ffull[6] ffoule, as men shall se.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Whrecchys, golys,[7] ye ben blent !
Goddis son I am, from hym sente.
Howe darr you maynten youre entente,
Sithe he and I ben won ?[8]
Haue I not, sithe I cam hym froo,
Made the dede to speke[9] and goo ?
And tho[10] men I sende[11] my goste Also
That levyd[12] me Apon.

HELYAS. fye on the, felone ! fye on the ! fye !
ffor thrughe his myght & h*is*[13] maistrye,[14]
By sufferaunce[15] of god Allmyghtye,
The people[16] ys blent thrughe the.
Yff tho[17] men be Raysyd, witt*er*lye,
W*ith*outen the devuls ffantasye,
Here shall be prevyd App*er*tely,
That all men shall see.

1 Wr. Without.
2 Wr. ingendred.
3 Wr. haste.
4 Wr. this.
5 Wr. An.
6 Wr. Fully.
7 Wr. glowes.
8 Wr. one.
9 Wr. rise.
10 Wr. to.
11 Wr. sente.
12 Wr. leeve.
13 Wr. *omits* his.
14 *This was at first read* marsaye,
15 *A stroke over* aun.
16 *A stroke through* l.
17 Wr. thoes ; W. thees.

p. 15. ANTE*CHRISTUS*. A![1] ffolys, I Redd you leue me Apone,
That myracles haue shewyd[2] manyon
To the peple eu*er*ychone,
To put theme out of Doute.
Therefor, I Rede you, hastely
Convert*is* to me most myghty ;
I shall you saue from Anye,
And[1] that I am Aboute.

ENNOKE. Nowe, of thy Myracles I wold see.
HELIAS. Therfor comyn hether be we,
To se[3] what ys thy grete postye,
And some therof to lere.
ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Sone may ye se if you will byde ;
ffor I wyll nother fyght nor chyde.
Offt[4] all the worlde that ys so wyde
Therin ys not my pere.

ENNOKE. Bryng ffurthe those men here in our syght
That *tho*u hase Raysyd Agayn[5] the Ryght ;
Yf thowe be of so[6] mycle might
To make theym ete and drynke,
ffor verey god we wyll the knowe, —
such A sygne yf thow wyll shewe, —[7]
And do the Reu*er*ence on A Rowe,
All at thy lykyng.

ANTE*CHRISTUS*. Wrecches dampnyd all be ye,
But noght for that yt fallyth me,
As g*ra*cius god, Abyding be
Yf ye wyll mende youre liffe.
Ye dede men, Ryse thrughe my postye,
And[8] ete and drynke that men may see,

1. *Almost illegible.*
2 Wr. showed to.
3 Wr. Doe *for* To se.
4 *Perhaps for* Offe ; Wr. Of.
5 Wr. againste.
6 Wr. *omits* so.
7 *This was at first read* showe.
8 Wr. Come.

And proue me worthest in deyte ;[1]
So shalle we stynt All stryffe.

PRIMUS MORTUUS. Lorde, thy bydding I will do Aye,
And for to ete I will Assaye.
SECUNDUS MORTUUS.[2] And I also, all that I maye,
Wyll do thy byddyng here.
p. 16. HELIAS. Hand here brede, bothe two ;
But I most blesse hyt or I goo,
That the fende, mankynd*is* ffoo,
One hit haue no powere.

Thys brede I blesse now w*ith* my honde
In Ih*es*us name, I vnderstonde,
The wych ys lorde of see and londe
And kyng in hevon so hye :
*In nom*i*ne patris*, that all hathe wroghte,
Et filii virginis, that dere vs boughte,
Et spyrytus sancti, ys all my thoghte,—
One god and parsons thre.

PRIMUS[3] MORTUUS.[2] Alas ! put that[4] oute of my syghte ;
To loke on yt I am not light, —
That Pryntte that ys vpon yt[5] pight
Hit puttythe me to grett ffere.
SECUNDUS MORTUUS.[2] To loke on hit I am not light,
That brede to Me yt ys so bryght,
And ys my ffoe bothe day and nyght
And puttys me to grete dere.[6]

ENNOKE. Nowe, ye men that haue donne mis,[7]
Ye seey[8] well what h*is* powere ys.

[1] Wr. worthye of dietie.
[2] MS. mortuu*us*.
[3] MS. Primus*us*.
[4] Wr. that bread.
[5] vpon yt *is almost illegible.*
[6] *Written over another word ;* Wr. *has* dreade ; dere *is right.*
[7] Wr. amisse.
[8] Wr. see.

Convert*is* to hym, I Rede I wysse,
That you on Rode haue[1] boughte.
TERCIUS REX. A![2] now we knowyn apertly
We haue ben broghte in herysye ;
w*ith* you to dethe we will for thy,
And neu*er* eft turne ourre thought.

QUART*US* REX. Nowe, Ennoke and helye, it ys no nay,
Haue[3] tayntyd the Tyrant, th*is* same day.
Blest be Ih*es*u borne of A may,
On hym I leue A pon![4]
PRIM*US* REX. Thowe fayture, that ferde[5] w*ith* fantesye,
W*ith* socerye, wycchrafte[6] & nygrymancye,
Thowe hasse vs led[7] in heresye, —
ffye on thy werkys ychon!

p. 17. SEC*UN*DUS REX. Ih*es*u, for thy mycle grace,
fforgeve vs all oure tresspas,
And bryng us to the hye hevynly place
As thowe art god And mon!
Nowe am I wyse made thrughe thy myght ;
Blessyd be thowe,[8] Ih*es*u, day and nyght!
This[9] grysely grome grayth*is* hym*e* to fyght
To sle[9] us here Anon.

TERCI*US* REX. Off oure lyvys lett us not Reche,
Thoghe we be slayne of such A wreche
ffor Ih*es*u sake, that may vs leche,[9]
Oure sowlys to bryng to blysse!
QUARTUS REX. That wos well sayde & so I sente ;[10]

[1] Wr. hath, *and so* Dr. Furnivall *reads here.*
[2] Wr. And, *which* Dr. Furnivall *is inclined to see here.*
[3] Wr. You have.
[4] Wr. *has the same line.*
[5] Wr. Thou feature, fere.
[6] *Error of scribe.*
[7] le *above the line.*
[8] Wr. *omits* thowe.
[9] *Almost illegible.*
[10] Wr. assente.

To dye, for sothe, ys myn intent
ffor Christes[1] loue[1] o*mni*potende,[1]
In cause that ys Ryghtwyse.

ANTECRISTUS. A![2] falsse faytures, turne you nowe?
Ye shalbe slayne, I make A vowe;
And those Traytours that turnyd you,
I shall make theym vnfayn,
That all other by verey sight
Shall knowe that I am most of myght,
ffor w*ith* this sworde nowe wyll I fyght;
ffor all ye shalbe Slayne.

*Tunc Ante*christus *occidet Enoke et Eliam et omnes*[3] *conversos cum gladio, et Redebit ad chathedram; cui*[4] *dicat Michaell cum gladio in manu sua dextra:*[5]

MICHAELL. Antecrist, nowe ys comyn thy day;
Reigne no longer thowe ne maye!
He that hath iaad the Alwey,
Nowe hym thowe most go to.
No mo men shalbe shente[6] by the;
My lorde wyll, dede *tha*t *tho*u be;
He that hath gyvon the th*is*[7] poste
Thy soule shall vnder foo.

In syn Ingendirt furst *tho*u wos,
In syn Als[8] lade thy lyfe thowe hasse,
p. 18. In Syn nowe An ende thowe mas,
That marryd hasse monyon.
Thowe hasse eu*er* s*er*uyd sathanas
And had hys power in eu*er*y place;
Therefo[9] thowe gayttys nowe no grace, —
w*ith* hym thowe most gon.[10]

[1] *Almost illegible.*
[2] *This was at first read as* Ve, *which may be a bad spelling of the exclamation* we; Wr. *has* A!
[3] Wr. *omnes reges.*
[4] Wr. *cum.*
[5] Wr. *in dextera sua.*
[6] Wr. slayne.
[7] Wr. his.
[8] Wr. *omits* Als.
[9] *Error of scribe.*
[10] *In* Wr. *lines* 637–640 *follow* 648.

iij yere and An halffe on, wytt*er*lye,
Thowe hasse hadde leue to distrye
Godd*is* people[1] wykkydlye
Thrughe thy fowle Reede ;
Nowe thowe shalt knowe and wytt in hye
That more ys goddys Maystrye[2]
Then eke the devuls & thyn therebye,
ffor[3] nowe shalt thowe be dede.

Tunc Mychaell occidet[4] *Ante*christu*m, et in Occidendo dicat*[5] *Ante*christu*s* Help ! Help ![6]

Help ! sathanas and lucyfer,
Belsabub, bolde bacheler,[7]
Ragnayll,[8] thowe art my dere !
Nowe fare I wondre evull !
Alas ! Alas ! were is my powere ?
Alas, my wytt ys in A were !
Nowe bodye and sowle, bothe in fere,
And all gose to the Devyll !

*Tunc morietur Ante*christu*s, et veniant*[9] *duo Demones, quoru*m *dicat primus demon :*[10]

Anon ! maister, Anon ! anon !
ffrom hell grounde I herde the groune ;
I thoghte I wolde not com*e* myself Alon
ffor wurship of thyn Astate.
W*ith* vs to hell thowe shalt gon.
ffor this deth we make gret mon,
To wyn moo sowlys into oure won ;[11]
But nowe hit ys to late.

SECU*N*DUS DEMON. W*ith* me thowe shall ; fro me thowe come ;
Off me shall come thy last Dome,

[1] *A stroke through* l.
[2] Wr. magistie ; W. magistrie.
[3] Wr. *omits* ffor.
[4] Wr. occidit.
[5] Wr. clamat ; W. clamavit.
[6] Wr. helpe *twice more*
[7] Wr. balacher.
[8] Wr. Ragnell, Ragnell.
[9] Wr. *venient.*
[10] Wr. *et dicunt ut sequitur*
[11] Wr. pon.

ffor thowe hasse well deserуyd !
And thrughe my might & my poste
Thowe hasse lyuyd in dignyte
And mony a Sawle deceyuyd.

p. 19. PRIMUS DEMON. This body was getton by myn Assente
In clene horedom verament ;
Off mother wombe or that he wente,
I wos hym with in,
And taghte hyme Ay with [1] myn entente
Syne, by wyche he shalbe shente ;
ffor he dyd my comaundemente
His sowle shall neuer blyn.

SECUNDUS DEMON. Nowe, felow, in faythe, gret mon we may make
ffor this lorde of a state [2] that stondis in [3] styde ;
Mony A fatt morsell we haue had for his sake
Off Sowlys that shulde haue be sauyd ; — in hell be thie [4] hyd.[5]

Animam eius tunc capiat.[6]

PRIMUS DEMON. His sowle with sorowe in honde haue I hente ;
He [7] penaunce and payne sone shall he fele ;
To Lucyffer, that lord, yt shalbe presente,
That bren shall as a bronde ; — his sorow shall not kele.[8]

SECUNDUS DEMON. This proctor of prophecye hasse procuryd monyon
On his lawe for to leue, and lost [9] for his sake.

[1] Wr. eever *for* Ay with.
[2] Wr. of estate.
[3] Wr. in this.
[4] *Read* thei.
[5] Wr. shoulde bene hange in hel by the head.
[6] Wr. *from* H.: *Tunc aufertur corpus Antechristi a demonibus.* W. *lacks lines* 683–694 ; Wr. *prints them from* H.
[7] Wr. (H.) Yea.
[8] Wr. (H.) feele.
[9] Wr. (H.) lose.

Theyre sowlys ben in sorowe, And h*is* shalbe sone.
Such maisters[1] thrughe my myght mo*n*ion I[2] make.

PRIM*US* DEMON. W*ith* lucyfer, that lorde, long shall he lenge ;
In a sete Ay w*ith* sorowe w*ith* hym shall he sytt.
SEC*UNDUS* DEMON. Ye, by the halse[3] in hell shall he henge,
In a du*n*gen full depe, ryght in hell pytt.

PRIM*US* DEMON. To hell wyll I hye w*ith* out ony fayle,[4]
W*ith* th*is* present of pryce thedure[5] to bryng.
SEC*UNDUS* DEMON. Thowe take hym by the tope & I by the tayle ;
An soryfull song, in faythe, shall he senge.

[6] PRIM*US* DEMON. A ! felowe, A doule[7] loke that thowe[8] dele
To all this fayr compayny, hence or[9] *tho*u wynde ![10]
SECU*N*DUS DEMON. Ye, sorowe and care eu*er* shall they sele ;[11]
In hell shall they dwell at theyr last ende !

Tunc ibunt demones Ad infernum ad Animam[12] *Antechristi*; *et surgent ennoke et helyas, quorum Dicat Ennoke :*

p. 20. ENNOKE. A ! lorde, that all[13] shall lede
And bothe deme[14] the quycke and dede,

[1] Wr. (H.) maystryes.
[2] Wr. (H.) do I.
[3] Wr. (H.) heeles.
[4] Wr. (W.) fay[l]e.
[5] Wr. (W.) theither.
[6] *These four lines with the stage direction after* 702 *are not in* W. H. *apparently lacks only the stage direction.*
[7] Wr. (H.) dole.
[8] Wr. (H.) thou now.
[9] Wr. (H.) er.
[10] Wr. (H.) wend.
[11] MS. *clearly* sele ; *but read* fele.
[12] *Read* cum anima.
[13] H. alle the world.
[14] H. deme both.

That Reu*er*ence the, thowe on theym Rede
And theym thrughe Right Releuyd![1]
I wos dede and Right here slayne,
But thrughe thy myghte, lord,[2] & thy mayne
Thowe hasse me Raysyd vp Agayne.
The wyll I loue and leue!

HELYAS. Ye, lorrde, blessyd most *tho*u be!
My fleshe nowe gloryfyed I see.
Witt*is* ne[3] sleightte[4] ageeynste[4] the
Conspyryd[4] may be no way.
Alle that levon in the stydfastly
Thow helpis, lorde, ffrom all Any,
ffor dede I wos and nowe lyue I.
Honuryd[4] be thowe Aye![5]

MYCHAELL. Ennoke and helye, com ye Anon;
My lorde wyll that ye[4] with[4] me gon
To hevens[4] blysse, botthe[4] blude & bon,
Eu*er* mo there to be.[6]
Ye[4] have[4] ben[4] long, — for ye ben wyse, —
Dwellyng[4] in erthlye paradyce;
But[4] to heven,[4] there hym selffe ys,
Nowe[4] shall ye goe withe me.

*Tunc ibit Angelus adducens ennok et Helyam ad celu*m *cantans: "Gaudete iusti in dom*ino," &c.[7]

Explicit.

[1] So Wr.; *but read* releeve with H.
[2] Wr. *omits* lord.
[3] Wr. Witte ner; with no *is possible.*
[4] *Almost illegible.*
[5] Wr. ever.
[6] *The whole line is almost illegible.*
[7] Wr. *Tunc abducens eos* (W. omnes) *ad celu*m *cantabit* (W. *cantebit*) *angelus* (W. *angellus*): "*Gaudete iusti in Dom*ino."

YORK CORPUS CHRISTI PLAYS.

For information as to the source of the text and the meaning of the symbols, see p. 153.

[The Judgment Day.][1]

The Merceres.

Deus incipit.

[Deus.] Firste when I *th*is worlde hadde wroght, —
Woode and wynde and wateris wan,
And all-kynne thyng *th*at nowe is oght, —
Fulle wele me *th*oght *th*at I did *th*anne ;
Whenne *th*ei were made, goode me *th*ame[2] *th*oght.
Sethen to my liknes made I man ;
And man to greue[3] me gaffe he noght :
*Th*erfore me rewis *th*at I began.[4]

Whanne I had made man at my will,
I gaffe hym wittis hym-selue to wisse,
And Paradise I putte hym till,
And bad hym halde it all as his.
But of *th*e tree of goode and ill
I saide, "What tyme *th*ou etis of *th*is,
Manne, *th*ou spedes *th*i-selue to spill, —
*Th*ou arte broght oute of all[5] blisse."

[1] *Supplied by* Y.
[2] Ho. *th*ai.
[3] K. *wishes to read* plese.
[4] Y. *has* I *th*e worlde began ; K. *omits either* the worlde *or Th*erfore.
[5] K. *inserts* thi.

Belyue brak manne my bidding;
He wende haue bene a god *th*erby,
He wende haue wittyne of all-kynne thyng,
In worlde to haue bene als wise as I:
He ete the appill I badde schulde hyng;
*Th*us was he begilid thurgh glotony.
Sithen both hym and his ospring
To pyne I putte *th*ame all for-thy,

To lange and late me *th*oghte it goode[1]
To catche *th*ois caitiffis oute of care.
I sente my sone, with full blithe moode,
Till er*th*e to salue *th*ame of *th*are sare;
For rew*th*e of *th*ame he reste on roode
And boughte *th*ame with his body bare;
For *th*ame he shedde his harte bloode:[2]
What kyndinesse myght I do *th*ame mare?

Sethen aftirwarde he heryed hell,
And toke oute *th*ois wrechis *th*at ware *th*are-inne;
*Th*er faughte *th*at free with feendis feele
For *th*ame *th*at ware sounkyn for synne.
Sethen in erthe *th*an gonne he dwelle,
Ensaumpill he gaue *th*ame heuene to wynne,
In tempill hym-selffe to teche and tell,
To by *th*ame blisse *th*at neuere may blynne.

Sethen haue *th*ei founde me full of mercye,
Full of grace and for-giffenesse;
And *th*ei als wrecchis, wittirly,
Has ledde *th*er liffe in lithirnesse;
Ofte haue *th*ei greued me greuously:
*Th*us have *th*ei quitte me my kyndinesse;
*Th*er-fore no lenger, sekirlye,
Thole will I *th*are wikkidnesse.

[1] K. *reads* yoode. [2] Ho.; Y. harte and bloode.

Men seis *th*e worlde but vanite,
3itt will no-manne be ware *th*er-by;
Ilke a day *th*er mirroure may *th*ei se,
3itt thynke *th*ei no3t *th*at *th*ei schall dye.
All *th*at euere I saide schulde be
Is nowe fulfillid thurgh prophicie;
Ther-fore nowe is it tyme to me
To make endyng of mannes folie.

I haue tholed mankynde many a 3ere
In luste and likyng for to lende,
And vnethis fynde I ferre or nere
A man *th*at will his misse amende;
In erthe I see butte synnes seere:
Therfore myne aungellis will I sende
To blawe *th*er bemys, *th*at all may here.
The tyme is comen I will make ende.

Aungellis, blawes youre bemys belyue,
Ilke a creatoure for to call!
Leerid and lewde, both man and wiffe,
Ressayue *th*er dome *th*is day thei schall,—
Ilke a leede *th*at euere hadde liffe;
Bese none for-getyn, grete ne small.
Ther schall *th*ei see *th*e woundes fyve
*Th*at my sone suffered for *th*em all.

And sounderes *th*ame be-fore my sight!
All same in blisse schall *th*ei not be.
My blissid childre, as I haue hight,
On my right hande I schall *th*ame see;
Sethen schall ilke a weried wight
On my lifte side for ferdnesse flee.
*Th*is day *th*er domys *th*us haue I dight,
To ilke a[2] man as he hath serued me.

[1] K. *rejects* a.

I.[1] ANG. Loued be *th*ou, Lorde, of myghtis moste,
*Th*at aungell made to messengere !
Thy will schall be fulfillid in haste,
*Th*at heuene and erthe and helle schall here.

[*He makes the proclamation.*]

Goode and ill, euer ilke a gaste,[2]
Rise, fecche[3] youre flessh, *th*at was youre feere !
For all *th*is worlde is broght to waste.
Drawes to youre dome ! it neghes nere. 88

II. ANG. Ilke a creature, both olde and yhing,
Be-lyue I bidde ȝou *th*at ȝe ryse ;
Body and sawle with ȝou ȝe bring,
And comes be-fore *th*e high justise !
For I am sente fro heuene kyng
To calle ȝou to *th*is grette assise ;
*Th*erfore rise vppe, and geue rekenyng
How ȝe hym serued vppon sere wise. 96

[*The dead rise and speak.*]

I. ANIMA BONA. Loued be *th*ou, Lorde, *th*at is so schene,
*Th*at on *th*is manere made vs to rise,
Body and sawle to-gedir, clene,
To come before *th*e high justise.
Of oure ill dedis, Lorde, *th*ou not mene,
That we haue wroght vppon sere wise ;
But graunte vs for thy grace bedene
*Th*at we may wonne in paradise. 104

II. AN. BONA. A ! loued be *th*ou, Lorde of all,
*Th*at heuene and erthe and all has wroght,
*Th*at with *th*yne aungellis wolde vs call
Oute of oure graues, hidir to be broght.

[1] *I have not followed* Y. *always in the abbreviations of the names.*
[2] Y. euery ilke agaste; He. euery ilke a gaste.
[3] Y. Rise and fecche; K. *rejects the first* youre.

Ofte haue we greued *th*e grette and small, —
Ther-aftir, Lorde, *th*ou deme vs noght !
Ne suffir vs neuere to fendis to be thrall,
*Th*at ofte in er*th*e with synne vs soght !

1. ANIMA MALA. Allas, allas ! that we were borne ! —
So may we synfull kaytiffis say.
I here wele be *th*is hydous horne
Itt drawes full nere to domesday.
Allas ! we wrecchis *th*at ar for-lorne,
*Th*at never ȝitt serued God to paye,
But ofte we haue his flessh for-sworne ;
(Allas, allas, and welaway !)

What schall we wrecchis do for drede,
Or whedir for ferdnes may we flee,
When we may bringe forthe no goode dede
Before hym *th*at oure juge schall be ?
To aske mercy vs is no nede,
For wele I wotte dampned be we.
Allas, that we swilke liffe schulde lede
*Th*at dighte vs has *th*is destonye !

Oure wikkid werkis *th*ei will vs wreye,
*Th*at we wende never schuld haue bene weten ;
*Th*at we did ofte full pryuely,
Appertely may we se *th*em wreten.
Allas, wrecchis, dere mon we by !
Full smerte with helle-fyre be we smetyn.
Nowe mon neuere saule ne body dye,
But with wikkid peynes euermore be betyne.

Allas ! for drede sore may we quake ;
Oure dedis beis oure dampnacioune.
For oure mys menyng [1] mon we make ;
Helpe may none excusacioune.

[1] Y. mys-meuyng ; Ho. mys-menyng ; *but* mys *is a noun, and* mon *a verb.*

We mon be sette for our synnes sake
For-euere fro oure saluacioune,
In helle to dwelle with feendes blake,
Wher neuer schall be redempcioune.

II. AN. MALA. Als carefull caitiffis may we ryse,
Sore may we ringe oure handis and wepe;
For cursidnesse and for covetise
Dampned be we to helle full depe.
Rought we neuere of Goddis seruise,
His comaundementis wolde we noȝt kepe;
But ofte *th*an made we sacrafise
To Satanas when othir slepe.[1]

Allas! now wakens all oure were;
Oure wikkid werkis may we not hide,
But on oure bakkis vs muste[2] *th*em bere,
Thei wille vs wreye on ilke a side.
I see foule feendis *th*at wille vs feere,
And all for pompe of wikkid pride.
Wepe we may with many a teere;
Allas, *th*at we *th*is day schulde bide!

Before vs playnly bese fourth brought
*Th*e dedis *th*at vs schall dame be-dene.
That eres has herde or harte has *th*oght
Sen any tyme *th*at we may mene,
*Th*at fote has gone or hande has wroght,
That mouthe has spoken or ey has sene, —[3]
*Th*is day full dere thanne bese it boght.
Allas, vnborne and we hadde bene![4]

III. ANG. Standis noght to-gedir! parte you in two!
All sam schall ȝe noght be in blisse.

[1] T. othere can slepe; Ho. othir did (*or* can) slepe.
[2] Ho. bus; *but* T. *also has* must.
[3] T. *interchanges* 164 *and* 166.
[4] He. *prefers* T.: Allas vnborne then had I bene! Ho. *rejects this.*

Oure Lorde[1] of heuene woll it be soo,
For many of yowe has wroght amys.
Ye[2] goode, on his right-hande ȝe goe,
*Th*e way till heuene he will you wisse;
ȝe weryed wightis, ȝe flee hym froo
On his lefte-hande, as none of his.

DEUS.[3] *Th*is woffull worlde is brought till ende;
My Fadir of heuene he woll it be.
*Th*erfore till er*th*e nowe will I wende,
Mi-selue to sitte in mageste.
To deme my domes I woll descende;
*Th*is body will I bere with me;
How it was dight, mannes mys to mende,
All mankynde *th*ere schall it see.

[*Jesus descends to earth in a cloud, and, before assuming the Judgment Seat, speaks*:]

DEUS. Mi postelis and my darlyngis dere,
*Th*e dredful dome *th*is day is dight.
Both heuen and erthe and hell schall here
How I schall hold *th*at I haue hight,
That ȝe schall sitte on seetis sere
Be-side my-selffe, to se *th*at sight,
And for to deme folke ferre and nere
Aftir *th*er werkyng wronge or right.

I saidè also whan I you sente
To suffre sorowe for my sake,
All *th*o *th*at wolde *th*ame right repente
Schulde with you wende and wynly wake;
And to youre tales who toke no tente
Shulde fare to fyre with fendis blake.

[1] Y. My fadir; *the text is from* T. (*by* He.)
[2] Y. *The*.
[3] Miss Smith *points out that this is not God the Father, who appeared at the beginning of the pageant, but God the Son.*

Of mercy nowe may no3t be mente ;
Butt, aftir wirkyng, welth or wrake.

[1] My hetyng haly schall I fullfille ;
Therfore comes furth and sittis me by
To here *th*e dome of goode and ill.
I. APOSTOLUS. [2] I loue *th*e, Lord God all-myghty ;
Late and herely, lowde and still,
To do thy bidding bayne am I ;
I obblissh me to do *th*i will
With all my myght, als is worthy.

II. APOST. [3] A ! myghtfull God, here is it sene
*Th*ou will fulfille *th*i forward right,
And all *th*i sawes *th*ou will maynteyne.
I loue *th*e, Lorde, with all my myght,
*Th*at for [4] vs *th*at has erthely bene
Swilke dingnitees has dressed and dight.
DEUS. Comes fourthe ! I schall sitte 3ou betwene,
And all fulfille *th*at I haue hight.

Hic ad sedem iudicii cum cantu angelorum.

[*Meanwhile the devils prepare to attend the Judgment.*]

I. DIABOLUS. Felas, arraye [5] vs for to fight,
And go we faste oure fee to fange ;
*Th*e dredefull dome *th*is day is dight,
I drede me *th*at we dwelle full longe.
II. DIAB. We schall be sene euere in *th*er sight,
And warly waite, — ellis wirke we wrange ; —
For if *th*e domisman do vs right,
Full grete partie with vs schall gang.

[1] *Marginal note in later hand:* What they shall haue for y[r] folly.
[2] *In margin:* Hic caret O soverand Savyo[r] de novo facto.
[3] *In margin:* de novo facto.
[4] Y. *Th*er-fore ; Ha. Thou for vs that has not ; Ho. (*and* K.) *as above, but both seem to take* the (212) *as def. article instead of pronoun.*
[5] K. *inserts* we.

III. DIAB. He schall do right to foo and frende,
For nowe schall all *th*e soth bē sought.
All weried wightis with vs schall wende,
To payne endles *th*ei schall be broght.[1]

DEUS. Ilke a creature, takes entent
What bodworde I to you[2] bringe :
*Th*is wofull worlde away is wente,
And I am come as crouned kynge.
Mi Fadir of heuene he has me sente
To deme youre dedis and make ending.
Comen is *th*e day of jugement ;
Of sorowe may ilke a synfull synge.

The day is comen of kaydyfnes,[3]
All *th*am to care *th*at are vnclene,
*Th*e day of bale and bittirnes, —
Full longe abedyn has it bene ! —
*Th*e day of drede to more and lesse,
Of care,[4] of trymbelyng and of tene,
*Th*at ilke a wight *th*at weried is
May say, Allas, this day is sene !

Here may ȝe se my woundes wide,
*Th*e whilke I tholed for youre mysdede,
Thurgh harte and heed, foote, hande and hide,
Nought for my gilte butt for youre nede.
Beholdis both body, bak, and side, —
How dere I bought youre brotherhede !
*Th*es bittir peynes I wolde abide ;
To bye you blisse, *th*us wolde I bleede.

[1] "*In margin:* Hic caret de novo facto, Alas that I was borne, dixit prima anima mala et ijda anima mala, de novo facto. *And indeed four lines are wanting to the stanza, as shown by the rimes, though there is no blank.*" — Y.

[2] K. *inserts* shall *from* T.

[3] Ho. *corrects the spelling to* kaytyfnes.

[4] Y.: "*The copyist first wrote* ire (*a reminiscence of* dies iræ)."

Mi body was scourged with-outen skill ;
As theffe full thraly was [I][1] threttе ;
On crosse *th*ei hanged me on a hill,
Blody and bloo, as I was bette,
With croune of thorne throsten full ill ;
This spere vnto my side was sette ;
Myne harte bloode spared *th*ei noght[2] to spill :
Manne, for thy loue wolde I not lette.

The Jewes spitte on me spitously,
*Th*ei spared me nomore *th*an a theffe.
When *th*ei me strake, I stode[3] stilly ;
Agaynste *th*am did I no-thyng greve.
Behalde, mankynde, *th*is ilke is I,
*Th*at for *th*e suffered swilke mischeue :
*Th*us was I dight for thy folye ;
Man, loke, thy liffe was me[4] full leffe.

*Th*us was I dight *th*i sorowe to slake ;
Manne, *th*us behoued *th*e borowed to[5] be.
In all my woo toke I no wrake ;
Mi will itt was for *th*e loue of *th*e.
Man, sore aught *th*e for to quake,[6]
*Th*is dredfull day *th*is sight to see.
All *th*is I suffered for *th*i sake ;
Say, man, what suffered *th*ou for me?

Mi blissid childre on my right hande,
Youre dome *th*is day ȝe thar not drede,
For all youre comforte is command,
Youre liffe in likyng schall ȝe lede.

[1] *Supplied by* Y. *from* T.
[2] Ho. *from* T.; Y. *has* spared noght thei for to.
[3] Y. stode full stilly; *omission suggested in footnote.*
[4] Y. was to me; *omission suggested in footnote.*
[5] K. *from* T.; Y. to borowed.
[6] T. *has* Man, for sorow aght the to qwake.

Commes tō *th*e kyngdome ay lastand
*Th*at ȝou is dight for youre goode dede.
Full blithe may ȝe be where ȝe stande,
For mekill in heuene schall be youre mede.

Whenne I was hungery, ȝe me fedde;
To slake my thirste youre harte was free;
Whanne I was clothles, ȝe me cledde,
ȝe wolde no sorowe vppon me see;
In harde prisoun[1] whan I was stedde,
Of my paynes[2] ȝe hadde pitee;
Full seke whan I was brought in bedde,
Kyndely ȝe come to coumforte me.

Whanne I was wikke[3] and werieste,
ȝe herbered me full hartefully;
Full gladde *th*anne were ȝe of youre geste,
And pleyned my pouerte piteuously;
Be-lyue ȝe brought me of *th*e beste,
And made my bedde full esyly.
*Th*erfore in heuene schall be youre reste,
In joie and blisse to be me by.

1. ANIMA BONA. Whanne hadde we, Lorde, *th*at all has wroght,
Meete and drinke *th*e with to feede,
Sen we in er*th*e hadde neuere noght
But thurgh *th*e grace of thy godhede?
II. AN. BONA. Whanne waste *th*at we *th*e clothes brought?
Or visite *th*e in any nede?
Or in *th*i sikenes we *th*e sought?
Lorde, when did we [to] *th*e *th*is dedė?

DEUS. Mi blissid childir, I schall ȝou saye
What tyme *th*is dede was to me done:

[1] He. *from* T.; Y. presse.
[2] Y. paynes *corrected in* MS. *from* penaunce. T. *has* penaunce, *which* K. *prefers*.
[3] Ho. *wishes to substitute* wille *from* T., *which he says equals* wilde.

When any *th*at nede hadde, nyght or day,
Askid ȝou helpe and hadde it sone ;
Youre fre hartis saide *th*em neuere nay
Erely ne late, mydday ne none ;
But als ofte sithis as *th*ei wolde praye,
*Th*ame thurte but bide, and haue *th*er bone.

ȝe cursid caytiffis of Kaymes kynne,
*Th*at neuere me comforte in my care,
I and ȝe for-euer will twynne,
In dole to dwelle for-euermare.
Youre bittir bales schall neuer blynne
*Th*at ȝe schall haue whan ȝe come *th*are.
*Th*us haue ȝe serued for youre synne,
For derffe dedis ȝe haue done are.

Whanne I had mistir of mete and drynke,
Caytiffis, ȝe cacched me fro youre ȝate ;
Whanne ȝe were sette as sirs on benke,
I stode *th*er-oute werie and wette ;
Was none of yowe wolde on me thynke,
Pyte to haue of my poure state :
*Th*er-fore till hell I schall you synke, —
Weele are ȝe worthy to go *th*at gate.

Whanne I was seke and soriest,
ȝe visitte me noght, — for I was poure ;
In prisoune faste when I was feste,
Was none of you loked howe I fore ;
Whenne I wiste neuere where to [1] reste,
With dyntes ȝe draffe me fro your dore ;
Butte euer to pride *th*anne were ȝe preste ;
Mi flessh, my bloode, ofte ȝe for-swore.

Clothles whanne I was ofte, and colde,
At nede of you [2] ȝede I full naked, —

[1] T.; Y. where for to.

[2] K. *thinks this unintelligible and suggests, on basis of* T., For you nere-hand, *etc.*

House ne herborow, helpe ne holde,
Hadde I none of you, *th*of I quaked.
Mi mischeffe sawe ye many-folde ;
Was none of you my sorowe slaked,
Butt euere for-soke me, yonge and alde.
*Th*erfore schall ȝe nowe be for-saked.

I. ANIMA MALA. Whan had *th*ou, Lorde, *th*at all thyng has,
Hungir or thirste, sen *th*ou God is ?
Whan was that[1] *th*ou in prisonne was ?
Whan was *th*ou naked or herberles ?
II. AN. MALA. Whan was it we sawe *th*e seke, allas ?
Whan kid we *th*e *th*is vnkyndinesse ?
Werie or wette to late *th*e passe, —
When did we *th*e *th*is wikkidnesse ?

DEUS. Caitiffis,[2] als ofte als it be-tidde
*Th*at nedfull aught askid in my name,
ȝe herde *th*em noght, youre eris ȝe hidde,
Youre helpe to *th*ame was noȝt at hame, —
To me was *th*at vnkyndines kyd !
*Th*ere-fore ye bere[3] this bittir blame.
To the lest of myne when ȝe oght did[4]
To me ȝe did *th*e selue and same.[5]

Mi chosen childir, comes vnto me !
With me to wonne nowe schall ȝe wende ;
*Th*ere joie and blisse schall euer be
Youre liffe in lyking schall ȝe lende.
ȝe cursed kaitiffis, fro me ȝe flee,
In helle to dwelle with-outen ende ;
*Th*er ȝe schall neuere butt sorowe see
[6] And sitte be Satanas *th*e fende.

[1] *Inserted by* Ho. *from* T.
[2] Y. Caistiffis.
[3] T.; Y. *omits* ye; Ho. ye beres.
[4] He. *from* T.; Y. To leste or moste whan ȝe it did.
[5] T.; Y. and *th*e same.
[6] *In margin:* nota, miseremini mei, etc.

Nowe is fulfillid all my for-*th*oght,
For endid is all erthely thyng.
All worldly wightis *th*at I haue wroght
Aftir *th*er werkis haue nowe wonnyng:
Thei *th*at wolde synne and sessid noght,
Of sorowes sere now schall *th*ei syng;
And *th*ei *th*at mendid *th*ame whils *th*ei moght,
Schall belde and bide in my blissing.

Et sic facit finem cum melodia angelorum transiens a loco ad locum

PART II.

DIGBY PLAYS.

Reprinted from "The Digby Mysteries, ed. by F. J. Furnivall, New Shakspere Society, 1882." In the footnotes, F. indicates this edition, which represents the MS. unless the contrary is stated; S. indicates "Die Digby-Spiele. Diss. v. K. Schmidt, Berlin, 1884." The MS. is assigned to the last decade of the fifteenth century. I have disregarded scribal flourishes and tags.

[THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.][1]

[*First Station.*]

[*Enter* POETA *as* PROLOGUE.]

POETA.[2] *Rex glorie*, Kyng omnipotent,
Redemer of *the* world by thy[3] pouer diuine,
And Maria, *that* pure vyrgy[*n*],[1] quene most excell*ent*,
Wyche bare *that* blyssyd babe, I*es*u, *that* for vs sufferd pyne,[4]
Vnto whoys goodnes I do inclyne,
Besechyng *that* Lord, of hys pytous influens,
To p*re*serue & gou*er*ne thys wyrshypfull audyens. 7

Honorable frend*es*, besechyng yow of lycens
To p*ro*cede[5] owr p*ro*cesse, we may, vnder yo*ur* correcc*ion*,
[Show] the conu*er*syon of Seynt Paule, as *the* Byble gyf experyens.
Whoo lyst to rede *the* booke *Actum Appostolorum*,
Ther shall he haue *the* very notycyon ;

[1] *Supplied by* F.
[2] *Beside this a later hand wrote* Myles Blomefylde.
[3] F. the.
[4] F. payne.
[5] *Misunderstood by* S., p. 24.

But, as we can, we shall vs redres,
Brefly with yowr fauour begynyng owr proces. [*Exit.*]

Daunce.[1]

Here entryth Saule, goodly besene in the best wyse lyke an aunterous knyth, thus sayyng:

SAULUS. Most dowtyd man I am lyuyng vpon the ground,
Goodly besene with many a riche garnement;[2]
My pere on lyue I trow ys nott found;
Thorow the world, fro the oryent to the occydent,
My fame ys best knowyn vndyr the fyrmament;
I am most drad of pepull vnyuersall,
They dare not dysp[l]ease me[3] most noble.

Saule ys my name, — I wyll that ye notyfy, —
Whych conspyreth the dyscyplys with threte & menace;[4]
Be-fore the princes of prestes most noble & hye[5]
I bring them to punyshement for ther trespace.
We wyll them nott suffer to rest in no place,
For they go a-bouȝte to preche & gyff exemplis,
To destroye our lawes, sinagoges and templis.

By the god Bellyall, I schall make progresse
Vnto the princes, both Caypha and Anna,
Wher I schall aske of them, in suernes,
To persue thorow all Dammask & Liba,
And thus we schall soone after than[6]
Bryng them that so do lyff in-to Ierusalem,
Both man and child that I fynd of them.

Her cummyth Sale to Caypha & Anna, prestes of the tempyll.

Nobyll prelates and princes of regalyte,
Desyryng and askyng of your benyngne wurthynes

[1] *In a later hand.*
[2] F. garlement.
[3] F. my.
[4] F. thretes *and* menaces.
[5] F. hye *and* noble.
[6] *This unrhymed line may, as* Kittredge *suggests, have taken the place of the original.*

Your letters & epystolys of most souerente
To subdue rebellyous [1] that wyll, of frawardnes,
A-gaynst our lawes rebell or transgresse,
Nor wyll not inclyne but mak obiecc[*i*]on, — [2]
To pursue all such I wyll do protecc*i*on. 42

CAYPHA. To your desyer we gyf perfyth sentens,
Accordyng to your petyc*i*ons that ye make postulac*i*on,
By-cause we know your trewe delygens
To persue all tho *that* do reprobac*i*on
A-gayns owur lawes by ony redarguac*i*on ;
Wherefor shortly we gyf in commandment
To put down them *that* be dy[s]obedyent.[2] 49

ANNA. And by thes letturs, *that* be most reuerrent,
Take them in hand, full agre *ther*-to.
Constreyn all rebellys by owur hole assent ;
We gyf yow full power so to doo ;
Spare not, hardly, for frend nor foo ;
All thos ye fynd of *that* lyfe in thys realme,
Bounde loke ye bryng them in-to Ierusalem. 56

Her Saule resayuyth ther letters.

SAULUS. Thys precept here I take in hande
To fullfyll after yowur wylles both,
Wher I shall spare with-in *th*is londe
Nother man nor woman, — to *th*is I make an oth, —
But to subdue I wyll not be loth.
Now folow me, knytys & seruantes trewe,
In-to Damaske as fast as ye can sewe. 63

I. MILES.[3] Vnto your commaundment I do obeysaunce ;
I wyll not gaynsay nor make delac*i*on,
But with good mynd & harty plesaunce

[1] F. rebellyons. [2] *Corr. by* F.
[3] F. Primus miles ; *similarly below.*

I shall yow succede & make *per*ambulac*i*on
Thorow-oute Damaske w*ith* all delectac*i*on,
And all that[1] rebell & make resystens,
ffor to oppres I wyll do my delygens.

II. MILES. And in me shalbe no neclygens,
But to thys p*re*cept my-self I shall applye,
To do yo*ur* behest w*ith* all co*n*uenyens,
W*ith*-owt eny frowardnes or eny obstynacy, —
Non shall appere in me, but, verely,
W*ith* all my mynd I yow insure,
To resyst tho rebell*es* I wyll do my cure.

SAULUS. Truly to me yt ys grett consolac*i*on
To here thys report *tha*t ye do ava*n*s.
ffor yo*ur* sapyencyall wytt*es* I gyf co*mm*en*da*c*i*on;
Eu*er* at my nede I haue founde yow constant.
But, knytes & ser*u*au*n*t*es*,[2] *tha*t be so plesaunt,
I pray yow anon my palfray ye bryng,
To spede my iurney w*ith*-owt lettyng.

Here goyth Sale forth a lytyll a-syde for to make hym redy to ryde, the seruuant thus seyng:

SERUUS. How, hosteler, how! A peck of otys & a botell of haye!
Com of a-pase, or I wyll to a-noth*er* inne!
What, hosteler! why co*mm*yst not thy way?
Hye *th*e faster, I beshrew *th*i skynne!

STABULARYUS. I am non hosteler, nor no*n* hostelers kynne,
But a ientylmanys ser*u*ua*n*t, i[f] *tho*u dost know!
Such crabyysh word*es* do aske a blow.

SERUUS. I cry yow mercy, si*r*! I wyst well su*m*-what ye were,
Ow*ther* a ge*n*tylman — or a knaue, me thynkyth by your physnomy!

[1] F. thoo, *emend. by* Kittredge.
[2] F. ser*u*ua*n*t*es*; *hereafter I shall follow* F.

Yf on loke yow in *th*e face *tha*t neu*er* se yow ere,
Wold thynk ye were at *th*e next dore by.
In good fayth, I wenyd yow had bene an hosteler, verely :
I sye suche a-nother ientylman w*ith* yow a barowfull bare
Of horsdowng & dogg*es* tord*es* & sych other gere.

And how yt happenyd, a m*er*velous chance be-tyde :
Yo*ur* felow was not suer of foote, & yet he went very brode,[1]
But in a cow-tord both dyd ye slyde,
And, as I wene, yo*ur* nose *ther*-in rode,—
Yo*ur* face was be-payntyd w*ith* sowters code.
I sey neu*er* sych a sy3t, I make God a-vow ;
Ye were so be-grymlyd & yt had bene a sowe.

STAB. In fayth, *tho*u neu*er* syest me tyll *th*is day !
I haue dwellyd w*ith* my master thys vij 3ere & more ;
ffull well I haue pleasyd hym, he wyll not say nay,
And mykyll he makyth of me therfore.
SERU*US*. By my trowth, *th*an be ye changyd to a new lore?
A s*er*uand ye are, & *tha*t a good,
Ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood.

STAB. ffor soth, & a hood I vse for to were,
ffull well yt ys lynyd w*ith* sylk & chamlett ;
Yt kepyth me fro the cold, *tha*t *th*e wynd doth me not dere,
Nowther frost nor snow *tha*t I therby do sett.
SERU*US*. Yea, yt ys a dobyll hood & *tha*t a fett !
He was a good man *tha*t made yt, I warant yow :
He was noth*er* horse ne mare,[2] nor yet yokyd sow !

*Here com*m*yth* the *fyrst knyth to* the *stabyl-grom, sayng :*

1. MILES. Now, stabyll-grom, shortly bryng forth away
The best horse, for ow*ur* lorde wyll ryde !

[1] *Substituted in* MS. *for* wyde.
[2] MS. nare; *corr. by* F.

STAB. I am full redy ; here ys a palfray,
There can no man a better bestryde ;
He wyll co*n*ducte ow*ur* lorde & gyde
Thorow the world ; he ys sure & abyll ;
To bere a gentyllman he [is][1] esy & p*ro*phetabyll.

Her the *knyth cummyth to Saule with a horse.*

1. MILES. Behold, s*ir* Saule, yo*ur* palfray ys com,
Full goodly besene, as yt ys yowr desyer,
To take yow*ur* vyage thorow eu*er*y regyon.
Be nott in dowt, he wyll spede yo*ur* mater ;
And we, as yo*ur* ser*u*aun*tes*, w*ith* glad chere
Shall gyf attendance, — we wyll nott gaynsay,
But folow you where ye go be nyȝt or day.

SAULUS. Vnto Damask I make my p*ro*gressyon,
To p*ur*sue all rebellyous, beyng froward & obstynate,
Agayns our lawes be ony transgressyon.
W*ith* all my delygens my-self I wyll p*re*parate[2]
Co*n*cernyng my purpose to oppres & sep*ar*ate ;
Non shall reioyce that doth offend,
But vtterly to rep*ro*ue w*ith* mynde & intende.

Her Sale rydyth forth with hys seruantes a-bowt the place, [&c.][1] *owt of the pl*[*ace*].[1]

CAYPHA. Now Saule hath takyn hys w*ur*thy wyage
To p*ur*sue rebellyous, of what degre *th*ei be ;
He wyll non suffer to raygne nor haue passage
W*ith*-in all thys regyon, we be in sertayn[te].
Wherefor I co*m*mende hys goodly dygnyte,
That he thus aluay takyth in hande
By hys power to gou*er*ne thus all thys lande.

ANNA. We may lyue in rest by hys consolac*i*on ;
He defendyth vs ; where-for we be bownde
To loue hym intyrely w*ith* o*ur* hartt*es* affecc*i*on,
And hono*ur* hym as champyon in eu*er*y stownde.

[1] *Supplied by* F. [2] F. p*re*pare.

Ther ys non suche lyuyng vpon *th*e grownde
That may be lyke[1] hym nor be hys pere,
Be est nor west, ferre nor nere. 154

POETA (*si placet*).

CONCLUSYON.

Daunce.[2]

[POETA.] ffynally, of *th*is stac[*i*]on thus we mak a conclusyon,
Besechyng thys audyens to folow & succede,
W*ith* all yo*ur* delygens, *th*is gen*e*rall p*ro*cessyon.
To vnderstande *th*is matter, wo lyst to rede
The Holy Bybyll for *th*e better spede,
Ther shall he haue *th*e p*er*fyth intellygens.
And *th*us we comyt yow to Crystys magnyfycens. 161

ffinis istius stacionis et altera sequitur,

[*Second Station.*][3]

[PROLOGUE.]

POETA. Honorable frend*es*, we beseche yow of audyens
To here o*ur* intenc*i*on & also o*ur* prosses.
Vpon o*ur* matter, be yo*ur* fauorable lycens,
A-nother p*ar*t of *th*e story we wyll redres :
Here shalbe brefly shewyd w*ith* all o*ur* besynes,
At thys pagent, Saynt Poullys co*n*uercyon.
Take ye good hede & ther-to gyf affecc*i*on. [*Exit.*] 168

Here commyth Saule rydyng in, with hys seruantes.

SAUL*US*. My purpose to Damask fully I intende ;
To pursewe the dyscypulys my lyfe I apply.
ffor to breke down the chyrchys thus I co*n*descende,
Non I wyll suffer that [they][3] shall edyfey ;

[1] *A late hand has added* to *above the line.*
[2] *In later hand.*
[3] *Supplied by* F.

*Per*chaunce owur lawes than my3te [peyre] [1] ther-by,
And the pepull also turne & co*n*uerte,
Whych shuld be gret heuynes vnto my*n* hart.

Nay, *tha*t shall nott be butt layd a-part!
*Th*e prynces haue gouyn me full potestac*i*on.
All that I fynd, *th*ei shall nott start,
But bounde, to Ierusalem, w*ith* furyous vyolac*i*on,
Be-for Cesar, Caypha & Annas [haue] p*r*esentac*i*on.
Thus shalbe subduyd tho wretchys of *tha*t lyfe,
That non shall in-ioy, nother man, chy[l]de nor wyfe.

*Here co*mmyth *a feruent* [*flame*] *with gret tempest, and Saule faulyth down of hys horse;* tha*t done, Godhed spekyth in heuyn.*

DEUS. Saule! Saule! why dost *tho*u me pursue?
Yt ys hard to pryke a-gayns *th*e spore!
I am *th*i Savyo*u*r, *tha*t ys so trwe,
Whych made heuyn & erth & eche creature.
Offende nott my goodnes; I wyll *th*e recure!
SAULUS. O Lorde, I am a-ferd, I trymble for fere.
What woldyst I ded? Tell me here!

DEUS. A-ryse & goo *tho*u wyth glad chere
In-to the cyte a lytyll be-syde,
And I shall *th*e socor in eu*e*ry dere,
That no maner of yll xal be-tyde;[2]
And I wyll ther for the p*r*o*u*yde
By my grete goodnes what *tho*u shalt doo.
Hy *th*e as fast thet*h*e*r* as *tho*u mast goo.

SAUL*US*. O mercyfull God, what aylyth me?
I am lame, my legg*es* be take me fro;
My sygth lykwyse, — I may nott see;
I can nott tell whether to goo.
My men hath forsake me also.
Whet*h*e*r* shall I wynde, or whether shall I pas?
Lord, I beseche the, helpe me, of thy grace.

[1] *Supplied by* Kittredge. [2] F. xalbe-tyde.

I. MILES.[1] Syr, we be here to help the in *th*i nede
With all o*u*r affyance ; we wyll not seise.[2]
SAUL*US*. Than, in Damask, I pray yow, me lede,
I'[3] God*es* name, accordyng to my p*ro*myse.
II. MILES. To put forth yow*u*r hand loke ye dresse !
Cu*m* on yo*u*r way ; we shall yow bryng
In-to *th*e cyte w*ith*-owt taryng.

Here the knyghtes lede forth Sale in-to a place, & Cryst apperyth to Annanie, sayng :

DEUS. Ananie ! Ananie ! where art *tho*u, Ananie ?
ANAN.[4] Here, Lord, I am here, trwly !

DEUS. Go thy way & make *th*i curse,
As I shall assyng *th*e by myn aduysse,
Into *th*e strete *qui dicitur rectus*,
And in a certayn house, of warantyse,
Ther shall ye fynd Saule in humble vyse,
As a meke lamb, *tha*t a wolf before was namyd.
Do my behest ; be nothyng a-shamyd !

He wantyth hys syth, by my punyshment co*n*strayned.
P*ra*yeng vnto me, I assure, *tho*u shalt hym fynd.
W*ith* my stroke of pyte sore ys he paynyde,
Wantyng hys sygth, for he ys truly blynyde,
ANAN. Lord, I am aferd, for aluay i*n* my mynd
I here so myche of hys furyo*us* cruelte,
*Tha*t, for spekyng of *th*i name, to deth he wyll put me.

DEUS. Nay, Ananie ; nay, I assure *th*e !
He wulbe glad of thy cu*m*myng.
ANAN. A ! Lord, but I know of a certayn[te]
That thy seynt*es* in Ierusalem to deth he doth bryng.
Many yllys of hym I haue be kennyng,

[1] F. j*us* miles ; *so below.*
[2] MS. *apparently* serse ; *corr. by* F.
[3] *But the stroke for* n *may have been omitted.*
[4] F, Ananias, *here and below.*

ffor he hath the pour of the p*rinc*es alle
To saue or spylle, — do which he schall.

DEUS. Be nothyng a-drad, he ys a chosen wessell,
To me assyngned by my godly elecc*i*on.
He shall bere my name be-fore the kyng*es* & chyld*er* of Israell,
By many sharpe shour*es* sufferyng correcc*i*on,
A gret doctor, of benyngne conplecc*i*on,
The trwe precher of the hye deuynete,
A very pynacle of *th*e fayth, I ensure the.

ANAN. Lorde, thy co*m*mandme*n*t I shall fullfyll;
Vn-to Saule I wyll take my waye.
DEUS. Be nothyng i*n* dowte for good nor yll!
Fare-well, Ananie; tell Saule what I do say.

Et exiat Deus.

ANAN. Blyssyd Lord, defende me, as *th*ou best may!
Gretly I fere hys cruell tyra*n*ny;
But to do *th*i precept my-self I shall applye.

Here Ananias goth toward Saule.

I. MILES. I maruayle gretly what yt doth mene,
To se ow*r* master in thys hard stounde.
The wond*er* grett lythtys *tha*t were so shene
Smett hym doune of hys hors to *th*e grownde;
And me thowt that I hard a sounde
Of won spekyng w*ith* voyce delectable,
Whych was to [vs] wonderfull myrable.

II. MILES. Sertenly thys ly3t was ferefull to see,
The sperkys of fyer were very feruen*t*;
Yt inflamyd so greuosely about *th*e cou*n*tre
That, by my trowth, I went we shuld a ben bre*n*t.
But now, serys, lett vs relente
Agayne to Caypha & Anna, to tell *th*is chau*n*ce
How yt be-fell to vs thys greuau*n*s.

Her Saule ys in contemplacion.[1]

SAULUS. Lord, of *th*i cou*n*fort moch I desyre,
*Tho*u my3ty P*r*ince of Isra̧ell, Kyng of pyte,
Whyche me hast punyshyd as *th*i presoner
That nother ete nor dranke thys dayes thre ;
But, gracyos Lorde, of *th*i vysytacyon I thanke the ;
Thy se*r*uant shall I be as long as I haue breth,
Thowgh I therfor shuld suffer dethe.

*Here com*m*yth Anania to Saule, sayeng :*

ANAN. Pease be in thys place & goodly mansyon !
Who ys w*ith*-in ? Speke, in Crystys holy name !
SA[U]LUS.[2] I am here, Saule. Cu*m* in, on Godd*es* benyson !
What ys yo*ur* wyll ? Tell, w*ith*-owten blame.
ANAN. ffrom Almyghty God, se*r*tanly, to the sent I am,
And Ananie men call me wher-as I dwell.
SAULUS. What wold ye haue ? I pray yow me tell.

ANAN. Gyfe me yo*ur* hand for yo*ur* awayle !
For, as I was co*m*mau*n*dyd, by hys g*ra*cyos sentens
I byd[3] the be stedfast, for *tho*u shalt be hayle.
ffor thys same cause he sent me to *th*i presens ;
Also he bad the remember hys hye excellens,
Be *th*e same tokyn *tha*t he dyd *th*e mete
Toward *th*e cyte, when he apperyd in *th*e strete.

Ther mayst *tho*u know hys power celestyall,
How he dysposyth euery-thyng as hym lyst ;
No-thyng may w*ith*stand hys my3te essencyall.
To stond vp-ryght, or els doun to thryste,
Thys ys hys pow*ur*, yt may not be myste,
ffor who *tha*t yt wantyth, lackyth a frende.
Thys ys *th*e massage *tha*t he doth *th*e sende.

SAULUS. Hys marcy to me ys ryght welcom ;
I am ryght glad *tha*t yt ys thus.

[1] MS. comtemplacion ; *corr. by* F. [2] *Corr. by* F. [3] F. & bad.

Hic aparebit Spiritus Sanctus super eum [in the form of a dove].

ANAN. Be of good chere & p*er*fyte iubylac*i*on,
*Discendet sup*er *te Spirytus Sanctus*,
Whych hath w*ith* hys[1] grace illumynyd vs.
Put fo[r]th[2] *th*i hond & goo wyth me ;
A-gayne to thy syght here I restore the.

SAULUS. Blyssyd Lord, thankys to yow euer be!
The swame ys fallyn from my eyes twayne ;
Where I was blynyd & cowd nott see,
Lord, *tho*u hast sent me my syght agayne.
ffrom sobbyng & wepyng I can not refrayne
My pensyue hart, full of co*n*tryccion ;
ffor my offenc*es* my body shal haue punycyon ;

And, where I haue vsed so gret p*er*secucyon
Of *th*i descyplys thorow all Ierusalem,
I wyll [aid][2] & defende ther p*re*dycacyon
That th[e]y[2] dyd tech on all *th*is reme :
Wherefor, Ananie, at the watery streme
Baptyse me, hartely I *th*e praye,
A-mong yo*u*r nu*m*byr that I electe & chosen be may.

ANAN. On-to *th*is well of mych vertu
We wyll vs hye w*ith* all o*u*r delygens.
SAUL*US*. Go yow be-fore, & after I shall sewe,
Laudyng & praysyng o*u*r Lord*es* benevolens.
I shall neuer offend hys myȝty magnyfycens,
But aluay obserue hys preceptys & kepe.
ffor my gret vnkyndnes my hart doth wepe.

ANAN. Knele ye down vpon thys grownde,
Receyuyng thys crystenyng w*ith* good intent,
Whyche shall make yow hole of yo*u*r dedly wou*n*d,
That was infecte w*ith* venom nocent.

[1] MS. hys hys ; *corr. by* F.
[2] *Corr. by* F.

Yt purgyth synne; and fende*s* poure[1] so fraudelent
It putyth a-syde, — where thys doth at-tayne,
In euery stede, he may not obtayne.

I crysten yow w*ith* mynd full p*er*fyght,
Reseyuyng yow in-to ow*ur* relygyon,
Euer to be stedfast & neuer to flyt,
But euer constant w*ith*-owt varyacyon.
Now ys fullfyllyd all o*ur* obseruacyon;
Concludyng, *tho*u mayst yt ken,
*In no*m*ine Patris et Filii et Sp*iritus *Sanct*i, *Amen!*

SAULUS. I am ryght glad as foule on flyte
That I haue receyuyd *th*is blyssyd sacreme*n*t.
ANAN. Com on yo*ur* way, Saule; for nothyng lett!
Take yow sum cou*m*forth for yo*ur* bodyes noryschme*n*t.
Ye shall abyde w*ith* *th*e dyscyplys, verament,
Thys many dayes in Damask cyte,
Vn-tyll *th*e tyme more p*er*fyt ye may be.

SAULUS. As ye co*m*mande, holy father Ananie;
I full[y] assent at yow[r][2] request,
To be gydyd & rulyd as ye wyll haue me,
Evyn at yo*ur* pleasur, as ye thynk best.
I shall not offend for most nor lest.
Go forth yow*ur* way; I wyll succede
In-to what place ye wyll me lede.

CO*N*CLUSYO[N].

Daunce.[3]

POETA. Thus Saule ys co*n*uertyd, as ye se expres,
The very trw s*er*uant of our Lord Ie*s*u;
Non may be lyke to hys p*er*fy3t holynes,
So nobyll a doctor, co*n*stant & trwe;
Aftyr hys co*n*ue*r*syon neue*r* mutable, but styll insue

[1] F. poure*s*. [2] *Corr. by* F.
[3] F. *has no note as to the hand.*

The lawys of God to teche euer more & more,
As Holy Scryptur tellyth,[1] who-so lyst to loke *ther*-fore.

Thus we comyte yow all to *th*e Trynyte,
Conkludyng thys stac*i*on as we can or may,
Vnder *th*e correccyon of them *tha*t letteryd be ;
How-be-yt vnable, as I dare speke or say,
The co*m*pyler here-of shuld translat veray
So holy a story, but w*ith* fauorable correccyon
Of my fauorable [2] masters of *ther* benygne supplexion.

ffinis istius secund*e stacionis* et *sequitur tarcia.*

[*Third Station.*][3]

[Prologue.]

Poeta. The myght of the Fadir*es* potenciall deite
P*reser*ue thys honorable & wurshypfull co*n*gregac*i*on
That here be p*re*sent of hye & low degre,
To vnderstond thys pagent at thys lytyll stac*i*on,
Whych we shall p*ro*cede w*ith* all o*ur* delectac[i]on,[4]
Yf yt wyll plese yow to gyf audyens fauorable.
Hark wysely ther-to ; yt ys good & p*ro*fetable. [*Exit.*]

[*Caypha and Anna, to whom enter the knights.*]

1. Miles. Nobyll p*re*lat*es*, take hede to ow*ur* sentens !
A wundyrfull chau*n*ce fyll & dyd be-tyde
Vn-to owr master, Saull, when he dep*ar*tyd hens,
In-to Damaske p*ur*posyd to ryde :
A m*er*uelous ly3t fro thelem*en*t dyd glyde,
Whyche smet doun [5] hym to grunde, both horse & man,
W*ith* the ferfulest wether *tha*t eu*er* I in cam.

[1] F. tellyd.
[2] *Qy.* honorable.
[3] *Supplied by* F.
[4] *Corr. by* F.
[5] MS. doum ; *corr. by* F.

II. MILES. It rauysshid hym and hys spirit*es* did be-nome ;
A swete, dulcet voyce spake hym vnto
And askyd wherfor he made suche p*er*secucyon
A-geynst hys dyscyplys & why he dyd soo.
He bad hym in-to Damaske to Ananie goo,
And ther he shuld reseyue baptym, truly.[1]
And now clene a-geyns ow*ur* lawys he ys trwly.

CAYPHA. I am sure thys tale ys not trw !
What ! Saule conuertyd from o*ur* law?
He went to Damask for to p*ur*sue
All the dyscyplys that dyd w*ith*-draw
Fro ow*ur* fayth, — thys was hys sawe.
How say ye, Anna, to thys mater? *Thi*s ys a m*er*velos chans ;
I can not beleve *tha*t thys ys of assurans.

ANNA. No, Caypha ; my mynde trwly do [I][2] tell :
That he wyll not turne in no maner wyse,
But rather to deth put & expell
All myscreaunt*es* & wretchys *tha*t doth aryse
Agaynst o*ur* lawes by ony enterpryse.
Say the trwth w*ith*-[owt][2] ony cause frawdelent,
Or els for yo*ur* talys ye be lyke to be shent !

I. MILES.[3] Ellys ow*ur* bodyes may [ye] put to payn !
All *tha*t we declare I sye yt w*ith* my nye ;
Nothyng offendyng, but trwly do iustyfye.

CAYPHAS. By the gret God, I do maruayle gretly !
And thys be trw *tha*t ye do reherse,
He shall repent hys rebellyous treytory,
That all shalbe ware of hys falsnes.
We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne dowtles,
ffor meny p*er*ellys *tha*t myght be-tyde
By hys subtyll meanys on eu*er*y syde.

[1] *Qy.* duly. [2] *Supplied by* F.
[3] *Apparently four lines are missing here.*

ANNA. The law ys co*m*myttyd to ow*ur* aduysme*n*t ;
Wherfor we wyll not se yt decay, —
But rather vphold yt, help & a*u*gme*n*t, —
That ony reprofe to vs fall may
Of Cesar, themprour, by ny3t or day.
We shall to such matters harke & attende,
Accordyng to the lawes our wyttes to spende.

[1] *Here to enter a dyvel*[2] *with thunder & fyre, & to avaunte*[3] *hym-sylfe, saying as folowyth ; &, hys spech spokyn, to syt downe in a chayre.*

BELYALL. Ho ! ho ! beholde me, the my3te p*r*ince of the
p*ar*tes in-fernall !
Next vnto Lucyfer I am in magestye ;
By name I am nominate *th*e god Belyall ;
No*n* of more my3te nor of more excellencye !
My powre ys p*r*incypall & now of most soferaynte.
In *th*e temple*s* & synogoge*s* who deneyth me to honore,
My busshope*s* thorow my motyon *th*ei wyl hy*m* sone devoure.

I have movyd my p*r*elate*s*, Cayphas & A*n*na,
To pe*r*sew & put downe by powre ryall,
Thorow *th*e sytyes of Damask & Liba,
All soch as do worship *th*e hye God supernall.
Ther deth ys co*n*spyryd w*ith*-owt any fauoure at all ;
My busshopys hathe chosyne won most rygorus
Them to pe*r*sew, howse name ys Saulus.

Ho ! thus as a god, most hye in magestye,
I rayne & I rule ou*er* creature*s* humayne.
W*ith* sou*er*ayne sewte sow3te to ys my deyte ;
Mans mynd ys applicant as I lyst to ordeyne.
My law styll encreasyth ; wherof I am fayne;
Yet of late I haue hard of no newys truly,
Wherfor I long tyll I speke w*ith* my messe*nger* Me*r*curye.

[1] *From here through the stage direction following* l. 502 *is by a later hand, written on three separate inserted leaves.*

[2] *In margin:* Diabolus. [3] F. avau*n*ce.

Here shall entere a-nother devyll, callyd Mercury, with a fyeryng, com myng in hast, cryeng & roryng, & shal say as folowyth:

MARCURY. Ho! owȝt! owȝt! alas thys sodayne chance!
Well may we bewayle *th*is cursyd adu*en*ture!
BELYAL. Marcurye, what aylyse *tho*u? Tell me thy grevau*n*ce!
Ys *ther* any *tha*t hath wrowȝte vs dyspleasure?
MERC. Dyspleasure i-nowgh, *ther*of ye may be sure!
Our law at lengthe yt wylbe clene downe layd,
For yt decayth sore, & more wyl, I am a-frayd.

BEL. Ho! how can *tha*t be? Yt ys not possyble!
Co[*n*]syder,[1] *tho*u foole, *th*e long co*n*tynuance.
Decaye, q*uo*d a? Yt ys not credyble!
Of fals tydynge*s tho*u makyst here vtterance.
Behold how the peple hath no pleasau*n*ce
But in syn & to folow our desyere,
Pryde & voluptuosyte *ther* hart*es* doth so fyre.

Thowȝe on do swau*er* away from our lore,
Yet ys our powre of suche nobylyte
To have hym a-gayne & twoo therfore
*Tha*t shal pr*e*ferre *th*e prayse of owre maiestye.
What ys *th*e tydynge*s*? Tell owt! Lett vs see!
Why arte *tho*u amasyd so? Declare afore vs
What fury ys fallyn *tha*t troblyth *th*e thus!

MERCURY. Ho! owȝt! owȝte! He *tha*t I most trustyd to
And he *tha*t I thowȝte wold haue ben to vs most specyall
Ys now of late turnyd & our cruell foo;
Our specyall frynd, our chosen Saull,
Ys be-co*m*me *ser*uante to *th*e hye God et*er*nall.
As he dyd ryde on our enemyes p*er*secutyon,
He was sodenly strykyn by the hye p*ro*vysyon,

And now ys baptysyd, & p*ro*mys he hath made
Neu*er* to vary; & soch grace he hath opteynyd
*Tha*t ondowtyd hys fayth from hy*m* can not fade.

[1] *Corr. by* F.

Wherfor to co*m*playne I am co*n*straynyd,
For moch by hym shuld we haue p*re*vaylyd.
BELYAL. Ho ! ow3t ! ow3t ! What ! haue we loste
Our darlyng most dere whom we lovyd moste ? 467

But ys yt of trowth *that thou* doyst here specyfye ?
MERCURY. Yt ys so, ondow3tyd. Why shuld I fayne ?
For thow3te I can do non o*ther* but crye !

Here th*ei shal rore & cr*y*e, &* th*en Belyal shal saye :*

BELYAL. Ow3te ! *Th*is grevyth vs worse *th*an hell-payne !
The co*nuer*syon of [a] synner, certayne,
Ys more payne to vs & p*er*secutyon
Than all *the* furyes of *the* infernall dongyon. 474

MERCURY. Yt doyth not avayl vs thus to lament,
But lett vs p*ro*vyd for remedy shortlye.
Wherfor let vs both by on assent
Go to *the* busshopys & moue *th*em pryvelye
That by some sotyl meane *th*ei may cause hy*m* to dye.
Than shal he in our law make no dysturbau*n*ce,
Nor here-after cause vs to haue more greuau*n*ce. 481

BELYAL. Wel sayd, M*er*curye ! Thy cowncel ys p*ro*fytable.
Ho, Saul ! *thou* shalt repent thy vnstablenes !
Thou hadyst ben bett*er* to haue byn co*n*fyrmable
To our law ; for thy [1] deth, dowtles,
Yt ys co*n*spyryd to reward thy falsnes.
Thowgh on hath dyssayvyd vs, yet now-a-days
Twenti [2] doyth gladly folow oure layes : 488

Some by pryde, some thorowgh envye,
Ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch dysobedyau*n*ce ;
Ther was neu*er* a-mong crystyans lesse charyte
Than ys at *th*is howre ; & as for co*n*cupysence,
[He] rayneth as a lord thorow my violence ;

[1] F. thys. [2] F. xx^ti

Glotony & wrath eu*er*y man doth devyse ;
And most now ys praysyd my cosyn Covytyce.

Cu*m*, M*er*cury, let vs go & do as we haue sayd ;
To delate yt any lenger yt ys not best.
MERCURY. To bryng yt a-bow3t I wold be wel apayd ;
Tell yt be done let vs not rest.
. . . . . [1]
BELYAL. Go we than shortly ! Let vs dep*ar*te
Hys deth to devyse, syth he wyl not revart.

Here th*ei shal vanyshe away with a fyrye flame &c a tempest.*[2]
[3] *Her apperyth Saule in a*[4] *disciplis wede, sayng :*

SAULUS.[5] That Lord that ys shaper of see & of sond
And hath wrowth w*ith* hys woord all thyng at hys wyll,
Saue thys semely[6] *tha*t here syttyth or stonde,
ffor his meke marcy, *tha*t we do not spyll !
Grant me, good Lord, thy pleasur to fulfyll,
And send me suche speche that I *th*e trwth say,
My entenc*i*ons proph[i]table[7] to meve yf I may.

Welbelouyd frend*es*, ther be vij mortall synnes,
Whych be p*ro*vyd pryncypall & p*r*inc*es* of poysonnes :
P*r*ide, *tha*t of bytternes all bale begynnes, —
W*ith*-holdyng all fayth, yt fedyth & foysonnes,
As Holy Scryptur beryth playn wyttnesse :
*Inicium o*mniu*m peccatoru*m *sup*erb*ya* [8] *est*,
That often dystroyeth both most & lest.[9]

[1] *Indicated by* F.
[2] *Here ends the insertion by the late hand.*
[3] *From here through* l. 516 *was originally written immediately after* l. 411, *but was crossed out there and repeated here by the late hand. Both stanzas are rejected by* S. *In the footnotes* L. *indicates the reading of the later copy.*
[4] L. hys.
[5] *Om. by* L.
[6] L. asembly.
[7] *Corr. by* F.
[8] L. subia.
[9] L. man & best.

Off all vyces & foly *p*ride ys the roote.
Humylyte may not rayn ner yet indure ;
Pyte, alak, that ys flower & boot,
Ys exylyd wher *p*ride hath socour.
Omnis qui se exaltat humiliabitur :
Good Lord, gyf vs grace to vnderstond & *per*seuer,
Thys wurd as *tho*u bydyst to fulfyll euer, —

Who-so in *p*ride beryth hym to hye,
With mys[c]heff[1] shalbe mekyd, as I mak mensyon ;
And I therfor assent & fully certyfy
In text, as I tell, the trw entencyon
Of *per*fy3t goodnes & very-locucyon :
*Noli, tibi dico, in altu*m *sap*ere, *sed time*, —
Thys ys my consell, — bere the not to hye,

But drede alway synne & folye,
Wrath, enuy, couytys, and slugyshnes ;
Exeu*n*t owt of thy sy3t glotony & lechery,
Vanytye & vayneglory and fals idylnes.
Thes be the branchys of all wyckydnes ;
Who *tha*t in hym thes vyces do roote,
He lackyth all grace & bale ys *th*e boote.

" Lern at my-self, for I am meke in hart,"
Owr Lorde to hys *ser*uant*es* thus he sayth,
" ffor meknes I sufferyd a spere at my hart ;
Meknes all vyc*es* anullyth & delayeth,
Rest to soulys [ye] shall fynd yt,[2] in fayth :
Discite a me, quia mitis sum, et *corde humilis ;*
Et invenietis requiem animabus vestris."

So ow*u*r Sauyo*ur* shewyth vs example[3] of meknes,
Thorow grace of hys godnes mekly ys[4] groundys ;
Trwly yt wyll vs saue fro *th*e synnes sekenes,

[1] *Corr. by* F.
[2] F. yt shall fynd.
[3] F. exampls.
[4] *Qy.* yt.

ffor[1] pryde & hys *pro*geny mekenes confoundys :
Quanto maior es, tanto humilia te in omni*b*us, —
The gretter *tho*u art, the lower loke thu be,
Bere the neu*er th*e hyer for *th*i degre.

ffro sensualyte of fleshe thy-self loke *tho*u lede,
Vnlefully therin vse not thy lyfe ;
Whoso therin delyteth, to deth he must nede ;
It consumyth natur, the body sleyth w*ith*-owt knyf ;
Also yt styntyth nott but manslawt*er* & stryf :
Omnis fornicator aut immundus non habet hereditatem
Christ*i*, —
No*n* shall in heuyn posses that be so vnthryfty.

ffle fornycac[i]on, nor be no letchour,
But spare yo*ur* speche & speke nott theron :
Ex habundancia cordis os loquitur ;
Who movyth yt oft, chastyte louyth non,
Of *th*e hart*es* habundans *th*e tunge makyth locuc*i*on,
What manys mynde ys laboryd, therof yt spekyth ; —
That ys of suernes, as Holy Scryptur tretyth.

Wherfor I reherse thys w*ith* myn owyn mowthe :
* *Caste viuentes templu*m *Dei sunt.*
Kepe clene yo*ur* body from synne vncuth,
Stabyll yo*ur* syght*es* & look ye not stunt,
ffor of a s*er*taynte I know, at a brunt,
Oculus est nuncius peccati, —
That the iey ys eu*er th*e messenger of foly

Enter Seruus sacerdotum.

SERUUS. Whate ! Ys not thys Saule *tha*t toke hys vyage
In-to Ier*usalem*,[2] the dyscyplys to oppresse ?
Bounde he wold bryng them yf ony dyd rage
Vpon Cryst, — *th*is was hys processe
To *th*e pr*inces* of pr*es*tys, he sayde dowtles, —

[1] MS. ffror ; *corr. by* F.
[2] F. *points out that this is a mistake for* Damascus, *but see Notes.*

Thorow all Damask & also Ier*usa*lem
Subdwe all templys *tha*t he founde of them.

SA[U]LUS.[1] Yes, s*er*taynly, Saule ys my p*ro*per name,
That had in powr the full dominion —
To hyde yt fro you yt were gret shame
And mortall synne, as in my opynyon, —
Vnder Cesar & p*ri*st*es* of the relygeon
And templys of Iues, *tha*t be very hedyous,
A-gayns almyghty Cryst, *tha*t kyng so p*re*cyous.

SE*RUUS*. To Anna & Caypha ye must make yo*ur* recurse ;
Com[2] on yo*ur* way, & make no delac*i*on !
SAUL*US*. I wyll yow succede, for better or wors,
To the prync*es* of p*ri*st*es* w*ith* all delectac*i*on.

[*They go to Anna and Caypha.*]

SE*RUUS*. Holy p*ri*st*es* of hye potestac*i*on,
Here ys Saule ! Lok on hym wysely ;
He ys a-nother man than he was, verely.

SAULUS. I am *th*e se*r*uant of Ihesu Almyghty,
Creator & maker of see & sonnd,
Whiche ys kyng conctypotent of heuyn glory,
Chef co*m*fort & solas both to fre & bonde,
A-gayns whos power nothyng may stonde ;
E*mper*owr he ys both of heuyn & hell,
Whoys goodnes & grace al thyng doth excell.

Recedit paulisper.

CAYPHA. Vn-to my hart thys ys gret admyrac*i*on,
That Saule ys thus m*er*velously changyd ;
I trow he ys bewytchyd by sum co*n*iurac*i*on,
Or els the devyll on hym ys auengyd.
Alas ! to my hart yt ys dessendyd
That he ys thus takyn fro o*ur* relygyon !
How say ye, Anna, to thys co*n*uercyon ?

[1] *Corr. by* F. [2] MS. Con ; *corr. by* F.

ANNA. ffull *mer*velously, as in my co*n*cepc*i*on,
Thys wnderfull case how yt be-fell,
To se thys chaunce so sodenly don,
Vn-to my hart yt doth grete yll.
But for hys falsnes we shall hym spyll ;
By myn assent to deth we wyll hym bryng,
Lest *tha*t more myschef of hym may spryng.

CAYPHA. Ye say very trew, we myȝt yt all rewe !
But shortly in thys we must haue aduysemen*t*,
ffor thus a-gayns vs he may nott co*n*tynew, —
P*er*auentur than of Cesar we may be shent.
ANNA. Nay, I had leuer in fyer he were brent
Than of Cesar we shuld haue dysp[l]easure[1]
ffor sych a rebell and subtyle fals treator.

CAYPHA. We wyll command the gates to be kept aboute
And the walle*s* suerly on euery stede,
That he may not eskape no-where owȝte ;
For dye he shall, I ensuer yow indede.
ANNA. Thys trayto*ur* rebellyous, evyll mut he spede,
That doth *th*is vnhappynes a-gayns all !
Now eu*er*y costodyer kepe well hys wall !

SERUUS. The gatys be shytt, he can not eskape ;[2]
Eu*er*y place ys kepte well & sure,
That in no wyse he may, tyll he be take,
Gett owt of *th*e cyte, by ony co*n*iecture.
Vpon *tha*t caytyf & fals trayto*ur*
Loke ye be auengyd w*ith* deth mortall,
And iudge hym as ye lyst to what end he shall.

[*They go out ; an angel appears to Saulus.*]

ANGELUS. Holy Saule, I gyf yow monycyon,
The p*r*inc*es* of Iues entende, s*er*tayn,
To put yow to deth, but by Godd*es* p*r*ovysyon

[1] *Corr.* by F. [2] F. note skape.

He wyll ye shall lyue lenger, and optayn,
And after thy deth *tho*u shalt rayng
Above in heuyn, w*ith* owr Lord*es* grace.
Co*n*uay yowr-self shortly in-to a-nother place.

SAULUS. That Lord*es* pleasur eu*er* mut be down
Both in heuyn & in hell, as hys wyll ys!
In a beryng-baskett or a lepe, a-non
I shall me co[*n*]uay[1] w*ith* help of the dyscyplys,
For eu*er*y gate ys shett & kept w*ith* multytud of pepull[ys];
But I trust in owr Lord, that ys my soco*ur*,
To resyst ther malyce & cruell furo*ur*.

CO*N*CLUSYO[N].

[EPILOGUE.][2]

POETA. Thus leve we Saule w*ith*-in *th*e cyte,
The gat*es* kep by co*m*mandme*n*t of Caypha & Anna;
But the dyscyplys in the ny3t ou*er* the wall, truly,
As the Bybull sayeth: *dim*[*i*]*serun*t[1] *eu*m *su*m*mitte*ntes[3] *in sporta;*
And Saule after that, in Ierusalem, vera,
Ioyned hym-self & ther accompenyed
W*ith* *th*e dyscyplys, wher *th*ei were vnfayned.

Thys lytyll pagent thus co*n*clud we
As we can, lackyng lytturall scyens;
Besechyng yow all, of hye & low degre,
Owr sympylnes to hold excusyd & lycens,
That of Retoryk haue no*n* intellygens;
Co*m*myttyng yow all to owr Lord Ihesus,
To whoys lawd ye syng: *Exultet celu*m *laudibus!*

ffinis co[n]*uercionis*[1] *Sancti Pauli.*

[1] *Corr. by* F. [2] *Supplied by* F. [3] F. su*m*mitte*n*s.

THE PLAY OF THE SACRAMENT.

The basis of the text is the edition by Whitley Stokes, *Publications of the Philological Society*, 1860–61, collated with the MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. The MS. is assigned to the end of the fifteenth century. In the footnotes, S. indicates the readings of Stokes's edition, which represents the MS. unless the contrary is expressly stated; H. indicates the emendations of Holthausen, *Englische Studien*, XVI, 150 f., and *Anglia*, XV, 198 ff.

[The Banes of the Play.]

Primus Vexillator. Now *th*e Father & *th*e Sune & *th*e Holy Goste,
That all *th*is wyde worlde hat[h][1] wrowg[h]t,[1]
Save all thes semely,[2] bothe leste & moste,
And bry*n*[g]e[1] yow to *th*e blysse *tha*t he hath yow to bowght!
We be ful purposed w*ith* hart & w*ith* thowght
Off our*e* mater to tell *th*e entent, —
Off *th*e marvell*is tha*t wer wondurfely wrowght
Off *th*e holi & bleyssed Sacrament.

Secundus. Sid[s]eyns, & yt lyke yow to here *th*e purpoos of *th*is play,
That [ys][1] re-presentyd now in yower syght
Whych in Aragon was doon,[3] *th*e sothe to saye,
In Eraclea, that famous cyte, aryght, —
Ther-in wo*n*neth a m*er*chante off mekyll myght,
Syr Arystorye was called hys name,
Kend full fere w*ith* mani a wyght,
Full fer in *th*e worlde sprong hys fame.

[1] *Corr. by* S. [2] S. femely. [3] S.; MS. doon.

PRIMUS. A-non to hym[1] ther ca*m* a Jewe,
W*ith* grete rychesse for the nonys,
And won*n*eth i*n th*e cyte of Surrey, — *th*is[2] full trewe, —
Yn wyche[3] had gret ple*n*te off p*re*cyous stonys.

Off *th*is Cristen m*er*chante he freyned[4] sore,
Wane he wolde haue had hys entente.
Twenti pownd[5] and m*er*chandyse mor
He p*ro*feryd for *th*e holy Sacrament.

SECUNDUS. But *th*e Christen merch*a*nnte theroff sed nay,
Be-cause hys profer was of so lityll valewe;
An hundder pownd[6] but he wolde pay,
No lenger theron he shuld pursewe.

But mor off ther purpos they gun*n*e[7] speke,
The holi Sacramente for to bye;
And all for [that] *th*e[i] wolde[8] be wreke,
A gret sume off gold be-gune down ley.

PRIMUS. Thys Crysten m*er*chante co*n*sentyd, *th*e sothe to sey,
And in *th*e nyght aff*ter* made hym delyu*er*ance.[9]
Thes Jewes all grete joye made they,
But off thys betyde a stranger chanc*e*:

They grevid our Lord gretly on grownd,
And put hym to a new*e*[10] passyon;

[1] MS. hyn; *corr. by* S. [2] S. *supplies* [ys].
[3] S. *supplies* [he], *but the final* -e *of* wyche *contains* he. *In* MS. *at the beginning of this line the first four words of the next line were written by mistake and then crossed out.*
[4] MS. freynend; *corr. by* S.
[5] MS. xxti li; S. xxti pownd.
[6] MS. An c li; S. An c pownd.
[7] S. gune; MS. gune.
[8] MS. woldr; S. *composed a new line:* And all on the sauyowr of the world to be wreke; *the corrections above are by* H.
[9] MS.; S. deliu*e*rance.
[10] *The word in* MS. *is said to look like* nelle, *but cf.* 723.

W*ith* daggers gouen hym many a greuyos wou*n*d ;
Nayled hym to a pyller ; w*ith* pynsons plukked hym dou*n*e.

SECUNDUS. And sythe thay toke *tha*t blysed Brede so sow*n*de
And in a cawdron they ded hym boyle,[1]
In a clothe full just they yt wou*n*de,
And so they ded hym sethe in oyle ;

And than thay putt hym to a new t*or*mentry,
In an hoote ouyn[2] speryd hym fast.
There he appyred w*ith* wou*n*d*is* blody ;
The ovyn refe a-sondre & all tobrast.
PRIMUS. Thus in ou*er* lawe they wer made stedfast ;
The holy Sacreme*n*t sheuyd them grette faueur ;
In contrycyon th[e]yr hertis wer cast,
And went & shewyd ther lyues to a co*n*fesour.

Thus be maracle off *th*e Kyng of hevyn
And by myght & power govyn to *th*e p*r*est*is* mowthe
In an howshold wer con[v]*er*tyd[3] i-wys elevyn.[4]
At Rome *this*[5] myracle ys knowen well kowthe.
SECUNDUS. Thys marycle at Rome was p*r*esented, for sothe,
Yn the yere of ou*er*[6] Lord a M[l]cccclxi[7]
That *th*e Jewes *tha*t[8] holy Sacrament dyd w*ith*[9]
In the forest seyd of Aragon.

Be-low thus God at a tyme showyd hym there,
Thorwhe hys m*er*cy & hys mekyll myght ;
Vnto the Jewes he gan[10] appere
That *th*ei shuld nat lesse hys hevenly lyght.

[1] MS. boylde ; *corr. by* S.
[2] MS. hoote ob ouyn ; *corr. by* S.
[3] *Corr. by* S.
[4] S. I wyll wys xi.
[5] MS. *apparently* y^{s} y^{s} ; *corr. by* S.
[6] S. you^{r}.
[7] S. M[l]cccc.c.lxi.
[8] S. w^{t}.
[9] H. *suggested the addition of* nothe ; *but later* 627 *made him doubtful.*
[10] MS. gayn ; S. [did a-]gayn.

PRIMUS. So therfor, frendis, with all your myght
Vnto youer gostly father shewe your synne ;
Beth in no wanhope daye nor nyght.
No maner off dowghtis that Lord put in ;

ffor that the dowghtis the Jewys than in stode, —
As ye shall se pleyd, both more & lesse, —
Was yff the Sacrament wer flesshe & blode ;
Therfor they put yt to suche dystresse.
SECUNDUS. And yt place yow, thys gaderyng that here ys,
At Croxston on Monday yt shall be sen ;
To see[1] the conclusyon of this lytell processe
Hertely welcum shall yow bene.

Now Jhesu yow sawe from[2] trey[3] & tene,
To[4] send vs hys hyhe ioyes of hevyne,
There myght ys withouton mynd[5] to mene !
Now, mynstrell, blow vp with a mery stevyn !

Explicit.

Here after foloweth the Play of the Conversyon of Ser Jonathas the Jewe by Myracle of the Blyssed Sacrament.

ARISTORIUS MERCATOR.[6] Now Cryst, that ys ouer Creatour,
from shame he cure vs ;
He[7] maynteyn vs with myrth that meve vpon the mold ;
Vnto hys endlesse joye myghtly he restore vs,
All tho that in hys[8] name in peas well them hold ;

[1] H. *wishes to read* say.
[2] MS. fron ; *corr. by* S.
[3] S. treyn ; *corr. by* H.
[4] *Qy.* And.
[5] *Qy.* end, *or* mynn.
[6] *A list of* dramatis personae *is given at the end of the play*, p. 276.
[7] MS. be ; *corr. by* S.
[8] S. thys.

For of a merchante most myght therof my tale ys told,
In Eraclea ys no*n* suche, woso [1] wyll vnder-stond,
For off all Aragon I am most myghty of sylu*er* & of gold, —
ffor, & yt wer a cou*n*tre to by, now wold I nat wond.

Syr Arystory is my name,
A m*er*chante myghty of a royall araye ;
fful wyde in *th*is worlde spryngyth my fame,
Fer*e* kend & knowen, *th*e sothe for to saye.
In all man*er* of lond*is*, w*ith*out ony naye,
My m*er*chandyse renneth, *th*e sothe for to tell ;
In Gene & in Jenyse & in Genewaye,
In Surrey [2] & in Saby & in Salern I sell ;

In Antyoche & in Almayn moch ys my myght,
In Braban & in Brytayn I am full bold,
In Calabre & in Coleyn *th*er rynge [3] I full ryght,
In Dordrede & in De*n*mark [I] be *th*e chyffe cold,[4]
In Alysander I haue abu*n*daw[n]se [5] in the wyde world,
In France & in Farre fresshe be my flower[is],[5]
In Gyldre & in Galys haue I bowght & sold,
In Hamborowh*e* & in Holond moch*e* m*er*chantdyse ys ow*r*is ;

In Jerusalem & in Jherico a-mo*n*g the Jewes jentle,
Amo[n]g[5] tho Caldeys & Cattlyng*is* kend ys my komyng ;
In Raynes [6] & in Rome to Seynt Petyrs temple
I am knowen certenly for bying & sellyng ;

In Mayn & in Melan full mery haue I be ;
Owt of Naveru*n* to Naples moch good ys *th*at I bryng ;
In Pondere & in Portyngale moche ys my gle ;
In Spayne & in Spruce moche ys my spedyng ;
In Lombardy & in Lachborn, there ledde ys my lykyng ;

[1] S. w[h]oso. [2] MS. surgery ; S. surry. [3] S. *suggests* reygne.
[4] H. *reads* I haue be the chyffe told ; told *is probably right.*
[5] S. [6] H. *reads* Raymes.

In Taryfe & in Turkey, there told ys my tale;
And in *the* dukedo*m* of Oryon moche have I in weldyng:
And thus thorowght all *thi*s world sett ys my sale.

No ma*n* in thys world may weld more rychesse;
All I thank God of hys grace, for he yt[1] me sent;
And as a lord*is* pere thus lyve I in worthynesse.
My curat waytheth[2] vpon me to knowe myn intent,
And me*n* at my weldyng, & all ys me lent
My well for to worke in thys worlde so wyde.[3]
Me dare they nat dysplese by no condescent,[4]
And who-so doth, he ys nat able to a-byde.

PRESBYTER. No ma*n* shall you tary ne t[r]owble[5] thys tyde,
But ev*er*y ma*n* delygently shall do yow plesance;
And I vnto my connyng to *the*.best shall hem guyde
Vnto[6] God*is* plesyng to s*er*ue yow to utterance;[7]
ffor ye be worthy & notable in substance of good,
Off m*er*chant*is* of Aragon ye have no pere, —
And ther-of thank God *tha*t dyed on *the* roode,
That was your make*r*e & hath yow dere.

ARISTORIUS. For soth, syr pryst, yower talkyng ys good;
And therfor affter your talkyng I wyll atteyn
To wourshyppe my God that dyed on *the* roode,
Neue*r*[8] whyll *tha*t I lyve ageyn *tha*t wyll I seyn.
But, Petyr Powle, my clark, I praye the goo wele pleyn
Thorowght all Eraclea,[9] that thow ne wonde,[9]
And wytte yff ony m*er*chante be come to *thi*s reyn
Of Surrey or of Sabe or of Shelys-down.

CLERICUS. At you*er* wyll for to walke I wyl nat say nay,
Smertly to go serche at *the* water*is* syde;

[1] S. yt.
[2] H. *corrects to* wayteth.
[3] *In* S. *misprinted* wydc.
[4] MS. condestent; *corr. by* S.
[5] S.
[6] *Qy.* Vnder.
[7] S. attruēance; H. *proposes* accrueance.
[8] MS.; S. Ever, *but, as* H. *points out,* Neuer *is right.*
[9-9] H. *proposes* both vp and down, *cf.* l. 66.

Yff ony pleasant bargyn be to your paye,
As swyftly as I can I shall hym to yow guyde.
Now wyll I walke by thes pathes wyde,
And seke the haven both vp and down
To wette yf ony unkowth [1] shyppes therin do ryde,
Of Surrey or of Saby [or] [2] of Shelys-down.

Now shall the *merchant*is *man with-drawe hym and* the *Jewe Jonathas shall make hys lest.*[3]

JONATHAS. Now, almighty Machomet, marke [4] in *th*i mageste,
Whose [5] lawes tendrely I have to fulfyll,
After my dethe bryng me to thy hyh*e* see,
My sowle for to save yff yt be thy wyll;
For myn entent ys for to fulfyll
As my gloryus God the to honer.[6]
To do agen thy entent, yt shuld gr[e]ue me yll
Or agen thyn lawe for to reporte;

For I tha*n*ke the hayly *tha*t hast me sent
Gold,[7] sylu*er* & p*re*syous stonys,
And abu*n*ddance of spyc*is tho*u hast me lent,
A[s] [2] I shall reherse before yow onys:
I have amatyst*is* ryche for *th*e nonys
And baryll*is* that be bryght of ble,
And saphyre semely I may show yow attonys
And crystalys clere for to se;

I have dyamant*is* dere-wourthy to [8] dresse,
And emerawd*is*, ryche I trow they be,
Onyx and achat*is* [9] both more & lesse,
Topa3yons, smaragd*is* of grete degre,
Perlys precyous grete plente;

[1] MS. on knowth; *corr. by* S. [2] S.
[3] H. *reads* best; *I can suggest nothing better than* bost (= boast).
[4] *Qy.* moste. [5] S. whoses; *see Notes.*
[6] H. *points out that* honer *does not rhyme with* reporte; *possibly* beste *should be added after* honer, *and* resiste *substituted for* reporte; *for rhyme, cf.* l. 142. [7] S. *prints* godd, *but emends to* gold *in his Glossary.*
[8] MS. *appears to have* do *before* to. [9] MS. Machat*is*; *corr. by* S.

Of rubes ryche I have grete renown ;
Crepawd*is* & calcedonyes semely to se,
A[nd][1] curyous carbu*n*clys here ye fynd mown ;

Spyc*is* I hawe both grete & smale
In my shyppes, the sothe for to saye,
Gyngere, lycoresse and ca*n*nyngalle,
And fyg*is* fatte to plese yow to paye,
Peper and saffyro*n* & spyc*is* smale,
And dat*is* wole dulcett for to dresse,
Almu*n*dis and reys, full eu*er*y male,
And reysones both more & less[2] ;

Clowys, greynis[2] & gynger grene,
Mace, mastyk that myght ys,
Synymone, suger, as yow may[3] sene,
Long[4] peper and Indas lycorys,
Oreng*is* a[nd][1] apples of grete ꝑpryce,
Pungarnet*is*[5] & many other spyc*is* —
To tell yow all I have now, i-w*ys*,[6] —
And moche other m*er*chandyse of e[v]*er*y[1] sondry spycis.

Jew Jonathas thys ys my name,[7]
Jazon & Jazdon *th*ei waytyn on my wyll*e*,
Masfat & Malchus they do the same,
As ye may knowe, yt ys bothe rycht & skyll*e*.
I telle yow all*e*, bi dal and by hylle,
In Eraclea ys noon so moche of myght.
Werfor ye owe tenderli to tende me tyll*e*,
For I a*m* chefe m*er*chant*e* of Jewes, I telle yow be ryght.

But, Jazon & Jazdon, a mater wollde[8] I mene, —
Mer-velously[9] yt ys ment in mynde, —

[1] S.
[2] MS. grenyis ; *corr. by* S.
[3] S. may*n*.
[4] S. leng.
[5] MS. ; S. pumgarnet*is*.
[6] S. I wyse.
[7] MS. Jew Jonathas ys my ys name ; *corr. by* S.
[8] MS. wollde*is* ; *corr. by* S.
[9] H. ; S. *retains reading of* MS., mer velensly.

The beleve of thes *Cryst*en me*n* ys false, as I wene,
For *the*[i] beleve on a cake, — me thynk yt ys onkynd, —
And all*e* they seye how *th*e prest dothe yt bynd,
And be *th*e myght of hys word make yt[1] flessh & blode, —
And thus be a conceyte *the*[i][2] wolde make vs blynd, —
And how *that* yt shuld be he *that* deyed upon *th*e rode. 124

JASON. Yea, yea, master, a strawe for talis!
That ma not falle[3] in my beleve;
But myt[4] we yt gete onys w*ith*in our pales,
I trowe we shuld sone aff*ter* putt yt in a preve.[5]
JASDON. Now, be Machomete so myghty, *that* ye doon of[6] meue
I wold I wyste how *that* we myght yt gete;
I swer[7] be my grete god, & ellys mote I nat cheue
But wyghtly the[r]on[2] wold I be wreke. 132

MASPHAT. Yea, I dare sey feythfulli *that* ther feyth [ys fals:][8]
That was neu*er* he that on Caluery was kyld,
Or i*n* bred for to be blode yt ys ontrewe als;[9]
But yet w*ith* ther wyles *th*ei wold we were wyld.
MALCUS. Yea, I am myghty Malchus, *that* boldly am byld;
That brede for to bete byggly am I bent.
Onys out of ther hand*is* & yt myght be exyled,
To helpe castyn yt in care wold I consent. 140

JONAT[H]AS.[2] Well, syrse, than kype cu*n*sel, I cu*nn*mande yow all,
And no word of all thys be wyst.
But let us walke to see Arystories hall*e*,

[1] S. y^e. [4] H. *corrects the spelling to* myght.
[2] S. [5] S.; MS. praye. [7] S. seuer. [9] S. als[o].
[3] H.; S. manot sale. [6] S. of[t]. [8] S. [ys so].

And affter-ward more cou*n*sell*e* amo*n*g vs shall [1] caste.
W*ith* hym to bey & to sel I am of powere prest;
A bargyn w*ith* hym to make I wyll assaye;
ffor gold & syluer I am nothyng agast
But *tha*t we shall get *tha*t cake to ower paye.

Her shall ser *Ysodyr*, the *prest, speke wi*th [2] ser *Arystori, seyng on thy- wyse to hym; &* [3] *Jonathas goo don* [3] *of his stage.*

PRESBITER. Syr, be your leue, I may [no] [4] le*n*gere dwell;
Yt ys fer paste none, yt ys tyme to go to cherche,
There to saye myn evynsong, forsothe as I yow tell,
And syth come [5] home ageyne, as I a*m* wont to werche.

ARISTORIUS. Sir Isydor, I praye yow, walke at yowr wyll*e*,
ffor to serfe God yt ys well done;
And syt[h] [6] com*e* agen & ye shall suppe your fyll*e*,
And walke tha*n* to your [7] cha*m*ber, as ye ar wont to doon.

Her shall the *marchant*is *man* [8] *mete wi*th the *Jewes.*

JONAT[H]AS. [6] A! Petr*e* Powle, good daye & wele i-mett! [9]
Wer ys thy [10] master, as I the pray?
CLERICUS. Lon[g] [6] from hym haue I not lett
Syt[h] [6] I cam fro*m* hym, *th*e sothe for to saye.
Wat tidyng w*ith* yow, s*er*, I yow praye,
Affte*r* my master *tha*t ye doo frayen?
Haue ye ony bargen *tha*t wer to hys paye?
Let me haue knowlech; I shall wete hym to seyn.

JHONATHAS. I haue bargenes royall*e* & ry[c]h [6]
ffor a marchant*e* w*ith* to bye and sell;
In all thys lond is ther non lyke
Off abu*n*dan*c*e of good, as I will tell.

[1] S. *inserts* [be].
[2] S. out.
[3] H. *corrects the spelling to* down.
[4] S. [nat].
[5] MS. cōe; *corr. by* S.
[6] S.
[7] S. yōr.
[8] MS. marchant men; *corr. by* S.
[9] MS. I mett; S. imett.
[10] S. they.

Her shall the *clerk goon to* ser *Aristori, saluting him thus :*

CLERICUS. All hayll, master, & wel mot yow be ![1]
Now tydynge can I yow tell :
The grettest marchante in all Surre
Ys come with yow to bey & sell,
This tale ryght well he me told.[2]
Sir Jonat[h]as [3] ys hys nam,
A marchant of ryght gret fame ;
He wollde sell yow, with-out blame,
P[l]ente [3] of clothe of golde.

ARISTORIUS. Petre Powle, I can the thanke !
I prey the rychely araye myn halle
As owyth for a marchant of the banke ;
Lete non defawte be fownd at alle.
CLERICUS. Sekyrly, master, no m[o]re [3] ther shall.
Styffly about I thynke to stere,
Hasteli [4] to hange your parlowr with pall,
As longeth for a lordis pere.

Here shall the *Jewe merchante & his men come to* the Cristen *merchante.*

JONATHAS. All haylle, syr Aristorye, semele to se,
The myghtyest merchante off Arigon !
Off yower welfare fayn wet wold we,
And to bargeyn with you this day am [5] I boun.

ARISTORIUS. Sir Jonathas, ye be wellecum vnto myn halle !
I pray yow come vp & sit bi me,
And telle me wat good ye haue to selle,
And yf ony bargeyn [6] mad may be.

JONATHAS. I haue clothe of gold, precyous stons & spyce plente.
Wyth yow a bargen wold I make ; —

[1] S. *for* MS. yowbe.
[2] MS. this t l [?] ryght nell heme tell ; *corr. by* S. *Perhaps the fourth word should be* now ; *cf.* p. 240, l. 38.
[3] S.
[4] H. ; S. hasterli.
[5] S. ; MS. an.
[6] S. bargeny ; bargen ymade *seems unlikely.*

I wold bartre wyth yow in pryvyte
On lytell*e* thyng,[1] ye wyll*e* me yt take
Prevely in *th*is stownd
And I woll*e* sure yow be thys lyght,
Neu*er* dystrie yow daye nor nyght,
But be sworn to yow full ryght
And geve yow twenti pownde.[2]

ARISTORIUS. Sir Jonathas, sey me for my sake,
What man*er* of marchandis ys yt[3] ye mene?
JONATHAS. Yowr God, *tha*t ys full mytheti, in a cake,
And thys good anoon shall yow seen.
[ARISTORIUS.][4] Nay, in feyth, *tha*t shall not bene.
I wollnot for an hundder[5] pownd
To stond in fere my Lord to tene
And for so lytell*e* a walew in co*n*scyence[6] to stond bownd.

JONATHAS. Sir, *th*e entent ys if I myght knowe or vndertake
Yf *tha*t he were God all*e*-myght;
Off all my mys I woll amende make
And doon hym wourshepe bothe day & nyght.

ARISTORIUS. Jonathas, trowth I shall *th*e tell:
I stond in gret dowght to do *tha*t dede,
To yow *tha*t bere all[7] for to sell
I fere me *tha*t I shuld stond in drede;
ffor, & I vnto *th*e chyrche yede,
And preste or clerke myght me aspye,
To *th*e bysshope *th*ei wolde go tell*e* *tha*t dede
And apeche me of eresye.[8]

JONATHAS. Sir, as for *tha*t, good shyffte may ye make,
And, for a vaylle, to walkyn on a nyght

[1] H. *inserts* yf.
[2] MS. xx^{ti} li.; S. xx^{ti} pownd.
[3] S. yt.
[4] S.
[5] H. *reads* hunderd.
[6] S.; MS. co*n*stycne.
[7] *Qy.* bereall = beryl.
[8] S. tresyē; H. apostasye, *but cf.* l. 777.

Wan prest & clerk to rest ben take ;
Than shall ye be spyde of no wyght.
ARISTORIUS. Now sey me, Jonathas, be this lyght !
Wat payment *ther*for wollde yow me make ?
JONATHAS. Forty pownd,[1] & pay yt fulryght,
Evyn for *tha*t Lorde[2] sake.

ARISTORIUS. Nay, nay, Jonathas, there-agen ;
I w[o]ld[3] not for an hunder[4] pownd.
JONATHAS. Sir, hir ys [yo]*wer*[3] askyng toolde pleyn,
I shall yt tell in this stownd.

[*Counts out the money.*]

Here is an hunder pownd,[5] neyther mor nor lesse,
Of doketti*s* good, I dar well saye ;
Tell yt er yow from me passe.
Me thynketh yt a royall*e* araye !

But fyrst, I pray yow, tell me thys :
Off thys thyng whan shall*e* I hafe delyu*er*ance ?
ARISTORI. To-morowe be-tymes ; I shallnot myse ;
This nyght therfor I shall*e* make p*ur*veance.

Syr Isodyr he ys now at chyrch,
There seyng hys evynsong,
As yt ys[6] worshepe for to werche ;
He shall sone cu*m* home, he wyll nat be long,
Hys soper for to eate ;
And when*e* he ys buskyd to hys bedde,
Ryght sone [t]here-after he[7] shalbe spedd. —
No speche among yow ther be spredd ;
To kepe yo*ur* toung*is* ye nott lett.

JONATHAS. Syr, almyghty Machomyght be w*ith* yow !
And I shall*e* cum agayn ryght sone.

[1] MS. xl li. ; S. xl pownd.
[2] H. *reads* lordes.
[3] S.
[4] S. has C.
[5] MS. has C. li. ; S. has C. pownd.
[6] S. As yt hys ; H. As yt [ys] hys.
[7] H. ye.

ARYSTORIUS. Jonathas, ye wott what I haue sayd, & how
I shall*e* warke[1] for that we haue to donn.

Here goeth the *Jewys away &* the *preste commyth home.*

PRESBITER. Syr, almyghty God mott be yow*er* gyde
And glad yow where-soo ye rest!
ARISTORIUS. Syr, ye be welcom home thys tyde!
Now, Peter, gett vs wyne of the best.

CLERICUS. Syr, here ys a drawte of Romney Red,
Ther ys no better in Aragon,
And a lofe of lyght bred, —
Yt ys holesom, as sayeth *th*e fesycyon.

ARYSTORIUS. Drynke of,[2] s*er* Isoder, & be of good chere!
Thys Romney ys good to goo w*ith* to reste;
Ther ys no precyouser fer nor nere,
For all*e* wykkyd metys yt wyll*e* degest.

PRESBITER. Syr, thys wyne ys good at a taste,
And ther-of haue I drunke ryght well*e*.
To bed to gone thus haue I cast
Euyn strayt after thys mery mele.

Now, s*er*, I pray to God send yow good nyght,[3]
ffor to my chamber now wyll*e* I gonne.
ARISTORIUS. S*er*, w*ith* yow be God almyght,[4]
And sheld yow euer from yowr fone!

[*Exit the priest.*] *Here shall Aristorius call hys clarke to hys presens.*

Howe, Peter! In the ys all my trust,
In especyall*e* to kepe my consell*e*:

[1] S. walke.
[2] H. *reads* therof, *as in* 269; *but* of *is* off.
[3] S. rest; *emend. by* H.
[4] S. *reads* almyght[est], *and says:* "*The scribe had added a* y *and expunged it imperfectly.*" *This seems to justify* H. *in retaining the* MS. *reading.*

ffor a lytylle waye walkyn I must.
I wylle not be long ; trust as I the telle.

[*He goes toward the church.*]

Now preuely wylle I persew my pace,
My bargayn thys nyght for to fulfylle.
Ser Isoder shalle nott know of thys case,
For he hath oftyn sacred, as yt ys skylle.
The chyrche key ys at my wylle ;
Ther ys no-thynge *that* me shalle tary,
I wylle nott abyde by dale nor hylle
Tylle yt be wrowght, by Saynt Mary !

Here shal he enter the *chyrche &* *take* the *Hoost.*

Ah ! now haue I alle myn entent ;
Vnto Jonathas now wylle I fare ;
To fullefylle my bargayn haue I ment,
For *that* mony wylle amend my fare,
As thynketh me.

[*Exit from church.*]

But now wylle I passe by thes pathes playne ;
To mete with Jonathas I wold fayne.
Ah ! yonder he commyth in certayne ;
Me thynkyth I hym see !

Welcom, Jonathas, gentylle & trew,
ffor welle & tr[e]wly[1] *thou* kepyst thyn howre ;
Here ys *the* Host, sacred newe.
Now wylle I home to halle & bowre.

JONATHAS. And I shall kepe thys trusty treasure
As I wold doo my gold and fee.
Now in thys clothe I shalle the couer,
That no wyght shalle the see.

[1] S.

Here shall Arystory goo hys waye & Jonathas & hys seruauntis shall goo to the tabyll thus sayng:

JONATHAS. Now, Jason & Jasdon, ye[1] be Jewys jentylle,
Masfat & Malchus, that myghty arn in mynd,
Thys merchant from the Crysten temple
Hathe gett vs thys bred that[2] make vs thus blynd.
Now, Jason, as jentylle as euer was the lynde,
Into the forsayd parlowr preuely take thy pase ;
Sprede a clothe on the tabyll that ye shalle there fynd,
And we shalle folow after to carpe of thys case.

Now the Jewys goon & lay the Ost on the tabyll, sayng:

JONATHAS. Syris, I praye yow alle, harkyn to my sawe !
Thes Crysten men carpyn of a mervelows[3] case ;
They say that this ys Ihesu that was attaynted in ower lawe
And that thys ys he that crwcyfyed was.

On thes wordys there law growndyd hath he
That he sayd on Sherethursday at hys soper :
He brake the brede & sayd *Accipite*,
And gave hys dyscyplys them for to chere ;
And more he sayd to them there,
Whyle they were alle together & sum,
Syttyng at the table soo clere,
Comedite, [*hoc est*] *corpus meum.*

And thys powre he gaue Peter to proclame,
And how the same shuld be suffycyent to alle prechors ;
The bysshoppys & curatis saye the same,
And soo, as I vnderstond, do alle hys progenytors.

JASON. Yea, sum men in that law reherse a-nother :
They say of a maydyn borne was hee,
And how Joachyms dowghter shuld be hys mother,
And how Gabrelle apperyd & sayd *Aue* ;

[1] *Qy.* yt. [2] S. *inserts* wold. [3] MS.; S. mervelous.

And w*ith tha*t worde she[1] shuld conceyuyd be,
*And tha*t in hyr shuld lyght the Holy Gost, —
Ageyns ow*er* law thys ys false heresy, —
And yett they saye he ys of myght*is* most.

JASDON. They saye *tha*t Ihes*u* to be ow*er* kyng*e*,
But I wene he bowght yt[2] full*e* dere.
But they make a royall*e* aray of hys vprysy*ng* ;
And that in eu*ery* place ys p*re*chyd farre & nere,
And how he to hys dyscyples agayn dyd appere,
To Thomas and to Mary Mawdelen,
And syth how he styed by hys own powr*e* ;[3]
And thys, ye know well, ys heresy full*e* playn.

MASPHAT. Yea, & also they say he sent them wytt & wysdom
ffor to vnderstond eu*ery* langwage ;
When *the* Holy Gost to them came, [4]
They faryd as dronk men of pymente or v*er*nage ;
And sythen how *tha*t he lykenyd hym-self a lord of p*ar*age,
On hys fatherys ryght hond he hym sett.
They hold hym wyser *th*an eu*er* was Syble sage,
And strenger than Alexander, *tha*t all*e the* worde[5] ded gett.

MALCHUS. Yea, yet they say as fals, I dare laye my hedde,
How they that be ded shall com agayn to Judgement,
And ow*er* dredfull*e* Judge shalbe thys same brede,
And how lyfe eu*er*lastyng them shuld be lent.
And thus they hold, all at on*e*[6] consent,
Be-cause that Phylyppe sayd for a lytyll*e* glosse —
To turne vs from owr beleve ys ther entent, —
ffor that he sayd *judecare viuos & mortuos.*

[1] H. *wishes to read* he.
[2] S. yt.
[3] H. *corrects the spelling to* power.
[4] *So* MS.; S. [dyd] come.
[5] S. wor[l]de ; *but* worde *is a common spelling.*
[6] MS.; S. on.

JONATHAS. Now, ser*is*, ye haue rehersyd the substance of
ther[1] lawe.
But thys bred I wold myght be put in a p*re*fe
Whether *th*is be he that in Bosra of vs had awe.
Ther staynyd were hys clothys, *th*is may we belefe ;
Thys may we know, ther*e* had he grefe,
For ow*er* old bookys veryfy thus, —
Thereon he was jugett to be hangyd as a thefe, —
Tinctis[2] [*de*] *Bosra vestibus.* 368

JASON. Yff *tha*t thys be he that on Caluery was mad red,
Onto my mynd, I shall*e* kenne yow a conceyt good :
Surely w*ith* ow*er* daggars we shall*e* ses on[3] thys bredde,
And so w*ith* clowt*is* we shall know yf[4] he haue eny
blood.
JASDON. Now, by Machomyth so myghty, *tha*t meuyth
in my mode !
Thys ys mast*er*ly ment, thys matter thus to meue ;
And w*ith* ow*er* strokys we shall*e* fray hym as he was on
the rode,
That he was on don w*ith* grett repreue. 376

MASPHAT. Yea, I pray yow, smyte ye in the myddys of
*th*e cake,
And so shall*e* we smyte *ther*on woundys fyve ;
We wyll*e* not spare to wyrke yt wrake
To prove in thys brede yf *ther* be eny lyfe. 380

MALCHUS. Yea, goo we to, than, & take ow*er*[5] space,
And looke owr daggar*is* be sharpe & kene ;
And when eche man a stroke smytte hase,
In *th*e mydyll*e* p*ar*t there-of ow*er* master shall*e* bene.
JONATHAS. When ye haue all*e* smytyn, my stroke
shalbe sene ;

[1] MS. o^{r}; *corr. by* S.
[2] S. Tinctio; *corr. by* H.
[3] S. seson; *cf.* 390.
[4] MS. ys.; *corr. by* S.
[5] MS. yow^{r}; *emend. by* S.

*With th*is same dagger that ys so styf & strong
In *th*e myddys of thys prynt I thynke for to prene ;
On lashe I shall*e* hym*e* lende or yt be long. 388

*Here shall*e the *iiij Jewys pryk* the*r dagger*is *in iiij qua*[*r*]*ters*,[1] thus *saying :*

JASON. Haue at yt ! Haue at yt, w*ith* all*e* my myght !
Thys syde I hope for to sese !
JASDON. *And* I shall w*ith* thys blade so bryght
Thys other syde freshely a-feze !
MASPHAT. *And* I yow plyght I shall*e* hym not please,
For w*ith* thys punche I shall*e* hym pryke.
MALCHUS. *And* w*ith* thys angus [2] I shall*e* hym not ease,
A-nother buffett shall*e* he lykke. 396

JONATHAS. Now am I bold w*ith* batayle hym to bleyke,
*Thi*s mydle part alle for to prene ;
A stowte stroke also for to stryke, —
In *th*e myddys yt shalbe sene ! 400

Here the *Ost must blede.*

Ah ! owt ! owt ! harrow ! what deuyll*e* ys thys ?
Of thys wyrk I am in were ;
Yt bledyth as yt were woode, i-wys ;
But yf ye helpe, I shall dyspayre. 404

JASON. A fyre ! a fyre ! & that in hast !
Anoon a cawdron full*e* of oyle !
JASDON. And I shalle helpe yt wer in cast,
All *th*e iij howr*is* fo[r] [1] to boyle ! 408

[*Malchus goes to get the oil.*]

MASPHAT. Yea,[3] here is a furneys stowte & strong,
And a cawdron therin dothe hong !
Malcus, wher art thow so long,
To helpe thys dede were dyght ?

[1] S.
[2] Kittredge *suggests* dagger ; H. anguish.
[3] *An attempt seems to have been made to cancel the* a *of* yea *in* MS.

MALCUS. Loo, here ys iiij galons off oyle clere !
Haue doone[1] fast ! blowe up *the* fere !
Syr, bryng that ylke cake nere,
Ma*n*ly, w*ith* all yowre mygthe.

JONATHAS. And I shall bryng *tha*t ylke cak[e][2]
And throw yt in, I undertake.
Out ! out ! yt werketh me wrake !
I may not awoyd yt owt of my hond !
I wylle goo drenche me i*n* a lake, —
And i*n* woodnesse I gynne to wake ![3]
I rene, I lepe, ou*er th*is lond !

Her he renneth wood, with the *Ost in hys hond.*

JASON. Renne, felawes, renne,[4] for Cokk*is* peyn !
Fast[5] we had ow*er* mayst*er* agene !

[*They catch Jonathas.*]

Hold p*re*stly[6] on thys pleyn[7]
And faste bynd hyme to a poste.
JASDON. Here is an hamer & naylys iij, I s[e]ye.[2]
Lyffte vp hys armys, felawe[s], on hey,
Whylle I dryue *th*es nayles, I yow praye,
W*ith* strong strok*is* fast.

MASPHAT.[9] Now set on, felouse, w*ith* mayne & myght,
And pluke hys armes awey in hyght ![10]
Wat ! I se[11] he twycche, felovse, a-ryght !
Alas, balys breweth ryght badde !

[1] MS. ; S. doon. [2] S. [3] H. *proposes* rake.
[4] MS. reme ; *corr. by* S. [5] H. *inserts* that.
[6] S. p*re*stly [?], *but* MS. *is fairly clear.*
[7] S. feleyn [?] ; MS. *has* pleyn *with an elaborate curl and stroke over* n ; H. *proposes* sely sweyn.
[8] *The line numbering in* S. *is wrong from here on ; six lines are twice numbered as five.*
[9] MS. Malspas ; *corr. by* S. [10] S. fyght ; *possibly* sight *was intended.*
[11] S. *reads* yse, *and suggests* yfe.

*Here shall*e *thay pluke* the *arme, &* the *hand shall*e *fang*[1] *stylle wit*h the *Sacrament.*

MALCHUS.[2] Alas, alas, what deuyll ys thys?
Now hat[h][3] he but oon hand, i-wyse!
ffor sothe, mayst*er*, ryght woo me is
That ye *th*is harme hawe hadde.

JONATHAS. Ther ys no more; I must enduer!
Now hastely to ow*er* cha*m*ber lete us go[n],
Tylle I may get me su*m* recuer;
And ther-for [I] charge yow euery-choon
That yt be conselle that we haue doon.

[*They go out.*]

*Here shall*e the *lechys man come into* the *place sayng:*

COLLE. Aha! here ys a fayer felawshyppe,
Thewh*e* I be nat shapyn,[4] [yn] I lyst to sleppe.
I haue a mast*er* I wolld he had *th*e pyppe,
I tell yow i*n* consel.
He ys a ma*n* off alle syence,
But off thryfte — I may w*ith* yow dyspe*n*ce!
He syttyth[5] w*ith* su*m* tapstere in *th*e spence;
Hys hoode there wyll he selle.

Mayster Brendyche of Braban,
I telle yow he ys *that* same ma*n*,
Called *th*e most famous phesy[cy]an[3]
That eue*r* sawe vryne.
He seeth as wele at noone as at nyght,
And su*m*tyme by a candelleyt
Can gyff a judgyment[6] aryght
As he *that* hathe noon[7] eyn.

[1] MS. sang; *emend. by* S.; *his proposal of* hang (*in Glossary*) *can derive no support from* "a-fingred *for* ahungered."
[2] *Wanting in* MS.; S. *gives* [Malchas].
[3] S.
[4] S. Sh[ ]pyn; *the reading adopted was suggested by* Dr. F. N. Robinson.
[5] MS. sytthyt; *corr. by* S.
[6] MS. Judyyment; *corr. by* S.
[7] MS. nood, *which* S. *thinks may mean* use [of].

He ys all-so a boone-setter, —
I knowe no man go *th*e better ;
In euery tau*er*ne he ys detter,
Yt ys a good tokenyng.
But eu*er* I wonder he ys so long ;
I fere ther gooth sum-thyng a-wrong,
For he hath dysa[rv]yde [1] to be hong, —
God se*n*d neu*er* warse tydyng !

He had a lady late in cure ;
I wot be *th*is she ys full sure ;
There shall*e* neuer *Cryst*en creatur*e*
Here hyr tell no tale.
And I stode here tyll*e* mydnyght,
I cowde not declare a-ryght
My masteris cu*n*yng in-syght
That he hat[h] [2] in good ale.

But [3] what deuyll ayleth [4] hym so long to tare?
A seekma*n* myght soone myscary.
Now all*e* *th*e deuyllys of hell hym wari ! —
God g[ra]nte [2] me my boon !
I trowe best, we mak a crye :
Yf any ma*n* can hym [5] aspye,
Led hym to *th*e pyller[ye].[2]
In fayth, yt shall be don.

Here shalle he stond vp & make proclamacion, seyng thys:

COLLE. Yff therbe eyther ma*n* or woma*n*
That sawe Mast*er* Bru*n*dyche of Braban,
Or owyht of hym tel can,
Shall wele be quit hys mede ; [6]
He hath a cut berd & a flatte noose,
A therde-bare gowne & a rent hoose ;
He spekyt[h] [2] neuer good matere nor pu*r*poose ; —
To *th*e pyllere ye hym led[e].[2]

[1] H. [3] S. By. [5] MS. I; *emend. by* S.
[2] S. [4] S. dyleth. [6] MS. me*n*; *corr. by* S.

[*The master has entered during the proclamation.*]

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. What, thu boye, what janglest here?
COLL. A! master, master, but to your reu*er*ence!
I wend neuer to a seen yowr goodly chere,
Ye tared hens so long.
MASTER BRUNDYCHE. What hast thow sayd in my absense?
COLL. Nothyng, master, but to yowr reu*er*ence,
I haue told all *th*is audiense,
And some lyes among.

But, mast*er*, I pray yow, how dothe yowr pa[c]yent[1]
That ye had last vnder yowr medycament*e*?
MASTER BRUNDYCHE. I warant she neu*er* fele a-noyment.[2]
COLL. Why, ys she in hyr graue?
MASTER BRUNDYCHE. I haue gyven hyr a drynke made full well
Wyth scamoly and w*ith* oxennell,[3]
Letwyce, sawge and pympernelle.
COLL. Nay, than she ys full*e* saue.

ffor, now ye ar cu*m*, I dare well*e* saye
Betwyn Douyr & Calyce *th*e ryght wey
Dwellth non so cu*n*nyng, be my fey,
In my judgyment.
MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Cu*n*nyng? Yea, yea; & w*ith* prattise
I haue sauid many a manys lyfe.
COLLE. On wydowes, maydese and wy[v]se[1]
Yowr connyng yow haue nyh*e* spent.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Were ys bowgtt w*ith*[4] drynk*e* profytable.
COLL. Here, mast*er*, mast*er*, ware how ye tugg!

[1] S.
[2] S. *gives* MS. *as* a noynment; *my collation shows* a noyntment.
[3] S. *emends to* oxymell.
[4] S. *emends to* browghtt *that*, *but*, *as the stanza* (*or rather*, *fragment*) *is unintelligible to me*, *I give the readings of* MS.

The devylle, I trowe, with-in shrugge,
For yt gooth rebylle-rable.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Here ys a grete congregacyon,
And alle benot hole, without negacyon.
I wold haue certyfycacyon ;
Stond vp & make a proclamacion.
Haue do faste,[1] and mak no pausa[c]yon,[2]
But wyghtly mak a declaracion
To alle people that helpe w[o]lde[2] haue.

Sic interim[3] *proclamacionem faciet.*

COLL. All manar off men that haue any syknes,
To Master Brentberecly loke that yow re-dresse.
What dysease or syknesse that euer ye haue,
He wyll neuer leue yow tylle ye be in yow[r][2] graue.
Who hat[h][2] the canker, the collyke, or the laxe,
The tercyan, the quartane, or the brynny[n]g[2] axs, —
ffor wormys, for gnawyng, gryndy[n]g[2] in the wombe or in the boldyro, —
Alle maner red eyne, bleryd eyn, & the myegrym also,
For hedache, bonache, & therto the tothache, —
The colt-euyll,[4] & the brostyn men he wyll undertak,
All tho that [haue][2] the poose, the sneke, or the tyseke, —
Thowh[5] a man w[e]re[2] ryght heyle, he cowd soone make hym seke.
Inquyre to the Colkote, for ther ys hys loggyng,
A lytylle be-syde Babwelle Mylle, yf ye wyll haue und[er]-stondyng.[2]

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Now, yff therbe ether man or woman
That nedethe helpe of a phesyscion — [6]
COLL. Mary, master, that I tell can,
And ye wyll vnderstond.

[1] S. dofaste; *corr. by* H. [2] S.
[3] S. *gives this reading with a query; there is no comment in my collation.*
[4] S. Coltugll [?]; *emend. by* New Eng. Dict.
[5] MS.; S. Thowgh. [6] MS.; S. phesyscian

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Knoest any abut *th*is plase?
COLL. Ye, *tha*t I do, master, so haue [I][1] grase;
Here ys a Jewe, hyght Jonathas,
Hath lost hys ryght hond.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. ffast to hym I wold inquere.
COLL. ffor God, mast*er*, *th*e gate ys here.[2]
MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Than to hym I wyll*e* go nere.

[*Approaches the Jews.*]

My master, wele mot yow be!
JONATHAS. What doost here, felawe? what woldest thu hanne?
MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Syr, yf yow nede ony surgeon or physycyan,
Off yow[r][3] dyse[se][3] help yow welle I cane,
What hurt*is* or hermes[4] so-eu*er* they be.

JONATHAS. Syr, thu art ontawght to come in thus [on-]henly[5]
Or to pere in my presence thus malep*er*tly.
Voydeth[6] from my syght, & *tha*t wyghtly,
ffor ye be mysse-a-vysed.
COLL. Syr, *th*e hurt of yowr hand ys knowen full*e* ryfe,
And my mast*er* haue[7] sauyd many a manes lyfe.
JONATHAS. I trowe ye be cum to make sum stryfe.
Hens fast, lest *tha*t ye be chastysed.

COLL. Syr, ye know well*e* yt can nott mysse,
Men that be masters of scyens be p*ro*fytable.
In a pott yf yt please yow to pysse,
He can tell*e* yf yow be curable.
[JONATHAS.][8] Avoyde, fealows, I loue not yow*er* bable!

[1] S. [yow]; H. *suggests* so haue [I] grase, *or* saue yowr grase.
[2] S. *for* MS. hyre.
[3] S.
[4] S. *for* MS. hermet.
[5] S.; H. *retains* henly *regarding it as* héanlíce.
[6] S. *for* MS. voydoth.
[7] H. *reads* hath.
[8] *Supp. by* S.

Brushe them hens bothe, & that anon !
Gyff them ther reward *that* they were gone !

*Here shall*e the *iiij Jewys bett a-way* the *leche & hys man.*

IONATHAS. Now haue don, felawys, & that anon,
For dowte of drede what after befall*e* !
I am nere masyd, my wytt*e* ys gon ;
Therfor of helpe I pray yow all*e*.

And take yowr pynsonys *that* ar so sure,
And pluck owt the naylys won & won ;
Also in a clothe ye yt cure
And throw yt in *th*e cawdron, & *that* anon.

*Here shall*e *Jason pluck owt the naylys & shake* the *hond in-to* the *cawdron*

JASON. And I shall*e* rape me redely anon
To plucke owt the naylys that stond so fast,
And bear thys bred & also thys bone
And in-to the cawdron I wyll*e* yt cast.

JASDON. And I shall*e* w*ith* thys dagger so stowte
Putt yt down that yt myght plawe,
And steare the clothe rounde abowte
That no-thyng ther-of shalbe rawe.

MASPHAT. And I shall*e* manly, w*ith* all*e* my myght,
Make the fyre to blase & brenne,
And sett ther-vnder suche a lyght
That yt shall*e* make yt ryght thynne.

*Here shall*e the *cawdron b*[*o*]*yle*,[1] *apperyng to be as blood.*

MALCHAS. Owt ! & harow ! what deuyll*e* ys here-in ?
All*e* thys oyle waxyth redde as blood,
And owt of the cawdron yt begyn*n*yth to rinn.[2]
I am so aferd I am nere woode.

[1] S. [2] MS. run *or* rnn ; *corr. by* S.

Here shalle Jason & hys compeny goo to ser Jonathas sayng:

JASON. Ah! master, mast*er*, what there ys w*ith* yow,
I can not see owr werke wyll avayle;
I beseche yow avance yow now
Sum-whatt w*ith* yowr counsayle.

JONATHAS. The best counsayle that I now wott,
That[1] I can deme, farre & nere,
[Ys][2] to make an ovyn as redd hott
As eu*er* yt can be made w*ith* fere;
And when ye see yt soo hott appere,
Then throw yt in-to the ovyn fast, —
Sone shall*e* he stanche hys bledyng chere, —
When ye haue done, stoppe yt, — be not agast!

JASDON. Be my fayth, yt shalbe wrowgh[t],
And that anon, in gret hast.
Bryng on fyryng, ser*is*; here[3] ye nowght?
To hete thys ovyn be nott agast!

MASPHAT. Here ys straw & thornys kene;
Come[4] on, Malchas, & bryng on fyre,
ffor that shall hete yt well*e*, I wene;

Here the*i kyndylle* the *fyre.*

Blow on fast, that done yt were!
MALCHAS. Ah, how! thys fyre gynnyth to brenne clere!
Thys ovyn ryght hotte I thynk to make.
Now, Jason, to the cawdron[5] *tha*t ye stere
And fast fetche hether that ylke cake!

Here shalle Jason goo to the cawdron & take owt the Ost with *hys pynsonys & cast yt in-to the ovyn.*

JASON. I shall*e* w*ith* thes pynsonys, w*ith*-owt dowt,
Shake thys cake owt of thys clothe,

[1] MS. ys that; S. [and] that; *cf. next note.*
[2] *Supplied by* S.; *but the scribe merely wrote it in the wrong line.*
[3] S. *emends to* fere; *but, as* H. *points out,* MS. *is correct.*
[4] S. couer; *corr. by* Kittredge. [5] S. *inserts* [see].

And to the ovyn I shall yt rowte
And stoppe hym there, thow he be loth.
Thys cake I haue cawght here, in good sothe, —
The hand ys soden, the fleshe from *the* bonys, —
Now in-to the ovyn I wyll ther-w*ith*.
Stoppe yt, Jasdon, for the nonys ! 628

JASDON. I stoppe thys ovyn, wythowtyn dowte,
W*ith* clay I clome yt vppe ryght fast,
That non heat shall cum [1] owte.
I trow there shall*e* he hete & drye in hast ! 632

Here the owyn must ryve asunder, & blede owt at the *cranys, & an ymage appere owt with woundis bledyng.*

MASPHAT. Owt ! owt ! here is a grete wonder !
Thys ovyn b[l]edyth owt on eu*er*y syde !
MALCHAS. Yea, *the* ovyn on peacys gynnyth to ryve asundre ;
Thys ys a m*er*velows case thys tyde ! 636

*Here shall*e the *image speke to the Juys sayng thus :*

JHESUS. *O mirabiles Judei, attendite et videte*
Si est dolor similis [2] *dolor meus !* 638

Oh ye merveylows Jewys,
Why ar ye to yow*er* kyng onkynd,
And [3] so bytterly bowt yow to my blysse ?
Why fare ye thus fule w*ith* yowr frende ?
Why peyne yow me & straytly me pynde,[4]
And I yow*er* loue so derely haue bowght ?
Why are ye so vnstedfast in yo*ur* mynde ?
Why wrath ye me ? I greve yow nowght. 646

Why wyll*e* ye nott beleue that I haue tawght,
And forsake yo*ur* fowle neclygence,
And kepe my com*m*andement*is* in yow*er* thowght,
And vnto my godhed to take credence ? 650

[1] S. *inserts* ther.
[2] *Probably a careless mistake for* sicut.
[3] H. *inserts* I.
[4] H. *wishes to read* bynde.

Why blaspheme yow me? Why do ye thus?
Why put yow me to a newe tormentry,
And I dyed for yow on the crosse?
Why consyder not yow what I dyd crye?
Whylle that I was *with* yow, ye ded me velanye.
Why remember ye nott my bitter chaunce,
How yower kynne dyd me awance
ffor claymyng of myn enherytaunce?
I shew yow the streytnesse of my greuance,
And alle to meue yow to my mercy.

JONATHAS. *Tu es protector vite mee; a quo trepidabo?*
O thu, Lord, whyche art my defendowr,
ffor dred of the I trymble & quake.
Of thy gret mercy lett vs receyue [1] *th*e showre;
And mekely I aske mercy, amendys to make.

Here shall they knele down alle on ther kneys, sayng:

JASON. Ah! Lord, *with* sorow & care & grete wepyng
Alle we felawys lett vs saye thus,
With condolent harte & grete sorowyng:
Lacrimis nostris conscienciam nostram baptizemus!

JASDON. Oh thow blyssyd Lord of mykylle myght,
Of thy gret mercy, thow hast shewyd vs *th*e path,
Lord, owt of grevous slepe & owt of dyrknes to lyght,
Ne grauis sompnus irruat.

MASPHAT. Oh Lord, I was very cursyd, for I wold know *thi* crede.
I can no men[d]ys [2] make, but crye to the thus:
O gracyows [3] Lorde, forgyfe me my mysdede!
With lamentable hart: *miserere mei, Deus!*

MALCHAS. Lord, I haue offendyd the in many a sundry vyse,
That styckyth at my hart as hard as a core.

[1] MS.; S. receue. [2] S. [3] MS.; S. gracyous.

Lord, by *th*e water of contryc[i]on lett me aryse :
Asparges me, Domine, ysopo, et mundabor. 681

JHESUS. All ye that desyryn my seruant*is* for to be
And to fulfylle *th*e precept*is* of my lawys,
The intent of my co*m*mandeme*n*t knowe ye :
Ite et ostendite vos sacerdotibus meis.
To all yow *tha*t desyre in eny wyse
To aske me*r*cy, to grau*n*t yt redy I am.
Remember & lett yowe*r* wytt*is* suffyce,
Et tunc non auertam a vobis faciem meam. 689

[1] Jonathas, on thyn hand thow art but lame,
And *this*[2] thorow thyn own cruelnesse.
ffor thyn hurt[3] *tho*u mayest *th*i-selfe blame,
Thow woldyst preve thy powr me to oppresse ;
But now I consydre thy necesse ;
Thow wasshest thyn hart w*ith* grete[4] contryc[i]on ;
Go to the cawdron, — *th*i care shalbe the lesse, —
And towche thyn hand to thy saluac[i]on. 697

Here shall ser *Jonathas put hys hand in-to* the *cawdron, and yt shalbe hole agayn ; & then say as fo[lo]wyth :*[5]

JONATHAS. Oh thow my Lord God & Sauyowe*r*, osanna !
Thow Kyng of Jewys & of Jerusalem!
O thow myghty, strong Lyon of Iuda,[6]
Blyssyd be the tyme *tha*t *tho*u were[7] in Bedlem !
Oh *tho*u myghty, strong, gloryows & gracyows Gyle-streme,
Thow myghty Conquerrowr of infernall*e* tene,
I am quyt of moche combrance thorowgh thy meane,
That eu*er* blyssyd mott *tho*u bene ! 705

Alas *tha*t eu*er* I dyd agaynst thy wyll*e*,
In my wytt to be soo wood

[1] *Before* Jonathas, S. *has . . , the meaning of which is not explained.*
[2] MS. ys ; S. [thys] ys.
[3] MS. ; S. hart.
[4] MS. ; S. gret.
[5] S.
[6] MS. ; S. Jwda.
[7] *Qy. insert* born.

That I with[1] ongoodly wyrk shuld soo gryll!
A3ens my mysgou*er*naunce thow gladdyst me w*ith* good:
I was soo prowde to prove the on *th*e roode,
*And tho*u haste sent me lyghtyng *tha*t late was lame;
To bete the & boyle the I was myghty in moode,
And now *tho*u hast put me from duresse and dysfame.

But, Lord, I take my leve at thy hygh presens
And put me in thy myghty mercy.
The bysshoppe wyll I goo fetche to se ow*er* offens,
And onto hym shew ow*er* lyfe, how *tha*t we be gylty.

Here shall the *master Jew goo*[2] *to* the *byshopp, & hys men knele styll.*

JONATHAS. Hayle, father of grace! I knele vpon my knee
Hertely besechyng yow & interely
A swemfull*e* syght all*e* for to see
In my howse apperyng verely:
The holy Sacrament,[3] *th*e whyche we haue done tor-
me*n*try
And ther we haue putt hym to a newe passyon,
A chyld apperyng w*ith* wondys blody:
A swemfull*e* syght yt ys to looke vpon.

EPISCOPUS. Oh Jh*es*u, Lord, full*e* of goodnesse!
W*ith* the wyll*e* I walke w*ith* all*e* my myght.
Now, all*e* my pepull*e*, w*ith* me ye dresse
ffor to goe see that swymfull*e* syght.

Now, all*e* ye peple that here are,
I co*m*mande yow, euery man,
On yow*er* feet for to goo, bare,
In the devoutest wyse that ye can.

*Here shall*e the *bysshope enter into* the *Jewys howse & say:*

O Jhesu fili Dei,
How thys paynfull*e* passyon rancheth my*n* hart!
Lord, I crye to the, *miserere mei,*

[1] MS. So; *corr. by* S. [2] MS.; S. go. [3] S. *inserts* [to].

ffrom thys rufulle syght *tho*u wylt reu*er*te.
Lord, we alle w*ith* sorowys smert
ffor thys vnlefulle work we lyue in langow*er* ;
Now, good Lord, in thy grace let vs be gertt,[1]
And of thy sou*er*eyn marcy send vs thy socow*er* ; 741

And for thy holy grace forgyfe vs ow*er* errowr.
Now lett thy pete spryng & sprede ;
Thowgh we haue be vnrygh[t]fulle,[2] forgyf vs o*ur* rygore,
And of ow*er* lamentable hart*is*, good Lord, take hed[e].[2] 745

*Here shall*e the *im*[*a*]*ge*[2] *change agayn on-to brede.*

Oh thu largyfluent Lord, most of lyghtnesse,
On-to owr prayers thow hast applyed ;
Thu hast receyued them w*ith* grett swettnesse,
ffor alle ow*er* dredfulle dedys *tho*u hast not vs denyed.
ffulle mykylle owte thy name for to be magnyfyed
W*ith* ma*n*suete myrth and gret swettnes,
And as o*ur* gracyows God for to be gloryfyed,
ffor thu shewyst vs gret gladnes. 753

Now wylle I take thys holy Sacrament
W*ith* humble hart & gret devoc[i]on,
And alle we wylle gon w*ith* on consent
And bear yt to chyrche w*ith* sole[m]pne[2] p*ro*cessyon ;
Now folow me, alle & sume !
And alle tho that bene here, both more & lesse,
Thys holy song, *O sacrum*[3] *Dominum*,
Lett vs syng all w*ith* grett swetnesse. 761

*Here shall*e the *pryst*, *ser Isoder*, *aske hys m*aster *what* thi*s menyth.*

[PRESBITER.][2] *Ser* Arystory, I pray yow, what menyth alle thys ?
Sum myracle, I hope, ys wrowght be Godd*is* myght ;

[1] MS. grett ; *corr. by* S. [2] S. [3] MS. scacrum ; *corr. by* S.

The bysshope co*m*myth [in][1] processyon w*ith* a gret meny
of Jewys ;
I hope sum myracle ys shewyd to hys syght.
To chyrche in hast wyll*e* I run*ne* full ryght,
ffor thether, me thynk, he begynnyth to take hys pace.
The Sacrame*n*t so semly is borne in syght,
I hope that God hath shewyd of hys grace.

ARYSTORIUS. To tell yow the trowth I wyll*e* nott lett :
Alas *tha*t eu*er* thys dede was dyght !
An onlefull*e* bargayn [I][2] began for to beat ;
I sold yon same Jewys ow*er* Lord full*e* ryght
For couytyse of good as a cursyd wyght.
Woo the whyle that bargayn I dyd eu*er* make !
But yow be my defensour in owr dyocesans syght,
ffor an heretyke I feare he wyll*e* me take.

PRESBITER. ffor sothe, nothyng wellavysed was yo*u*r wytt,—
Wondrely was yt wrowght of a man of dyscresc[i]on
In suche p*er*ayle yo*u*r solle for to putt ;
But I wyll*e* labor for yo*u*r absolucyon.

Lett vs hye vs fast that we were hens,
And beseche hym of hys benygne *gra*ce
That he wyll*e* shew vs hys benyvolens
To make a-mendys[3] for yow*er* trespas.

Here shall the *merchant & hys prest go to* the *chyrche &* the *bysshop shall*e *entre*[4] the *chyrche & lay* the *Os[t]*[1] *u[p]on*[1] the *auter, sayng thus :*

[EPISCOPUS.] *Estote fortes in bello et pugnate cum*[5] *antico serpente,*
Et accipite regnum eternum, et cetera.

My chyldern, be ye[6] strong in batayll*e* gostly
For to fyght agayn the fell serpent,
That nyght and day ys eu*er* besy ;
To dystroy owr sollys ys hys intent.

[1] S.
[2] H.
[3] S. a menyn.
[4] MS. ; S. enter.
[5] MS. co ; *corr. by* S.
[6] MS. ye be ; *corr. by* S.

Look ye be not slow nor neclygent
To arme yow in the vertues seuyn ;
Of synnys forgetyn [1] take good avysement
And knowlege them to yowr confessor fulle euyn ;

ffor that serpent, the deuylle, ys fulle strong
Meruelows myscheves [2] for man to mene,
But that the Passyon of Cryst ys meynt vs among,
And that ys in dyspyte of hys infernalle tene.
Beseche ower Lord & Sauyower so kene
To put doun that serpent, cumberer of man,
To withdraw hys furyous froward doctryn by-dene,
ffulfyllyd of the fend callyd Leuyathan.

Gyff lawrelle to that Lord of myght
That he may bryng vs to the joyous fruyc[i]on
ffrom [3] vs to put the fend to flyght,
That neuer he dystroy vs by hys temptac[i]on.

PRESBITER. My ffather vnder God, I knele vnto yower kne,
In yowr myhty myserycord to tak vs in remembrance ;
As ye be materyall to owr degre,
We put vs in yower moderat ordynance,
Yff yt lyke yower hyghnes to here ower greuaunce ;
We haue offenddyd sorowfully in a syn mortalle,
Wherfor we fere vs owr Lord wylle take vengaunce
ffor owr synnes both grete and smalle.

EPISCOPUS. And in fatherhed, that longyth to my dygnyte,
Vn-to yower grefe I wylle gyf credens.
Say what ye wylle, in the name of the Trynyte,
Agayn[s]t [4] God yf ye haue wroght eny inconuenyence.

ARISTORIUS. Holy ffather, I knele to yow vnder benedycite.
I haue offendyd in the syn of couytys ;
I sold our Lordys body for lucre of mony
And delyueryd to the wyckyd with cursyd advyce.

[1] MS. fog. . tyn ; S. forgottyn.
[2] S. myschevos.
[3] MS. fform ; *corr. by* S.
[4] S.

And for that p*re*sumpc[i]on gretly I agryse
That I p*re*sumed to go to the auter
There to handylle *th*e holy sacryfyce, —
I were worthy to be putt in brenyng fyre.

But, gracyous lord, I can no more
But put me to Goddys mercy & to yow*er* grace.
My cursyd werkys for to restore,
I aske penaunce now in thys place.

EPISCOPUS. Now for thys offence that *tho*u hast donne
Ayens the Kyng of hevyn & Emperow*er* of helle,
Eu*er* whylle *tho*u lyuest good dedys for to done
And neu*er*-more for to bye nor selle;
Chastys thy body as I shall the telle,
W*ith* fastyng & prayng & other good wyrk,
To w*ith*stond the temtacyon of fend*is* of hell;
And to calle to God for grace looke *tho*u neu*er* be irke.

Also, *tho*u preste, for thy neclygens,
That thou were no wyser on thyn office,
Thou art worthy inpresu[n]ment[1] for thyn offence;
But beware eu*er* herafter & be mor wyse.

And alle yow creaturys[2] & curatys[3] that here be,
Off thys dede yow may take example
How that yo*ur* pyxys lockyd ye shuld see
And be ware of the key of Goddys temple.

JONATHAS. And I aske crystendom w*ith* great devoc[i]on,
W*ith* repentant hart in all degrees.
I aske for vs all a gen*er*alle absoluc[i]on,

Here the *Juys must knele al down.*

ffor that we knele all vpon ow*er* knees;
ffor we haue greuyd ow*er* Lord on grovnd
And put hym to a new paynfulle passion,

1 S. 2 *Qy.* vicarys; *or* prechorys, *cf. above*, l. 326.
3 S. *proposes* curatys wyth creaturys.

With daggars styckyd hym w*ith* greuos wo[u]nd*e*,[1]
New naylyd hym to a post, & w*ith* pynsonys pluckyd hy*m* down.

JASON. And syth we toke that blyssyd Bred so sownd
And in a cawdron we dyd hym boyle,
In a clothe full*e* just we hym wou*n*de
And so dyd we seth hym in oyle.

JASDON. And for that we myght not[2] ou*er*com hym w*ith* tormentry,
In an hott ovyn we speryd hym fast.
Ther he apperyd with wo[u]nd*is* all bloody ;
The ovyn rave asunder & all to-brast.

MASPHAT. In hys law to make vs stedfast,
There spake he to vs woord*is* of grete favor ;
In contrycyon owr hart*is* he cast
And bad take vs to a confessor.

MALCHUS. And therfor all we w*ith* on consent
Knele onto yow*er* hygh sou*er*eynte ;
ffor to be crystenyd ys ow*er* intent,
Now all ow*er* dedys to yow shewyd haue we.

Here shall the *bysshoppe crysten* the *Jewys with gret solempnyte.*

EPISCOPUS. Now the Holy Gost at thys tyme mot yow blysse[3]
As ye knele all*e* now in hys name,
And w*ith* the water of baptyme I shall*e* yow blysse[3]
To saue yow all*e* from the fendis blame.
Now, that fendys powr*e* for to make lame,
In *th*e name of *th*e Fath*er*, *th*e Son & *th*e Holy Gost,
To saue yow from the deuyllys flame,
I crysten yow all*e*, both lest & most.

[1] S.
[2] S. *omits* not ; *but, as* H. *points out, it is correct.*
[3] H. *proposes* lysse *for one* blysse.

SER JONATHAS. Now owr father & byshoppe *that* we welle know,
We thank yow interly, both lest & most.
Now ar we bownd to kepe Crystis lawe
And to serue *the* Father, *the* Son & *the* Holy Gost.
Now wylle we walke by contre & cost,
Owr wyckyd lyuyng for to restore;
And trust in God, of myght*is* most,
Neuer[1] to offend as we have don before.[2] 887

Now we take ower lea[v]e[3] at lesse & more, —
Forward on ower vyage we wylle vs dresse;
God send yow all as good welfare
As hart can thynke or towng expresse. 891

ARYSTORIUS. In-to my contre now wylle I fare
For to amende myn wyckyd lyfe,
And to kep[e][3] *the* people owt of care
I wyll teache thys lesson to man & wyfe. 895

Now take I my leave in thys place, —
I wylle go walke, my penaunce to fullfylle;
Now, God, ayens whom I haue done thys trespas,
Graunt me forgyfnesse [yf][3] yt be thy wylle! 899

PRESBITER. ffor joy of thys me thynke my hart do wepe,
That yow haue gyuyn yow alle Crystis seruaunt*is* to be,
Hym for to serue with hart fulle meke, —
God, fulle of pacyens & humylyte, — 903

And the conuersac[i]on of alle thes fayre men,
With hartis stedfastly knett in on,
Goddis lawys to kepe & hym to serue by-dene,
As faythfulle Crystyanys euermore for to gonne. 907

EPISCOPUS. God omnypotent euermore looke ye serue
With deuoc[i]on & prayre whylle *that* ye may;

[1] MS. neuere[r]; *corr. by* S. [2] MS. befer; *corr. by* S. [3] S.

Dowt yt not he wyll*e* yow p*reser*ue
ffor eche good prayer *tha*t ye sey to hys pay ;
And therfor in eu*er*y dew tyme loke ye nat delay
ffor to s*er*ue the Holy Trynyte,
And also Mary, that swete may ;
And kepe yow in p*er*fyte loue & charyte. 915

Cryst*is* commandement*is* x there bee ;
Kepe well*e* them ; doo[1] as I yow tell*e*.
Almyght God shall*e* yow please in eu*er*y degre,
And so shall*e* ye saue yow*er* sollys from hell*e* ;
ffor there ys payn & sorow cruell*e*,
And in heuyn ther ys both joy & blysse,
More then eny towng can tell,
There angellys syng w*ith* grett swetnesse ;— 923

To the whyche blysse he bryng vs
Whoys name ys callyd Jh*es*us,
And in wyrshyppe of thys name gloryows
To syng to hys honor *Te Deum laudamus*. 927

FFINIS.

Thus endyth the Play of the Blyssyd Sacrament, whyche myracle was don in the forest of Aragon, in the famous cite Eraclea, the yere of ow*er* Lord God. M[l]cccc.lxi., to whom be honow*er*, Amen !

The namys & n*u*mber of the players :

Jh[es]us.[2]	Jason, Judeus ij[us].
Episcopus.	Jasdon, Judeus iij[us].
Aristorius, christianus mercator.	Masphat, Judeus iiij[us]
[Isoder, presbiter.]	Malchus, Judeus v[tus].
Clericus.	Magister phisicus.
Jonathas, Judeus i[mus].	Coll*e*, seruus.

IX may play yt at ease.

R. C.

[1] H. *proposes* too. [2] S.

PART III.

ROBIN HOOD PLAYS.

The first is printed from a copy made for Professor Child by Henry Bradshaw, Esq. The original, formerly among Sir John Fenn's papers and now the property of Dr. W. Aldis Wright, "is evidently," says Dr. Wright, "the last leaf, or rather half leaf, of a folio MS. For this reason it is clear that the memoranda [acknowledgments of payments] on the blank page are later in date than the writing of the ballad [*i.e.*, play]." This would date the play before 1475. Besides the copy by Bradshaw, I have used a collation made by Dr. Wright. The play was first correctly printed in Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," III, 90 f.

The second and third are really two plays, though printed as one in both the old editions: Copland's (about 1550) and White's of 1634. They are printed separately in Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," III, 127 f., 114 f, Boston [1888]. In the footnotes, Co. indicates the readings of Copland as given in Ritson's "Robin Hood," 1795, II, 199 ff.; R. indicates Ritson's edition; W. indicates the variants of White's edition as given by Child.

I.

[Robin Hood and the Knight.]

[*Enter a Knight to the Sheriff.*]

[Knyght.] Syr Sheryffe, for thy sake
Robyn Hode wull Y take.

[Sheriff.] I wyll the gyffe golde and fee;
This be-heste *thou* holde me!

[*The Knight goes to Robyn Hode.*]

[Knyght.] Robyn Hode, fayre [1] and fre,
Vndre this lynde shote we!

[Robyn.] With the shote Y wyll,
Alle thy lustes to full-fyll.

[*They shoot.*]

[Knyght.] Have at the pryke!

[Robyn.] And Y cleue the styke.

[1] Wright, ffayre.

[KNYGHT.] Late vs caste the stone.
[ROBYN.] I graunte well, be Seynt John!

[*They cast the stone; Robyn is again successful.*]

[KNYGHT.] Late vs caste the exaltre.
[ROBYN.] Have a foote be-fore the!

[*Then they wrestle.*]

Syr knyght, ye haue a falle.
[KNYGHT.] And I the, Robyn, qwyte shall:
Owte on the! I blowe myn horne.
[ROBYN.] Hit ware better be vnborne.
Lat vs fyght at outtraunce.
[KNYGHT.] He that fleth, God gyfe hym myschaunce!

[*Robyn slays the Knight.*]

[ROBYN.] Now I haue the maystry here.
Off I smyte this sory swyre;
This knyghtys clothis wolle I were,
And in my hode his hede woll bere.

[*He disguises himself. Meantime the Sheriff has attacked Robyn Hode's men and a fierce battle is in progress. Robyn meets a man coming from the scene of the battle.*]

[ROBYN.] Welle mete, felowe myn!
What herst *tho*u of gode Robyn?
[MAN.] Robyn Hode and his menye
W*ith* the Sheryff takyn be.
[ROBYN.] Sette on foote, w*ith* gode wyll,
And the Sheryffe wull we kyll.

[*They come in sight of the battle.*]

[ROBYN.] Be-holde wele ffrere Tuke,
Howe he dothe his bowe pluke.

[*On the battle-field the Sheryff speaks.*]

[SHERYFF.] 3eld yow, syrs, to the Sheryff[e],
Or elles shall yo*ur* bowes clyffe!
[ONE OF ROBYN'S MEN.] Now we be bownden alle in same;

Frere [T]uke,[1] *th*is is no game.
[SHERYFF.] Co[m]e[1] *tho*u forth, *tho*u fals outlawe:
*Tho*u shall b[e][1] hangyde and ydrawe!
[FRERE TUKE.] Now, allas! what shall we doo?
We [m]oste[1] to the prysone goo.
[SHERYFF.] Opy[n][1] the yatis faste anon,
An[d][1] [d]oo[2] theis[3] thevys ynne gon.

[*The part of the play in which Robyn follows his men and finally releases them is missing.*]

II.

[ROBIN HOOD AND THE FRIAR.]

ROBYN HODE. Now stand ye forth, my mery men all,
And harke what I shall say;
Of an adventure I shal you tell,
The which befell this other day.
As I went by the hygh-way,
With a stout frere I met,
And a quarter-staffe in his hande;
Lyghtely to me he lept,
And styll he bade me stande.
There were strypes two or three,
But I cannot tell who had the worse,
But well I wote the horeson lept within me,
And fro me he[4] toke my purse.
Is there any of my mery men all
That to that[5] frere wyll go,
And bryng hym to me forth-withall,
Whether he wyll or no?
LYTELL JOHN. Yes, mayster, I make God avowe,
To that frere wyll I go,
And bring him to you,
Whether he wyl or no.

[1] MS. *damaged.*
[2] Bradshaw, [d]oo; Wright *reads* [la]te, *and says*, "*There are traces of* te."
[3] Bradshaw, theis; Wright, thois.
[4] W. *omits* he.
[5] W. the.

[*Exeunt omnes; enter Fryer Tucke, with three dogs.*]

FRYER TUCKE. *Deus hic! Deus hic!* God be here!
Is not this a holy worde for[1] a frere?
God save all this company!
But am not I a jolly fryer?
For I can shote both farre and nere,
And handle the sworde and buckler,
And this quarter-staffe also.
If I mete with a gentylman or yeman,
I am not afrayde to loke hym upon,
Nor[2] boldly with him to carpe;
If he speake any wordes to me,
He shall have strypes two or thre
That shal make his body smarte.
But, maisters,[3] to shew you the matter
Wherfore and why I am come hither,
In fayth, I wyll not spare:
I am come to seke a good yeman,
In Bernisdale men sai is his habitacion,
His name is Robyn Hode;
And if that[4] he be better man than I,
His servaunt wyll I be, and serve him truely;
But if that I be better[5] man than he,
By my truth, my knave shall he be
And leade these dogges all three.

[*Robyn enters and seizes him by the throat.*]

ROBYN HODE. Yelde the, fryer in thy long cote!
FRYER TUCKE. I beshrew thy hart, knave, thou hurtest my throt[e].
ROBYN HODE. I trowe, fryer, thou beginnest to dote!
Who made the so malapert and so bolde
To come into this forest here,
Amonge my falowe-dere?

[1] W. word of.
[2] W. not.
[3] Co. W. maister; *corr. by* R.
[4] W. *omits* that.
[5] W. be a better.

FRYER. Go louse the, ragged knave !
If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the on the eare,
Though I be but a poore fryer.
To seke Robyn Hode I am com here,
And to him my hart to breke.
ROBYN HODE. Thou lousy frer, what wouldest thou with hym?
He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.
FRYER. Avaunt, ye [1] ragged knave,
Or ye shall have on the skynne !
ROBYN HODE. Of all the men in the [2] morning thou art the worst ;
To mete with the I have no lust,
For he that meteth a frere or a fox in the morning,
To spede ill [3] that day he standeth in jeoperdy :
Therfore I had lever [4] mete with the devil of hell — [5]
Fryer, I tell the as I thinke —
Then mete with a fryer or a fox
In a mornyng or I drynk.
FRYER. Avaunt, thou ragged knave ! this is but a mock ;
If thou [6] make mani words, thou [6] shal have a knock.
ROBYN HODE. Harke, frere, what I say here :
Over this water thou shalt me bere,
The brydge is borne away.
FRYER. To say naye I wyll not ;
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie and sin ;
But up on a fryers backe, and have even in !
ROBYN HODE. Nay, have over !

[*Gets on the Fryer's back.*]

FRYER. Now am I, frere, within, and thou, Robin, without,
To lay the here I have no great doubt.

[1] W. *omits* ye.
[2] W. a.
[3] Co. ell.
[4] W. rather.
[5] W. *omits* of hell.
[6] Co. you ; W. y^u ; y^u shalt.

[*Throws him into the stream.*]

Now am I, frere, without, and thou, Robyn, within![1]
Lye ther, knave! Chose whether thou wilte sinke[2] or swym.
ROBYN HODE. Why, thou lowsy frere! what hast thou done?[3]
FRYER. Mary, set a knave over the shone.
ROBYN HODE. Therfore thou shalt abye.

[*Runs at the Fryer.*]

FRYER. Why, wylt thou fyght a plucke?
ROBYN HODE. And God send me good lucke!
FRYER. Than have a stroke for Fryer Tucke!

[*They fight.*]

ROBYN HODE. Holde thy hande, frere, and here me speke!
FRYER. Say on, ragged knave,
Me semeth ye begyn to swete.
ROBYN HODE. In this forest I have a hounde,
I wyl not give him for an hundreth pound;
Geve me leve my horne to blowe,
That my hounde may knowe.
FRYER. Blowe on, ragged knave, without any doubte,
Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out.

[*Robyn blows; his men enter.*]

Here be[4] a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in Kendale grene,
And to the they take their way nowe.
ROBYN HODE. Peradventure they do so.
FRYER. I gave the leve to blowe at thy wyll,
Now give me leve to whistell my fyll.
ROBYN HODE. Whystell, frere, evyl mote[5] thou fare!
Untyll bothe thyne eyes stare.[6]

[1] Co. W. R. Now art thou, Robyn, without, and I, frere, within; *corr. by* Child.
[2] W. choose either sinke.
[3] Co. donee.
[4] W. is.
[5] might.
[6] Co. starte.

[*The Fryer whistles; his men enter.*]

FRYER. Now, Cut and Bause!
Breng forth the clubbes and staves,
And downe with those ragged knaves!

[*They fight.*]

ROBYN HODE. How sayest thou, frere? wylt thou be my man,
To do me the best servyse thou can?
Thou shalt have both golde and fee;
And also here is a lady free,
I wyll geve her unto the,
And her chapplayn I the make
To serve her for my sake.

FRYER. Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabbes in the fyre,
For my lady and I wil daunce in the myre,
For veri pure joye.[1]

III.

[ROBIN HOOD AND THE POTTER.]

ROBYN HODE. Lysten to [me],[2] my mery men all,
And harke what I shall say;
Of an adventure I shall you tell
That befell this other daye.
With a proude potter I met,
And a rose-garlande on his head,
The floures of it shone marvaylous freshe;
This seven yere and more he hath used this waye,
Yet was he never so curteyse a potter
As one peny passage to paye.
Is there any of my mery men all
That dare be so bolde
To make the potter paie passage,
Either silver or golde?

[1] *These two lines as one in* R. *and* W. *I have omitted four lines of the* Friar's *speech, before* l. 119.

[2] *Supplied by* R.; W. *omits* to, *also.*

LYTELL JOHN. Not I, master, for twenty pound redy tolde,
For there is not among us al one
That dare medle with that potter, man for man.
I felt his handes not long agone,
But I had lever have ben here by the ;
Therfore I knowe what he is.
Mete him when ye wil, or mete him whan ye shal,
He is as propre a man as ever you medled[1] withal.
ROBYN HODE. I will lai with the, Litel John, twenti pound so read,
If I wyth that potter mete,
I wil make him pay passage, maugre his head.
LETTEL JOHN. I consente therto, so eate I bread !
If he pay passage, maugre his head,
Twenti pound shall ye have of me for your mede.

[*Exeunt all but Robyn. Enter the Potter's Boy, Jacke.*]

JACKE. Out, alas, that ever I sawe this daye !
For I am clene out of my waye
From Notyngham towne ;
If I hye me not the faster,
Or I come there the market[2] wel be done.
ROBYN HODE. Let me se, are the[3] pottes hole and sounde ?
JACKE. Yea, meister, but they will not breake the ground.
ROBYN HODE. I wil them breke, for the cuckold thi maisters sake ;
And if they will[4] breake the grounde,
Thou shalt have thre pence for a pound.

[*Dashes the pots to the ground.*]

JACKE. Out, alas ! what have ye done?
If my maister come, he will breke your crown.

[1] Co. medle.
[2] Co. maryet.
[3] W. thy.
[4] Co., R. will not.

[*Enter the Potter.*]

THE POTTER. Why, thou horeson, art thou here yet?
Thou shouldest have bene at market.
JACKE. I met with Robin Hode, a good yeman;
He hath broken my pottes,
And called you kuckolde by your name.
THE POTTER. Thou mayst be a gentylman, so God me save,
But thou semest a noughty knave.
Thou callest me cuckolde by my name,
And I swere by God and Saynt John,
Wyfe had I never none:
This cannot I denye.
But if thou be a good felowe,
I wil sel mi horse, mi harneis, pottes and paniers to,
Thou shalt have the one halfe, and I will have the other.
If thou be not so content,
Thou shalt have strypes, if thou were my brother.
ROBYN HODE. Harke, potter, what I shall say:
This seven yere and more thou hast used this way,
Yet were thou never so curteous to me
As one penny passage to paye.
THE POTTER. Why should I paye passage to thee?
ROBYN HOODE. For I am Robyn Hode, chiefe governoure
Under the grene-woode tree.
THE POTTER. This seven yere have I used this way up and downe,
Yet payed I passage to no man,
Nor now I wyl not beginne, to[1] do the worst thou can.
ROBYN HODE. Passage shalt thou pai here under the grene-wode tre,
Or els thou shalt leve a wedde[2] with me.
THE POTTER. If thou be a good felowe, as men do the call,
Lay awaye thy bowe,
And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hande,
And se what shall befall.

[1] W. *omits* to: R. *reads* so. [2] Co. wedded; W. wed: *corr. by* R.

ROBIN HODE. Lyttle John, where art thou?
LYTTEL [JOHN].[1] Here, mayster, I make God avowe.
I tolde you, mayster, so God me save,
That you [2] shoulde fynde the potter a knave.
Holde your buckeler faste in your hande,
And I wyll styfly by you stande,
Ready for to fyghte ;
Be the knave never so stoute,
I shall rappe him on the snoute,
And put hym to flyghte.

The rest is wanting.

[1] *Supplied by* R. [2] Co. your.

ST. GEORGE PLAYS.

The first is printed from *Notes and Queries*, Fifth Series, II, 503–505, to which it was communicated by the Rev. Frederick George Lee. Mr. Lee says: "The text was taken down by myself from the lips of one of the performers in 1853. I first saw it acted in the Hall of the old Vicarage House at Thame, in the year 1839. . . . The man from whom I took [it] down had performed at Brill in the year 1807, and his father had done the same at Thame Park in the previous century. Nothing whatsoever has been altered or added by myself [except stage directions]."

The second is printed from W. Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," London, 1865, pp. 53–56. It was performed near Lutterworth, at Christmas, 1863.

I.

[Oxfordshire St. George Play.]

Dramatis Personae.

Old Father Christmas.
St. George of England.
King Alfred.
King Alfred's Queen.
King William.
Old King Cole (*with a wooden leg*).
Giant Blunderbore.
Old Dr. Ball.
Little Jack.
The Old Dragon.
The Merry Andrew.
Morris-Men.

All the mummers come in singing and walk round the place in a circle, and then stand on one side.

Enter[1] King Alfred *and his* Queen, *arm in arm.*

I am King Alfred, and this here is my bride.
I 've a crown on my pate and a sword by my side.

Stands apart.

[1] *In such plays* enter *means* "*advance from the circle of players.*"

Enter KING COLE.

I am King Cole, and I carry my stump.
Hurrah for King Charles ! down with old Noll's Rump !

Stands apart.

Enter KING WILLIAM.

I am King William of blessed me-mo-ry,
Who came and pulled down the high gallows tree,
And brought us all peace and pros-pe-ri-ty.

Stands apart.

Enter GIANT BLUNDERBORE.

I am Giant Blunderbore, fee, fi, fum,
Ready to fight ye all, — so I says, " Come " ;

Enter LITTLE JACK.

And this here is my little man Jack —
A thump on his rump and a whack on his back !

Strikes him twice.

I 'll fight King Alfred, I 'll fight King Cole,
I 'm ready to fight any mortal soul ;
So here I, Blunderbore, takes my stand,
With this little devil, Jack, at my right hand,
Ready to fight for mortal life. Fee, fi, fum !

The GIANT *and* LITTLE JACK *stand apart.*

Enter ST. GEORGE.

I am St. George of Merry Eng-land,
Bring in the morres-men, bring in our band.

MORRES-MEN *come forward and dance to a tune from fife and drum. The dance being ended,* ST. GEORGE *continues :*

These are our tricks, Ho ! men, ho !
These are our sticks, — whack men so !

Strikes THE DRAGON, *who roars, and comes forward.*

THE DRAGON *speaks.*

Stand on head, stand on feet !
Meat, meat, meat for to eat !

Tries to bite KING ALFRED.

I am the Dragon, here are my jaws ;
I am the Dragon, here are my claws.
Meat, meat, meat for to eat !
Stand on my head, stand on my feet !

Turns a summersault and stands aside.

All sing, several times repeated :

Ho ! ho ! ho !
Whack men so !

The drum and fife sound. They all fight, and after general disorder, fall down.

Enter OLD DR. BALL.

I am the Doctor, and I cure all ills,
Only gullup my portions,[1] and swallow my pills ;
I can cure the itch, the stitch, the pox, the palsy and the gout,
All pains within and all pains without.
Up from the floor, Giant Blunderbore !

Gives him a pill, and he rises at once.

Get up, King ; get up, Bride ;
Get up, Fool, and stand aside.

Gives them each a pill, and they rise.

Get up, King Cole, and tell the gentlefolks all
There never was a doctor like Mr. Doctor Ball.
Get up, St. George, old England's knight,

Gives him a pill.

You have wounded the Dragon and finished the fight.

All stand aside but THE DRAGON, *who lies in convulsions on the floor.*

Now kill the Dragon and poison old Nick ;
At Yule-tyde, both o' ye, cut your stick !

THE DOCTOR *forces a large pill down* THE DRAGON'S *throat, who thereupon roars, and dies in convulsions.*

Then enter FATHER CHRISTMAS.

I am Father Christmas ! hold, men, hold !
Be there loaf in your locker, and sheep in your fold,
A fire on the hearth, and good luck for your lot,
Money in your pocket, and a pudding in the pot !

[1] Lee *suggests* potions, *which is right.*

He sings:

Hold, men, hold!
Put up your sticks,
End all your tricks;
Hold, men, hold!

Chorus (all sing, while one goes round with a hat for gifts).

Hold, men, hold!
We are very cold,
Inside and outside,
We are very cold.
If you don't give us silver,
Then give us gold
From the money in your pockets —

Some of the performers show signs of fighting again.

Hold, men, hold!

Song and chorus.

God A'mighty bless your hearth and fold,
Shut out the wolf, and keep out the cold!
You gev' us silver, keep you the gold,
For 't is money in your pocket. — Hold, men, hold!

Repeat in chorus.

God A'mighty bless, &c.

Exeunt omnes.

II.

Lutterworth Christmas Play.

Dramatis Personae.

King of England; *in robes, wearing the crown.*
Prince George, his son; *in robes, with sword by his side.*
Captain Slasher; *in military costume, with sword and pistol.*
Turkish Champion; *ditto.* Beelzebub.
A Noble Doctor. A Clown.

Enter Captain Slasher.

[Capt. S.] I beg your pardon for being so bold,
I enter your house, the weather 's so cold.

Room, a room ! brave gallants give us room to sport,
For in this house we do resort,
Resort, resort for many a day.
Step in, the King of England,
And boldly clear the way !

Enter KING OF ENGLAND.

[KING OF E.] I am the King of England that boldly does appear ;
I come to seek my only son, — my only son is here.

Enter PRINCE GEORGE.

[PRINCE G.] I am Prince George, a worthy knight ;
I 'll spend my blood for England's right,
England's right I will maintain,
I 'll fight for old England once again.

Enter TURKISH KNIGHT.

[TURK. KN.] I am the Turkish Champion,
From Turkey's land I come ;
I come to fight the King of England
And all his noble men.

CAPTAIN SLASHER.

[CAPT. S.] In comes Captain Slasher,
Captain Slasher is my name ;
With sword and pistol by my side
I hope to win the game.

KING OF E. I am the King of England,
As you may plainly see ;
These are my soldiers standing by me.
They stand by me your life to end,
On them doth my life depend.

PRINCE G. I am Prince George, the champion bold,
And with my sword I won three crowns of gold ;
I slew the fiery dragon and brought him to the slaughter
And won the King of Egypt's only daughter.

TURK. KN. As I was going by St. Francis' School.

I heard a lady cry, "A fool! a fool!"
"A fool!" was every word;
That man 's a fool,
Who wears a wooden sword.

PRINCE G. A wooden sword? you dirty dog!
My sword is made of the best of metal free.
If you would like to taste of it,
I 'll give it unto thee.
Stand off, stand off, you dirty dog!
Or by my sword you 'll die;
I 'll cut you down the middle
And make your blood to fly.

They fight; PRINCE GEORGE *falls, mortally wounded.*

KING OF E. Oh horrible! terrible! what hast thou done?
Thou hast ruined me, ruined me,
By killing of my only son!
Oh, is there ever a noble doctor to be found,
To cure this English champion
Of his deep and deadly wound?

Enter NOBLE DOCTOR.

[DOCTOR.] Oh yes, there is a noble doctor to be found,
To cure this English champion
Of his deep and deadly wound.

KING OF E. And pray what is your practice?

DOCTOR. I boast not of my practice, neither do I study in the practice of physic.

KING OF E. What can you cure?

DOCTOR. All sorts of diseases,
Whatever you pleases:
I can cure the itch, the pitch,
The phthisic, the palsy, and the gout;
And if the devil 's in the man,
I can fetch him out.
My wisdom lies in my wig.
I torture not my patients with excations
Such as pills, boluses, solutions, and embrocations;

But by the word of command
I can make this mighty prince to stand.
KING. What is your fee?
DOCTOR. Ten pounds, is true.
KING. Proceed, noble doctor;
You shall have your due.
DOCTOR. Arise, arise! most noble prince, arise,
And no more dormant lay;
And with thy sword
Make all thy foes obey.

The PRINCE *arises.*

PRINCE G. My head is made of iron,
My body is made of steel,
My legs are made of crooked bones,
To force you all to yield.

Enter BEELZEBUB.

BEEL. In comes I, old Beelzebub;
Over my shoulder I carry my club,
And in my hand a frying-pan,
Pleased to get all the money I can.

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN. In comes I, who 's never been yet,
With my great head and little wit:
My head is great, my wit is small,
I 'll do my best to please you all.

Song by all.

And now we are done and must be gone,
No longer will we stay here;
But if you please, before we go,
We 'll taste your Christmas beer.

Exeunt omnes.

[THE REVESBY SWORD PLAY.]

Printed from *The Folk-Lore Journal*, VII, 338–53, where it is published by T. F. Ordish. In the footnotes, O. indicates this edition. I have made no unindicated alteration except in capitals, punctuation, and the abbreviation of the names of the speakers. Although the play contains, as Ordish points out, many different elements, I have indicated in the title chosen for it only its most prominent feature.

October ye 20, 1779.

The Morrice Dancers (named in Dramatis Personæ) acted their merry dancing, &c., at Revesby, in their ribbon dresses, &c., and two men from Kirtley, without any particular dresses, sung the song of Landlord and Tenant.[1]

John Ironmonger *acted the* Landlord, *and*
John Clarkson " " Tenant.

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

The Fool	John Johnson.
Pickle Herring . . .	Richd. Johnson.
Blue Breeches . . .	Henry Johnson.
Pepper Breeches . .	John Tomlinson.
Ginger Breeches . .	Chas. Hodgson.
Mr. Allspice . . .	Thos. Harness.

Women.

Cicely	John Fisher.
Fidler, *or* Mr. Musick Man,	John Johnson, jun^{r}.

[1] *This song is omitted here because it has nothing to do with the play and is a not very interesting specimen of the* débat, *examples of which will be given in* vol. III.

THE PLOW BOYS, or MORRIS DANCERS.

Enter FOOL.

You gentle Lords of honour,
Of high and low, I say,
We all desire your favour
For to see our pleasant play.

Our play it is the best, kind sirs,
That you would like to know;
And we will do our best, sirs,
And think it well bestowd.

Tho' some of us be little,
And some of a middle sort,
We all desire your favour
To see our pleasant sport.

You must not look on our actions,
Our wits they are all to seek,
So I pray take no exceptions
At what I am a-going to speak.

We are come over the mire and moss;
We dance an Hobby Horse;
A Dragon you shall see,
And a wild Worm for to flee.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

We are come both for bread and beer,
And hope for better cheer
And something out of your purse, sir,
Which I hope you will be never the worse, sir.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

Come now, Mr. Musick Man, play me my delight.

FIDLER. What is that, old father?

FOOL. Ah! boy, times is hard! I love to have money in both pockets.

FID. You shall have it, old father.

FOOL. Let me see it.

THE FOOL *then calls in his five sons: first* PICKLE HERRING, *then* BLUE BRITCHES, *then* GINGER BRITCHES, PEPPER BRITCHES, *and last calls out:*

Come now, you Mr. Allspice!

They foot it once round the room, and the man that is to ride the Hobby Horse goes out, and the rest sing the following song:

Come in, come in, thou Hobby Horse,
And bring thy old fool at thy arse!
Sing tanter[a]day, sing tanter[a]day,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down a!

Then THE FOOL *and the Horse fights about the room, whilst the following song is singing by the rest:*

Come in, come in, thou bonny wild Worm!
For thou hast ta'en many a lucky turn.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

The wild Worm is only sprung three or four times, as the man walks round the room, and then goes out, and the Horse and THE FOOL *fights again, whilst the following song is sung:*

Come in, come in, thou Dragon stout,
And take thy compass round about!
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

Now you shall see a full fair fight
Between our old Fool and his right.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

Now our scrimage is almost done;
Then you shall see more sport soon.

Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

FOOL. Up well hart,[1] and up well hind!
Let every man then to his own kind.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!

Come, follow me, merry men all!
Tho' we have made bold for to call,
It is only once by the year
That we are so merry here.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys,
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

Then they all foot it round the room and follows THE FOOL *out. They all re-enter, and lock their swords to make the glass,* THE FOOL *running about the room.*

PICKLE HERRING. What is the matter now, father?

FOOL. Why, I tell the[e] what, Pickle Herring. As a I was a-looking round about me through my wooden spectacles made of a great, huge, little tiney bit of leather, placed right behind me, even before me, I thought I saw a feat thing —

P. H. You thought you saw a feat thing? What might this feat thing be, think you, father?

FOOL. How can I tell, boy, except I see it again?

P. H. Would you know it if you see it again?

FOOL. I cannot tell thee, boy. Let me get it looked at.

PICKLE HERRING, *holding up the glass, says:*

[P. H.] Is this it, father?

THE FOOL, *looking round, says:*

[FOOL.] Why, I protest, Pickle Herring, the very same thing! But what might thou call this very pretty thing?

P. H. What might you call it? You are older than I am.

FOOL. How can that be, boy, when I was born before you?

P. H. That is the reason that makes you older.

[1] O. hark.

FOOL. Well, what dost thou call this very pretty thing?

P. H. Why, I call it a fine large looking-glass.

FOOL. Let me see what I can see in this fine large looking-glass. Here 's a hole through it, I see. I see, and I see!

P. H. You see and you see? and what do you see?

FOOL. Marry, e'en a fool, just like the[e]!

P. H. It is only your own face in the glass.

FOOL. Why, a fool may be mistain sometimes, Pickle Herring. But what might this fine large looking-glass cost the[e]?

P. H. That fine large looking-glass cost me a guinea.

FOOL. A guinea, boy? Why, I could have bought as good a one at my own door for three half-pence.

P. H. Why, fools and cuckolds has always the best luck!

FOOL. That is as much to say thy father is one.

P. H. Why, you pass for one!

THE FOOL, *keeping the glass all the while in his hands, says:*

FOOL. Why was thou such a ninnie, boy, to go to ware a guinea to look for thy beauty where it never was? But I will shew thee, boy, how foolish thou hast wared a deal of good money.

Then THE FOOL *flings the glass upon the floor, jumps upon it; then the dancers every one drawing out his own sword, and* THE FOOL *dancing about the room,* PICKLE HERRING *takes him by the collar and says:*

P. H. Father, father, you are so merrylly disposed this good time there is no talking to you! Here is very bad news.

FOOL. Very good news? I am glad to hear it; I do not hear good news every day.

P. H. It is very bad news!

FOOL. Why, what is the matter now, boy?

P. H. We have all concluded to cut off your head.

FOOL. Be mercyfull to me, a sinner! If you should do as you have said, there is no such thing. I would not lose my son Pickle Herring for fifty pounds.

P. H. It is your son Pickle Herring that must lose you. It is your head we desire to take off.

Fool. My head? I never had my head taken off in all my life!

P. H. You both must and shall.

Fool. Hold, hold, boy! thou seem'st to be in good earnest; but I 'll tell thee where I 'll be buryed.

P. H. Why, where will you be buried but in the churchyard, where other people are buried?

Fool. Churchyard? I never was buried there in all my life!

P. H. Why, where will you be buried?

Fool. Ah! boy, I am often dry; I will be buried in Mr. Mirfin's ale-celler.

P. H. It is such a place as I never heard talk off in all my life.

Fool. No, nor nobody else, boy.

P. H. What is your fancy to be buried there?

Fool. Ah! boy, I am oftens dry, and, when they come to fill the quart, I 'll drink it off, and they will wonder what is the matter.

P. H. How can you do so when you will be dead? We shall take your head from your body, and you will be dead.

Fool. If I must die, I will dye with my face to the light, for all you!

Then The Fool, *kneeling down, with the swords round his neck, says:*

Fool. Now, gentlemen, you see how ungratefull my children is grown! When I had them all at home, small, about as big as I am, I put them out to good learning: I put them to Coxcomb Colledge, and then to the University of Loggerheads; and I took them home again this good time of Christmas, and I examin'd them all one by one, all together[1] for shortness. And now they are grown so proud and so presumptious they are a-going to kill their old father for his little means. So I must dye for all this?

[1] O. altogether.

P. H. You must dye, father.

FOOL. And I will die for all the tother. But I have a little something, I will give it amongst you as far as it goes, and then I shall dye quietly.

P. H. I hope you will.

FOOL. So, to my first son, Pickle Herring, —[1]

I 'll give him the roaned nag,
And that will make the rogue brag.

And to my second son, —

I 'll give him the brindled cow.

And to my third son, —

I 'll give him the sanded sow;
And hope I shall please you all enow.

And to my fourth son, —

I 'll give him the great ruff dog,
For he always lives like a hog.

And to my fifth son, —

I 'll give him the ram,
And I 'll dye like a lamb.

Then they draw their swords, and THE FOOL *falls on the floor, and the dancers walk once round* THE FOOL; *and* PICKLE HERRING *stamps with his foot and* THE FOOL *rises on his knees again; and* PICKLE HERRING *says:*

P. H. How now, father?

FOOL. How now, then, boy? I have another squeak for my life?

P. H. You have a many.

Then, the dancers puting their swords round THE FOOL'S *neck again,*

FOOL. So I must dye?

P. H. You must dye, father.

FOOL. Hold! I have yet a little something more to leave amongst you, and then I hope I shall dye quietly. So to my first son, Pickle Herring, —

I 'll give him my cap and my coat, —
A very good sute, boy.

[1] *Lines* 156–185 *as prose in* O.

And to my second son, —
I 'll give him my purse and apparel,
But be sure, boys, you do not quarrel.

As to my other three,
My executors they shall be.

Then, PICKLE HERRING *puting his hand to his sword,*

FOOL. Hold, hold, boy ! Now I submit my soul to God.
P. H. A very good thought, old father !
FOOL. Mareham churchyard, I hope, shall have my bones.

Then the dancers walk round THE FOOL *with their swords in their hands, and* PICKLE HERRING *stamps with his foot and says :*

[P. H.] Heigh, old father !
FOOL. Why, boy, since I have been out of this troublesome world I have heard so much musick of fiddles playing and bells ringing that I have a great fancy to go away singing. So, prithee, Pickle Herring, let me have one of thy best songs.
P. H. You shall have it, old father.
FOOL. Let me see it.

They sing.

Good people all, I pray you now behold,
Our old Fool's bracelet is not made of gold,
But it is made of iron and good steel,
And unto death we 'll make this old Fool yield.

FOOL. I pray, forbear, my children small ;
For, as I am lost as parent to you all,
O, let me live a while your sport for to advance,
That I may rise again and with you have a dance.

THE SONS *sing.*

Now, old father, that you know our will,
That for your estate we do your body kill,
Soon after death the bell for you shall toll,
And wish the Lord he may receive your soul.

Then THE FOOL *falls down, and the dancers, with their swords in their hands, sings the following song:*

Good people all, you see what we have done:
We have cut down our father like the[1] evening sun,
And here he lies all in his purple gore,
And we are afraid he never will dance more.

FOOL *rises from the floor and says:*

[FOOL.] No, no, my children! by chance you are all mistaen!
For here I find myself, I am not slain;
But I will rise, your sport then to advance,
And with you all, brave boys, I 'll have a dance.

Then the Foreman and CICELY *dances down and the other two couple stand their ground. After a short dance called "Jack, the brisk young Drummer," they all go out but* THE FOOL, FIDLER, *and* CICELY.

FOOL. Hear you, do you please to hear the sport of a fool?
CICELY. A fool? for why?
FOOL. Because I can neither leap, skip, nor dance, but cut a caper thus high. [*He capers.*] Sound, music! I must be gon; the Lord of Pool draws nigh.

Enter PICKLE HERRING.

P. H. I am the Lord of Pool,
And here begins my measure,[2]
And after me a fool,
To dance a while for pleasure
In Cupid's school.

FOOL. A fool, a fool, a fool,
A fool I heard thou say,[2]
But more the other way,
For here I have a tool
Will make a maid to play,
Although in Cupid's school.
Come all away!

[1] O. ye.
[2] O. *has these two lines as one.*

Enter BLUE BRITCHES.

BLUE B. I am the Knight of Lee,
And here I have a dagger,
Offended not to be.
Come in, thou needy beggar,
And follow me!

Enter GINGER BRITCHES.

GINGER B. Behold, behold, behold
A man of poor estate!
Not one penny to infold!

Enter PEPPER BRITCHES.

PEPPER B. My money is out at use, or else I would.

Enter MR. ALLSPICE.

ALLSPICE. With a hack, a hack, a hack,
See how I will skip and dance
For joys that we have found!
Let each man take his chance,
And we will all dance around.

Then they dance the sword dance which is called "Nelly's Gig"; then they run under their swords, which is called "Runing Battle"; then three dancers dances with three swords, and the Foreman jumping over the swords; then THE FOOL *goes up to* CICELY.

FOOL. Here comes I that never come yet,
Since last time, lovy!
I have a great head but little wit.
Tho' my head be great and my wits be small,
I can play the fool for a while as well as [the] best of ye all.
[1] My name is noble Anthony;
I am as meloncholly as a mantle-tree.
I am come to show you a little sport and activity,
And soon, too!
Make room for noble Anthony
And all his good company!
Drive out all these proud rogues, and let my lady and I have a parl!

[*Exeunt all but* FOOL *and* CICELY.]

[1] *Lines* 253–266 *as prose in* O.

CICELY. O, ye clown! what makes you drive out my men so soon?

FOOL. O, pardon, madam, pardon! and I
Will never offend you more.
I will make your men come in as fast
As ever they did before.

CICELY. I pray you at my sight,
And drive it not till night,[1]
That I may see them dance once more
So lovely in my sight.[1]

FOOL. A-faith, madam, and so I will!
I will play the man[1]
And make them come in
As fast as ever I can. —[1]

But hold, gip! Mrs. Clagars,
How do you sell geese?[1]
CICELY. Go, look, Mister Midgecock!
Twelve pence apiece.[1]

FOOL. Oh, the pretty pardon!
CICELY. A gip for a frown!
FOOL. An ale-wife for an apparitor!
CICELY. A rope for a clown!
FOOL. Why, all the devise in the country
Cannot pull this down![1]

I am a valiant knight just come from the seas:[2]
You do know me, do you?
I can kill you ten thousand, tho' they be but fleas.
I can kill you a man for an ounce of mustard,
Or I can kill you ten thousand for a good custard.
I have an old sheep skin,
And I lap it well in,
Sword and buckler by my side, all ready for to fight!

[1] *As one line in* O. [2] *Two lines in* O.

Come forth, you whores and gluttons all ! for, had it not been in this country, I should not have shewen my valour amongst you. But sound, music ! for I must be gone.

[*Exit* Fool.]

Enter Pickle Herring.

P. H. In first and formost do I come,
All for to lead this race,
Seeking the country far and near
So fair a lady to embrace.

So fair a lady did I never see,
So comely in my sight,
Drest in her gaudy gold
And silver shining bright.

She has fingers long, and rings
Of honor of beaten gold :
My masters all, behold !
It is now for some pretty dancing time,
And we will foot it fine.

Blue B. I am a youth of jollitree ;
Where is there one like unto me ?
My hair is bush'd very thick ;
My body is like an hasel stick ;

My legs they quaver like an eel ;
My arms become my body weel ;
My fingers they are long and small :
Am not I a jolly youth, proper and tall ?

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,
Whatsoever may be my chance,
It is for my ladie's love and mine,
Strike up the morris dance.

Then they foot it once round.

Ginger B. I am a jolly young man of flesh, blood and bone ;
Give eare, my masters all, each one !

And especially you, my lady dear,
I hope you like me well.
Of all the gallants here
It is I that doth so well.

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,
Whatsoever may be my chance,
It is for my ladie's love and mine,
Strike up the morris dance.

Then they foot it round.

PEPPER B. I am my father's eldest son,
And heir of all his land,
And in a short time, I hope,
It will fall into my hands.

I was brought up at Lindsey Court
All the days of my life.
Here stands a fair lady,
I wish she was my wife.

I love her at my heart,
And from her I will never start.
Therefore, Mr. Musick Man, play up my part.

FOOL (*rushing in*). And mine, too!

Enter ALLSPICE, *and they foot it round.* PICKLE HERRING, *suter to* CICELY, *takes her by the hand, and walks about the room.*

P. H. Sweet Ciss, if thou wilt be my love,
A thousand pounds I will give thee.
CICELY. No, you're too old, sir, and I am too young,
And alas! old man, that must not be.

P. H. I 'll buy the[e] a gown of violet blue,
A petticoat imbroidered to thy knee;
Likewise my love to thee shall be true.
CICELY. But alas! old man, that must not be.

P. H. Thou shalt walk at thy pleasure, love, all the day,
If at night thou wilt but come home to me;

And in my house bear all the sway.
CICELY. Your children they 'll find fault with me.

P. H. I 'll turn my children out of doors.
CICELY. And so, I fear, you will do me.
P. H. Nay, then, sweet Ciss, ne'er trust me more,
For I never loved lass before like the[e]. [1]

Enter FOOL.

FOOL. No, nor behind, neither.
Well met, sweet Cis, well over-ta'en!
CICELY. You are kindly wellcome, sir, to me.
FOOL. I 'll wipe my eyes, and I 'll look again!
Methinks, sweet Cis, I now the[e] see!

CICELY. Raf, what has thou to pleasure me?
FOOL. Why, this, my dear, I will give the[e],
And all I have it shall be thine.
CICELY. Kind sir, I thank you heartelly.

P. H. (*to* THE FOOL). Stand back, stand back, thou silly old swain!
This girl shall go with none but me.
FOOL. I will not!
P. H. Stand back, stand back, or I 'll cleave thy brain

Then PICKLE HERRING *goes up to* CIS, *and says:*

O, now, sweet Cis, I am come to thee!

CICELY. You are as wellcome as the rest,
Wherein you brag so lustilly.
FOOL. For a thousand pounds she loves me best!
I can see by the twinkling of her ee.

P. H. I have store of gold, whereon I boast;
Likewise my sword, love, shall fight for the[e];
When all is done, love, I 'll scour the coast,
And bring in gold for thee and me.

[1] O. like the before; *emend. by* Kittredge.

CICELY. Your gold may gain as good as I,
But by no means it shall tempt me ;
For youthfull years and frozen age
Cannot in any wise agree.

Then BLUE BRITCHES *goes up to her, and says :*

[BLUE B.] Sweet mistress, be advised by me :
Do not let this old man be denyed,
But love him for his gold in store ;
Himself may serve for a cloak, beside.

CICELY. Yes, sir, but you are not in the right.
Stand back and do not council me !
For I love a lad that will make me laugh
In a secret place, to pleasure me.
FOOL. Good wench !

PICKLE HERRING. Love, I have a beard as white as milk.
CICELY. Ne'er better for that, thou silly old man !
P. H. Besides, my skin, love, is soft as silk.
FOOL. And thy face shines like a dripping pan.

P. H. Rafe, what has thou to pleasure her ?
FOOL. Why a great deal more, boy, than there 's in the[e].
P. H. Nay then, old rogue, I thee defye.
CICELY. I pray, dear friends, fall not out for me !

P. H. Once I could skip, leap, dance, and sing ;
Why will you not give place to me ?
FOOL. Nay, then, old rogue, I thee defye ;
For thy nose stands like a Maypole tree.

Then goes up GINGER BRITCHES[1] *to* CISLEY *and says :*

[GINGER B.] Sweet mistress, mind what this man doth say,
For he speaks nothing but the truth :
Look on the soldier, now I pray ;
See, is not he a handsome youth ?

[1] O. Breeches.

CICELY. Sir, I am engaged to one I love,
And ever constant I will be,
There is nothing that I prize above.
P. H. For a thousand pounds, she 's gone from me !
FOOL. Thou may lay two !

CICELY (*to* PICKLE HERRING). Old father, for your reverend years,
Stand you the next man unto me ;
Then he that doth the weapon bear ;
For I will have the hind man of the three !

FOOL (*to* PICKLE HERRING). Old father, a fig for your old gold !
The soldier, he shall bear no sway !
But you shall see, and so shall we,
'T is I that carries the lass away !

Then the dancers takes hold of their swords, and foots it round the room ; then every man makes his obeisance to the master of the house, and the whole concludes.

FINIS.

PART IV

[MANKIND.]

For the opportunity to print this specimen of the "Macro Moralities" I am indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Furnivall, who allowed me to have a copy made from his copy of the original MS. The original MS., now the property of J. H. Gurney, Esq., was written apparently in the reign of Edward IV (cf. l. 684), a few miles east or northeast of Cambridge (cf. ll. 499 ff.), and was once the property of a monk named Hyngham (cf. verse at end of play). I have disregarded the flourishes of *n*, *ll*, *r*, etc.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

MANKYNDE. MERCY.
NEW GYSE. NOW-A-DAYS.
NOUGHT. MYSCHEFF.
TITYVILLUS.]

[*Enter Mercy.*]

MERCY. The very fownder & begynn*er* of ow*er* fyrst crea-
c*i*on,
A-monge ws synfull wrechys he oweth to be magnyfyede,
That for ow*er* dysobedyenc[e] he hade non indygnac*i*on
To sende hys own son to be torn & crucyfyede;
Ow*er* obsequyouse s*er*uyce to hym xulde be aplyede;
Where he was Lorde of all & made all thy*n*ge of nought,
For *th*e synfull synner to late [1] hym revyuyde
And [2] for hys redempcyon sett hys own son at nought. 8

That may be seyde & veryfyede: Mankynde was der*e* bought;
By *th*e pytouse deth of Ih*es*u he hade hys remedye;
He was p*ur*gyde of hys defawte, *th*at wrechydly hade
wrought,
By hys gloryus Passyon, *th*at blyssyde lauatorye.

[1] MS. lade. [2] Qy. *omit* And, *and insert* he *before* sett.

O souerence, I be-seche you yower condycyons to
rectyfye
Ande with humylite & reuerence to haue a remocyon
To this blyssyde prynce that ower nature doth gloryfye,
That ye may be partycypable of hys retribucyon.

I haue be the very mene for yower restytucyon ;
Mercy ys my name, that mornyth for yower offence.
Dyverte not yower-sylffe in tyme of temtacyon,
That ye may be acceptable to Gode at yower goynge
hence.
The grett Mercy of Gode, that ys of most preemmy-
nence,
Be medyacyon [1] of Ower Lady, that ys euer habundante [2]
To the synfull creature that wyll repent hys ne[g]ly-
gence,—
I prey Gode, at yower most nede that Mercy be yower de-
fendawnte !

In goode werkys I a-wyse yow, souerence, to be perseuer-
ante,
To puryfye yower sowlys that thei be not corupte ;
For yower gostly enmy wyll make hys a-vaunte,[3]
Yower goode condycions yf he may interupte.
O ȝe souerens that sytt, & ȝe brothern that stonde ryghte
wppe,
Pryke not yower felycytes in thynges transytorye !
Be-holde not the erthe, but lyfte yower ey wppe !
Se how the hede the members dayly do magnyfye !

Who ys the hede, forsoth, I xall yow certyfye :
I mene ower Sauyower, that was lykynnyde to a lambe ;
Ande hys sayntes be the members, that dayly he doth satysfye
With the precyose reuer that runnyth from hys wombe ;
Ther ys non such foode be water ner by lande,
So precyouse, so gloryouse, so redefull to ower entent,

[1] MS. medytacyon. [2] MS. habundance. [3] MS. a-vaunce.

For yt hath dyssoluyde Mankynde from *the* bitter bonde
Of *the* mortall enmye, [the] venymouse [1] *ser*pente ;

From *the* wyche Gode preserue yow all at *the* last Iugement,
For sekyrly *ther* xall be a streat [2] examynacyon ;
The corn xall be sauyde, *the* chaffe xall be brente :
I be-sech yow hertyly, haue *th*is premedytacyone.

[*Enter Mysscheffe.*]

MYS. I be-seche yow hertyly, leue yower calc[ul]acyon !
Leue yower chaffe, leue yower corn, leue yower dalyacyon !
Yower wytt ys lytyll, yower hede ys mekyll, ye are full of predycacyon !
But, ser, I prey *th*is questyon to claryfye :
Dryff-draff, mysse-masche,
Sume was corn & sume was chaffe,
My dame seyde my name was Raffe,
On-shett yower loke & take an halpenye !

MERCY. Why come ȝe hethyr, brother? ȝe were not dysyryde.
MYS. For a wynter corn-threscher, ser, I haue hyryde ;
Ande ȝe sayde *the* corn xulde be sauyde & *the* chaffe xulde be fyryde,[3]
Ande he prouyth nay, as yt schewth be *th*is werse :
*Corn seruit bredib*us, *chaffe horsib*us, *straw fyrybusq*ue.
Thys ys as moche to say, to yower leude wndyrstondynge,
As, *the* corn xall serue to brede at *the* nexte bakynge ;
Chaff horsibus & reliquid,
The chaff to horse xall be goode produce ;
When a man ys for-colde, *the* straw may be brent,
And so forth, &c.

MERCY. A-voyde, goode brother ! ȝe ben culpable
To interupte thus my talkynge delectable.
MYS. Ser, I haue nother horse nor [4] sadyll,
Therfor I may not ryde.

[1] MS. vemynouse.
[2] MS. sterat.
[3] MS. feryrde.
[4] MS. for.

MERCY. Hye yow forthe on fote, brother, in Godes name!
MYS. I say, *ser*, I am cu*m*me hedyr to make yow game.
3et bade 3e me not go out in *th*e deullys name,
Ande I wyll a-byde. 71

MERCY.[1] Ande how, mynstrellys! pley *th*e comyn trace.
Ley on w*ith th*i bowys[2] tyll his bely breste. 73

NOUGHT. I put case I breke my neke;[3] how than?
NEW. I gyff no[4] force, by Sent Tanne!
NOW. Leppe[5] a-bout lyuely! *tho*u art a wyght man;
Let ws be mery wyll we be her*e*!
NOUGHT. Xall I breke my neke to show yow sporte?
NOW. Therfor eu*er* beware of *th*i reporte!
NOUGHT. I be-schrew ye all! her ys a schrewde sorte;
Haue *th*er at *them*, w*ith* a mery chere! 81

*Her the*i *daunce. Mercy sayth:*

MERCY. Do wey! dowey! *th*is reuell, s*er*s, do wey!
NOW. Do wey! goode Adam, do wey!
Thys ys no parte of *thin* pley.
NOUGHT. 3ys, mary, I prey yow! for I loue not *th*is rewelynge.
Eu*er* forth, goode fader, I yow prey;
Be a lytyll 3e may assay.
A-non of w*ith* yow*er* clothes yf 3e wyll pray.
Go to, for I haue hade a praty scottlynge. 89

MERCY. Nay, brother, I wyll not d*a*unce.[6]
NEW. Yf 3e wyll, s*er*, my brother wyll make yow to prawnce.

[1] *These lines begin a new leaf in the MS. They seem highly inappropriate in the mouth of Mercy, cf. especially* l. 73. *Moreover, it is clear from* ll. 98, 111 *that the entrance of New Gyse, Nowadays, and Nought was immediately preceded by Mercy's use of the words forming their names. I therefore suppose that at least one leaf of MS. (containing their entrance) has been lost at this point, and suggest that the command to the minstrels be assigned to New Gyse.*

[2] MS. bollys.

[3] MS. reke.

[4] MS. us.

[5] MS. Leffe.

[6] MS. d*a*unce; *but it often has the* au-*contraction for* a.

NOW. *With* all my herte, *ser*, yf I may yow a-*vaun*ce ;
3e may assay be a lytyll*e* trace.
NOUGHT. 3e, *ser*, wyll 3e do well ?
Trace not w*ith th*em, be my cownsell ;
For I haue tracyed su*m*what to fell,[1] —
I tell [yow] yt ys a narow space. 97

But, *ser*, I trow, of ws thre I herde you speke.
NEW. Cryst*es* curse haue 3e [2] *th*er-for, for I was in slepe !
NOW. A[nd] I hade *th*e cuppe [3] in my honde redy to goo to met.
Therfor, *ser*, curtly grett yow well.
MERCY. Few word*es* ! few & well sett !
NEW. *Ser*, yt ys *th*e new gyse & *th*e new iett :
Many word*es* & schortely sett, —
Thys ys *th*e new gyse, eu*er*y dele. 105

MERCY. Lady, helpe ! How wrechys delyte in *th*er synnfull [4] weys !
NOW. Say no[ugh]t ageyn *th*e new gyse now-a-days.
*Tho*u xall fynde ws sch[r]ewys at all assays ;
Be war*e*, 3e may son lyke a bofett !
MERCY. He was well occupyede *tha*t browte yow hether ! [5]
NOUGHT. I harde yow call New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought,
— all *th*es thre to-gether.
Yf 3e sey *tha*t I lye, I xall make yow to slyther ;
So take yow her*e* a trefett ! 113

MERCY. Say me yower namys ; I know yow not.
NEW. New Gyse I !
[NOW.] Now-a-days [I] !

[1] MS. fylde fell. Kittredge *suggests that* fylde *was written by mistake, and that the copyist then, observing that* fylde *neither rhymed nor made sense, added the right word but neglected to erase* fylde.

[2] MS. hade ; *corr. by* Kittredge, *who thinks the scribe may have caught up* hade *from the following line. I had conjectured* had he.

[3] MS. *has* redy *here as well as later in the line.*

[4] MS. *has three strokes each for* nn *and* u.

[5] MS. brethern : *possibly we ought to read* brether.

[NOUGHT.] I Nought!
MERCY. Be Jhesu Cryst, *that* me dere bowte,
3e be-tray many men!
NEW. Be-tray? Nay, nay, ser, nay, nay!
We make them both fresch & gay.
But of yower name, ser, I yow prey,
That we may yow ken!

MERCY. Mercy ys my name & my[1] denomynacyon!
I conseyue 3e haue but a lytyll fors[2] in my commenycacyon.
NEW. Ey, ey, yower body ys full of Englysch Laten![3]
NOW. I prey yow hertyly, worschypfull clerke —

I haue etun a dysch full of curdes,
Ande I haue schetun yower mowth fulle of turdes;
Now opyn yower sachell with Late[n][4] wordes,
And sey me this in clerycall maner!
Also I haue a wyf, her name ys Rackell;
Betwyx her & me was a gret batell,
Ande fayne of yow I wolde her[e] tell
Who was the most master.

NOUGHT. Thy wyf, Rachell, I dare ley xx^{ti} lyse!
NOW. Who spake to the, foll? *Thou* art not wyse!
Go & do *that*[5] longyth to *th*in offyce:
Osculare fundamentum!
NOUGHT. Lo, master! lo,[6] here ys a pardon bely mett,[7] —
Yt ys grawntyde of Pope Pokett:
Yf 3e wyll putt yower nose in hys wyffes sokett,
3e xall haue xl^{ty} days of pardon.

[1] By *written over in* MS. [2] MS. *looks like* fans.
[3] *A note in the margin says*, Haue *th*is Englysch made in Laytin:

I am a-ferde yt wyll brest;
"I rausch," q*uod the* baeger on-to me,
When I stall a leg a motun,
Ye are a stronge cunnynge clerke.
I trey, &c.

[4] MS. late; *corr. by* Kittredge. [6] MS. to.
[5] MS. doyt. [7] MS. melt; *qy.* be lymett.

MERCY. Thys ydyll[1] language ȝe xall repent !
Out of *th*is place I wolde ȝe went.
NEW. Goo we hens[2] all thre w*ith* on assent ;
My fadyr ys yrke of ow*er* eloquence,
*Th*er-for I wyll no lenger tary.
Gode brynge yow, mast*er*, & blyssyde Mary
To *th*e nu*mber* of *th*e demonycall frayry ! 148

. . . . . .[3]

NOW. Eu*er* wynde ! eu*er* reyn !
Thow I cu*m*me new a-geyn.
*Th*e deull put out both you*re* eyen !
Felouse, go we hens tyght !
NOUGHT. Go we hens, a deull wey !
Her ys *th*e dor*e*, her ys *th*e wey !
Farwell, ientyll Iaffrey,
I prey Gode gyf yow goode-nyght ! 156

Exiant.

MERCY. Thankyde be Gode, we haue a fayer dylyu*er*ance
Of *th*es iij onthryfty gest*es*.
They know full lytyll what ys *th*er ordyna*n*ce ;
I preve by reson *th*ei be wers *then* best*es* : 160

A best doth aft*er* hys naturall instytucyon ;
ȝe may co*n*seyue by ther dysporte & be-hauo*ur*,
*Th*er ioy ande delyte ys in derysyon
Of [t]her owyn Cryste to his dyshon*ur*. 164

Thys co*n*dycyon of leuyng, yt ys preiudycyall ;
Be war*e* *th*er-of, yt ys wers *than* ony felony or treson.
How may yt be excusyde be-for *th*e Iustyce of all,
Whe*n* for eu*er*y ydyll[4] worde ws[5] must yelde a reson? 168

[1] MS. yeyll, *cf.* l. 168.
[2] MS. haue ; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[3] *There is no indication in* MS. *of the loss of this line.*
[4] MS. yeyll, *cf.* l. 142.
[5] *Perhaps this should be amended to* we ; *but, as the construction* us must *is common, I retain the* MS. *reading.*

They haue grett ca[u]se *th*er-for ; *th*e[i] wyll take no thought ;
But how *than* when *th*e angell of hewyn xall blow *th*e trum*p*e
Ande sey to *th*e transgressers *that* wykydly hath wrought :
" Cu*m* forth on-to yow*er* Iuge & ȝelde yow*er* a-cownte "? 172

Then xall I, Mercy, be-gyn sor to wepe ;
Noth*er* comfort nor cownsell *th*er xall no*n* be hade,
But such as *th*ei haue sowyn, such xall *th*ei repe ;
*Th*ei be wanton now, but *then* xall *th*ei be sade. 176

The goode new gyse now-a-days I wyll not dysalow ;
I dyscomende *th*e vycyouse gyse, I prey haue me excusyde,
I nede not to speke of yt, yow*er* reson wyll tell it yow,
Take *that*[1] ys to be takyn & leue *that*[1] ys to be refusyde ! 180

[*Enter Mankynde.*]

MANK. Of *th*e erth & of *th*e gler[2] we haue ow*er* pr*o*pagacyon,
By *th*e pr*o*uydens of Gode *th*us be we deryvatt,
To whos mercy I recom*e*nde *th*is holl co*n*grygacyon ;
I hope on-to hys blysse ye be all predestynatt !
Eu*er*y ma*n* for hys degre, I trust, xall be p*ar*tycypatt,
Yf we wyll mortyfye ow*er* carnall co*n*dycyon
And ow*er* volu*n*tarye dysyres, *that* eu*er* be pervertonnat,
To renu*n*ce *th*es & yelde ws wnd*er* God*es* pr*o*vycyon. 188

My name ys Mankynde : I haue my composycyon
Of a body & of a soull, of co*n*dycyon co*n*trarye ;
Betwyx *th*e tweyn ys a grett dyvisyon ;
He *that* xulde be as soiette,[3] now he hath *th*e victory.
Thys ys to me a lame*n*table story,
To se my flesch of my soull to haue gou*er*nance :
Wher *th*e goode-wyff ys mast*er* *th*e goode-ma*n* may be sory. 195

. . . . . .

[1] MS. yt.
[2] MS. cler ; *emend. by* Kittredge ; *but possibly* cley.
[3] MS. seietle ; Collier, H. E. D. P., II, 213 *has* sojecte.

Alasse ! what was thy fortune & *th*i cha*u*nce[1]
To be assocyat w*ith* my flesch, *that* stynkynge dunge-
hyll !
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Lady, helpe ! Sou*er*ens, yt doth my soull myche yll
To se *th*e flesch prosp*er*ouse & *th*e soull trodyn wnd*er* fote.
I xall go to yondyr man, & assay hym I wyll ;
I trust of gostly solace he wyll be my bote.

[*Goes to Mercy.*]

All heyll, semely father ! ȝe be welcom to *th*is house !
Of *th*e very wysd*au*m ȝe haue p*ar*tycypacyon.
My body w*ith* my soull ys eu*er* querulose ;
I pray yow for sent charyte of yow*er* supportacyon.

I be-seche yow hertyly of yow*er* gostly comforte ;
I am onstedfast in lywyng ; my name ys Mankynde ;
My gostly enmy, *th*e deull, wyll haue a grett dysporte,
In synnfull[2] gydynge yf he may see me ende.
Mercy. Cryst sende yow goode comforte ! ȝe be wel-
cu*m*, my frende !
Stonde wppe on yow*er* fete ; I prey yow aryse.
My name ys Mercy ; ȝe be to me full hende.
To eschew vyce I wyll yow avyse.

Mank. O Mercy, of all grace & v*er*tue ȝe are *th*e well !
I haue herd*e* tell of ryght worschypfull clerk*es*,
ȝe be approxymatt to Gode & ner*e* of hys co*n*sell,
He hat[h] instytut you aboue all hys werk*es*.

[1] *Marginal note in* MS. :

I may both syth & sobbe, *th*is ys a pituose reme*m*brence
& in my soull*e* sosotyll in thy s*u*bstance.

This may be a part of the three lines necessary to restore the versification. I have indicated by dots the places where, in my opinion, the lines are missing.

[2] MS. *has three strokes each for* nn *and* u.

O ! yow*er* louely work*es* to my soull ar*e* swetere *th*en hony !
MERCY. The temtacyon of *th*e flesch ȝe must resyst lyke a ma*n*,
For *th*er ys eu*er* a batell betwyx *th*e soull & *th*e body :
Vita hominis est milicia super terram. 221

Oppresse yow*er* gostly enmy & be Cryst*es* own knyght ;
Be neu*er* a cowarde ageyn yow*er* aduersary.
If ȝe wyll be crownyde, ȝe must ned*es* fyght.
Intende well & Gode wyll be yow adiutory. 225

Remembre, my frende, *th*e tyme of co*n*tynuance, —
So helpe me Gode, yt ys but a chery-tyme !
Spende yt well ; s*er*ue Gode w*ith* hertes affyance ;
Dystempur not yow*er* brayn w*ith* goode ale nor w*ith* wyn; 229

'Mesur*e* ys tresur*e*,' Y for-byde yow not *th*e vse ;
Mesure yow*er*-sylf, eu*er* be-ware of excesse ;[1]
*Th*e super*f*luouse gyse I wyll *th*at ȝe refuse ;
Whe*n* natur ys suffysyde, a-non *th*at ȝe sese ! 233

Yf a ma*n* haue an hors & kepe hym not to hye,
He may the*n* reull hym at hys own desyer*e* ;
Yf he be fede ou*er*-well, he wyll dysobey
Ande, in happe, cast his mast*er* in *th*e myre. 237

NEW. ȝe say trew, s*er* ; ȝe ar*e* no faytour !
I haue fede my wyff so well tyll sche ys my mast*er* ;
I haue a grett wonde on my hede ; lo ! & *th*eron leyth a playst*er*
Ande a-no*th*er *th*er I pysse[2] my peson.
Ande my wyff were yow*er* hors, sche wolde yow all to-sāne.[3]
ȝe fede yow*er* hors in mesur ; ȝe ar a wyse man !
I trow[4] & ȝe were *th*e kynges palfrey-ma*n*,[5]
A' goode horses[6] xulde be geson.[7] 245

[1] *These two lines as one in* MS.
[2] MS. pyose.
[3] *This appears to be the reading of the* MS; *qy.* to-lam.
[4] MS. It row.
[5] MS. mare (?).
[6] MS. A goode horse; *emend. by* Kittredge.
[7] MS. gesumma.

MANK. Wher spekys *th*is felow? Wyll he not com*e* ner*e*?
MERCY. All to son*e*, my brother, I fer*e* me, for yow.
He was her*e* ryght now, by hym *tha*t bowte me dere!
W*ith* o*th*er of hys felouse, — *th*ei kan moche sorow!

They wyll be her*e* ryght son*e* if I owt dep*ar*te.
Thynke on my doctryne; *tha*t xall be yow*er* defence;
Lerne wyll I am her*e*, sett my word*es* in herte;
W*ith*-in a schorte space I must ned*es* hens.

NOW. *Th*e sonner, *th*e leu*er*, & *th*at be ewyn a-non!
I trow[1] yow*er* name ys do-lytyll, ȝe be so longe fro hom!
If ȝe wolde go hens, we xall cum eu*er*ychon,
Me thynk a full goode sorte.[2]
ȝe haue leu*e*,[3] I dare well say;
To [t]hem ȝe wyll, go forth yow*er* wey;
Me*n* haue lytyll deynte of yow*er* pley,
Be-cause ȝe make no sporte.

NOUGHT. Yow*er* potage xall be for-colde, s*er*; when wyll ȝe go dyn*e*?
I haue sen*e* a ma*n* lost xx*ti* noblys in as lytyll tyme, —
ȝet yt was not I, be Sent Gis, certeyn,[4]
For I was neu*er* worth a pottfull a' wort*es* sythyn I wos born*e*!
My name ys Nought, I loue well to make mery;
I haue be seche[5] w*ith* the[6] comyn tapster of Bury;
I pleyde so longe *th*e foll *tha*t I am ewyn very wery,
ȝyt xall I be *th*er ageyn to-morne![7]

MERCY. I haue moche car*e* for yow, my own frende;
Yow*er* enmys wyll be her*e* anon, *th*ei made *th*er ava*u*nte.[8]
Thynke well in yow*er* hert yow*er* name ys Ma*n*kynde;

[1] MS. It row.
[2] MS. Mo *th*e a goode sorte; *emend. by* Kittredge.
[3] MS. leu*er*.
[4] *This word is illegible in* MS.; *the last four letters look like* ntyn.
[5] MS. seche*n*.
[6] MS. ȝe.
[7] MS. to morow.
[8] MS. ava*u*nce.

Be not wnkynde to Gode, I prey yow ; be hys *ser*uante.
Be stedefast in co*n*dycyon ; se ȝe be not varyant ;
Lose not thorow foly *tha*t ys bowte so dere.
God wyll p*ro*ue yow sone ; ande, yf *tha*t ȝe be co*n*stant,
Of hys blysse p*er*petuall ȝe xall be p*ar*tener.

ȝe may not haue yow*er* intent at yow*er* fyrst dysyer ; —
Se *th*e grett pacyence of Iob in [1] t*ri*bulacyon :
Lyke as *th*e smyth t*ri*eth ern in the feer,
So was he lede by God*es* vysytacyon.

He was of yow*er* nature & of yow*er* fraylyte ; [2]
Folow *th*e steppys of hym, my own swete son,[3]
Ande sey, as he seyde, in yow*er* trobyll & adu*er*syte :
*Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit, sicut placuit; sit no*men
*Domini benedictu*m.

Mor*e*-ou*er*, in specyall I gyue yow in charge,
Be-war of Newgyse, Now-a-days & Nought, —
Nyse in *th*er a-ray, in language *th*ei be large ;
To p*er*uerte yower [4] condycyons all *th*er menys xall be sowte.

Gode son, intyrmyse [5] yow*er*-sylff not in *th*er cu*m*peny ;
Thei harde not a masse *thi*[s] twelmonyth, I dar*e* well say ;
Gyff them non audyence, thei wyll tell yow many a lye ;
Do truly yow*er* labour*e* & kepe [6] yow*er* haly-day ;
Be-war*e* of Tytivillus, for he lesyth no [7] wey,
*Tha*t goth in-vysybull & wyll not be sen ;
He wyll ronde in yow*er* er*e* & cast a nett be-for yower ey.[8]
He ys worst of *th*em all, Gode let hym neu*er* then !

[1] MS. &; *corr. by* Kittredge. [2] MS. frayylyte.
[3] *Beside this line another hand has written* ita factum est.
[4] MS. *th*er.
[5] *Over this another hand has written* intromytt not.
[6] MS. kefe. [7] MS. us. [8] MS. eyn.

Yff ȝe dysples Gode, aske mercy a-non ;
Ellys Myscheff wyll be redy to brace yow in hys brydyll.
Kysse me now, my dere darlynge, Gode sche[l]de yow from yower fon ![1]
Do truly yower labure & be neuer ydyll. 301

The blyssynge of Gode be with yow & with all yower[2] worschypfull men !
MANK. Amen ! for sent charyte, Amen ! 303

Now, blyssyde be Ihesu, my soull ys well sacyatt
With the mellyfluouse doctryne of this worschypfull man !
The rebellyn of my flesch, now yt ys superatt,
Thankyd[3] be Gode of the connynge that I kan ![4] 307

Her wyll I sytt & tytyll in this papyr
The incomparable astat of my promycyon !
Worschypfull souerence, I haue wretyn here
The gloryuse remembrance of my nobyll condycyon. 311

To haue remo[r]s & memory of my-sylff, thus wretyn yt ys,
To defende me from all superstycyous charmys :
Memento, homo, quod cinis es et [*in*] *cinere*[m] *reuerteris ;*
Lo ! I ber on my bryst the bagge of myn armys ! 315

[*Enter New Gyse at the back of the stage.*]

NEW. The wether ys colde, Gode send ws goode ferys !
Cum sancto sanctus eris, & *cum peruerso*[5] *peruerteris*,
Ecce quam[6] *bonum* & *quam*[6] *iocundum*,[7] quod the deull to the frerys,
Habitare fratres in uno.[8]
MANK. Ther a felow speke ; with hym I wyll not mell.
Thys erth with my spade I xall assay to delffe ;

[1] MS. son ; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[2] *Qy. omit, or read* yow.
[3] MS. Thankynge.
[4] MS. commynge *that* I kam.
[5] MS. *peruerse.*
[6] MS. *quiam.*
[7] MS. *Iocundie.*
[8] MS. vino, *perhaps intentionally ; but* vnion, *which is very near the* MS. *form, would rhyme with* fusyon.

To eschew ydullnes [1] I do *that* myn own selffe ;
I prey Gode sende [2] hys fusyon ! 323

[*Enter Now-a-days, Nought.*]

NOW. Make rom, *sers*, for we haue be longe !
We wyll cu*m* gyf yow a Crystemes songe.
NOUGHT. Now I prey all *the* yemandry *that* ys here
To synge w*ith* ws w*ith* a mery chere : [*He sings.*] 327

Yt ys wretyn w*ith* a coll ! Yt ys wretyn w*ith* a cole ![3]

Cantant omnes :

Holyke ! holyke ! holyke ! holyke ! holyke ! holyke ! 336

NEW. Ey, Mankynde, Gode spede yow w*ith* yow*er* spade ![4]
I xall tell yow of a maryage ;
I wolde yow*er* mowth & hys ars *that* *th*is [5] made
Wer maryede iu*n*ctly togethe*r* !
MANK. Hey yow hens, felouse, w*ith* bredynge !
Leue yow*er* derysyon & yow*er* iapynge !
I must ned*es* labur*e*, yt ys my lyvynge.
NOW. What, s*er* ! we cam*e* but late [6] hethyr. 344

Xall all *th*is corn grow here
That ȝe xall haue *the* nexte ȝer ?
Yf yt be so, corn hade nede be der*e*,
Ellys ȝe xall haue a por*e* lyffe.
NOUGHT. A-lasse, goode fader*e*, *th*is labor fretyth yow to *the* bon*e* ;
But for yow*er* croppe I take grett mone,
ȝe xall neu*er* spende yt a-lonne,
I xall assay to geett yow a wyffe. 352

How many acres suppose ȝe here, by estymacyon ?
NEW. Ey ! how ȝe t*ur*ne *the* erth wppe & down !

[1] MS. yeullnes. [2] MS. *that before* hys.
[3] NEW. *and* NOW. *reply with the same line ; each of the four lines of the vulgar song is similarly treated.* [4] MS. space.
[5] MS. ys. *corr. by* Kittredge. [6] MS. eat ; *corr. by* Kittredge.

I haue be in my days in many goode town,
ȝett saw I neu*er* such a-no*th*er tyllynge!
MANK. Why stonde ȝe ydyll? Yt ys pety *tha*t ȝe were born!
NOW. We xall bargen w*ith* yow & no*ther* moke nor scorne:
Take a goode carte in herwest & lode yt w*ith* yow*er* corne,
Ande what xall we gyf yow for *th*e levynge?

NOUGHT. He ys a goode, starke laburer, he wolde fayn do well,
He hath mett w*ith* *th*e goode ma*n* Mercy in a schroude sell;
For all *th*is he may haue many a hu*n*gry mele.
ȝyt well ȝe se, he ys polytyke:
Here xall be goode corn, he may not mysse yt;
Yf he wyll haue reyn, he may ou*er*-pysse yt;
Ande [1] yf he wyll haue compost,[2] he may ou*er*-blysse yt
A lytyll w*ith* hys ers lyke.

MANK. Go & do yow*er* lab*ur* — Gode lett yow neu*er* the!
Or w*ith* my spade I xall yow dynge, by *th*e Holy T*r*inyte!
Haue ȝe non other ma*n* to moke but eu*er* me?
ȝe wolle haue me of yow*er* sett!
Hye yow forth lyvely, for hens I wyll yow dryffe!

[*He beats them with his spade.*]

NEW. Alas, my iewell*es*! [3] I xall be schent of my wyff.
NOW. A-lasse! & I am lyke neu*er* for to thryue,
I haue such a buffett!

MANK. Hens, I say, Newgyse, Now-a-days & Nowte!
Yt was seyde be-forn, all *th*e menys xulde [4] be sought
To p*er*uerte my condycions & brynge me to nought.
Hens, thevys, ȝe haue made many a lesynge!
NOUGHT. Marryde I was for colde, but now am I warme!
ȝe ar*e* ewyll avysyde, s*er*, for ȝe haue don*e* harme.
By Cokkys body sakyrde, I haue such a peyn in my arme
I may not chonge a ma*n* a ferthynge!

[1] MS. Arde.
[2] MS. compasse; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[3] MS. Iewell*er*.
[4] MS. x*a*ll.

MANK. Now I thanke Gode, knelynge on my kne :
B[l]yssyde be hys name, he ys of hye degre !
By *th*is spade,[1] of hys grace *tha*t he hath sente me,
Thre [2] of myn enmys I haue putt to flyght ;
3yt *th*is instrument, sou*er*ens, ys not made to defende.
Dauide seyth : *Nec in hasta*,[3] *nec in gladio saluat Domin*us.[4]
NOUGHT. No, mary, I be-schrew yow, Yt ys *in spadib*us !
Therfor Crystes curse cu*m* on yow*er hedybus*,
To sende yow lesse myght !
Exiant.

MANK. I p*ro*mytt yow, *th*es felouse wyll no-mor*e* cum her*e* ;
For su*mm*e of *th*em, certe*n*ly, wer*e* su*mm*e-what to rer*e* !
My fadyr, Mercy, a-vysyde me to be of a goode cher*e*
And agayn my enmys ma*n*ly for to fyght.

I xall co*n*vycte [5] *th*em, I hope, eu*er*ychon ;
3et I say a-mysse, I do yt not a-lon ;
W*ith th*e helpe of *th*e grace of Gode I re[s]yst my fon
Ande *th*er malycyuse herte.
W*ith* my spade I wyll dep*ar*te, my worschypfull [6] sou*er*ence,
Ande lyue eu*er* w*ith* labur*e* to corecte my insolence.
I xall go fett [7] corn for my londe ; I prey yow of pacyence,
Ryght son*e* I xall reverte.

[*Exit : enter Myscheff.*]

[MYS.] Alas ! alasse, *tha*t eu*er* I was wrought !
Alasse *th*e whyll ! I [am] wers *th*e[n] nought !
Sythyn I was her*e*, by hym *tha*t me bought,
I am utterly on-don !
I, Myscheff, was her*e* at *th*e begy*n*nynge of *th*e game
And arguyde w*ith* Mercy, Gode gyff hym schame !
He hath taught Mankynde, wyll I haue be vane,
To fyght ma*n*ly a-geyn hys fon ;

[1] MS. By *th*e fesyde ; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[2] MS. iij.
[3] MS. hastu.
[4] MS. ons.
[5] MS. co*n*vytte.
[6] MS. worschyppull.
[7] MS. sett.

For *with* hys spade, *that* was hys wepyn,
New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, hath all to-betyn.
I haue grett pyte to se *the*m wepyn.
Wyll ȝe lyst? I here *them* crye!

[*Enter New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought.*]

A-lasse! a-lasse! cu*m* hether, I xall be yow*er* borow!
A-lac! a-lac! ven! ven! cu*m* hethere, *with* sorowe!
Pesse, fayer babys! ȝe xall haue a nappyll to-morow!
Why grete ȝe so? why?

NEW. A-lasse, mast*er*! a-lasse my p*r*ivyte!
MYS. A! wher? A-lake! fayer babe, ba me!
A-byde to sone, I xall yt se.
NOW. Here, here! se my hede, goode mast*er*!
MYS. Lady, helpe! Sely darlynge, ven, ven!
I xall helpe *the* of *thi* peyn;
I xall smytt of *thi* hede & sett yt on agayn.
NOUGHT. By Ow*er* Lady, s*er*, a fay*er* playst*er*!

Wyll ȝe of *with* hys hede? Yt ys a schreude charme!
As for me I haue non harme! —
I were loth to for-bere myn arme;
ȝe pley, *in nomine Patris*, choppe!
NEW. ȝe xall not choppe my iewellys, & I may!
NOW. ȝe, Cristes[1] crose![2] wyll ȝe smyght my hede a-wey?
Ther wer on anon![3] Oute! ȝe xall not assay!
I myght well be callyde a foppe!

MYS. I kan choppe yt of & make yt a-gayn.
NEW. I hade a schreude recu*m*ben*t*ib*us*,[4] but I fele no peyn.
NOW. Ande my hede ys all saue & holl agayn.
Now, towchynge *the* mater of Mankynde,
Lett ws haue an interreccyon sythen ȝe be cu*m* hethere.
Yt were goode to haue an ende.

[1] MS. Craftes.
[2] *For* cross, *or*, *perhaps*, curse, *cf.* l. 802
[3] MS. wher on & on; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[4] MS. recu*m*ten*t*ib*us*.

MYS. How, how! A mynstrell! Know ȝe ony ou[gh]t?
NOUGHT. I kan pype in a Walsyngh*a*m[1] wystyll, I, Nought, Nought.
MYS. Blow a-pase! *Th*ou xall bryng*e* hym in w*ith* a flewte.[2]

[*Tytivullus shouts outside.*]

TYT. I com w*ith* my legg*es* vnd*er* me!
MYS. How! Newgyse, Now-a-days, herke or I goo:
Wh*en* ow*er* hed*es* were to-gethere I spake of *Si dedero*.[3]
NEW. ȝe,[4] go *th*i wey, we xall ga*ther* mony on-to.
Ellys *th*er[5] xall no-man hym se. 451

Now gostly to ow*er* p*ur*pos, worschypfull sou*er*ence:
We intende to gather mony, yf yt plesse yow*er* n*e*clygence,
For a ma*n* w*ith* a hede *tha*t of grett om*n*ipotens —
NOW. Kepe yow*er* tayll, in goodnes I prey yow, good bro*th*er!
He ys a worschypfull[6] ma*n*, s*er*s, sauynge yow*er* reu*er*ens;
He louyth no grot*es* nor pens or[7] to-pens,
Gyf ws rede reyallys yf ȝe wyll se hys abhomynabull p*re*sens.
NEW. Not so! ȝe *tha*t mow not pay *th*e ton, pay *th*e to*th*er. 459

At *th*e goode-ma*n* of *th*is house fyrst we wyll assay.
Gode blysse yow, mast*er*! ȝe say as yll, ȝet ȝe wyll not sey nay.
Lett ws go by & by, & do *th*em pay.
ȝe pay all a-lyke, well must ȝe far*e*!
NOUGHT. I sey, New Gyse, Now-a-days! *Est*is *vos pecuniat*us?
I haue cryede a fayer wyll, I beschrew yow*er* patus!
NOW. *Ita uere, magister;* cum*m*e forth now yow*er* gatus!
He ys a goodly ma*n*, s*er*s; make space & be-war*e*! 467

[1] MS. *has the contraction for* au.
[2] *Qy.* flowte.
[3] MS. Tidedere; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[4] MS. ȝo.
[5] MS. *th*ei.
[6] MS. worschyppull.
[7] MS. of.

[*Enter Titivillus, arrayed like a devil and with a net in his hand.*]

TIT. *Ego sum dominantium*[1] *dominus*, & my name ys Titivillus !
ȝe *that* haue goode hors, to yow I sey *caueat*is ;
Here ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hym out at yow*er* gat*es*.
Ego probo sic : *Ser* New Gys, lende me a peny ! 471

Loquitur ad Newgyse.

NEW. I haue a grett purse, s*er*, but I haue no monay ;
By *the* masse, I fayll ij farthyng*es* of an halpeny.
ȝyt hade I ten pownd [2] *th*is nyght *that* wos.
TIT. What ys in *th*i purse? *th*ou art a stout felow.[3]

Loquitur ad Now-a-days.

NOW. *The* deull haue [the] qwyll, I am a clen ientyllma*n* !
I prey Gode, I be neu*er* wers storyde *then* I am.
Yt xall be otherwyse, I hope, or *th*is nyght passe. 478

TYT. Herke now, I say *th*ou hast many a peny.

Loquitur ad Nought.

NOUGHT. *No*[*n*] *nobis*, *d*omi*n*e, *non nobis*, by sent Deny !
The deull may d*aun*ce in my purse for ony peny, —
Yt ys as clen as a byrd*es* ars. 482

TIT. Now I sey ȝet a-geyn *caueat*is ;
Here ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse he*m* of yow*er* gat*es*. 484

Now, I say, New Gyse, Now-a-d*ays* & Nought,
Go & serche *the* contre, anon *th*at [yt] be sowȝte,
Su*mm*e here, su*mm*e *th*er, — what yf ȝe may cache owȝte ! — 487

Yf ȝe fayll of hors, take what ȝe may ellys.
NEW. The*n* speke to Ma*n*kynde for *the* recu*m*bentib*us* of my iewellys.
NOW. Reme*m*bre my brokyn hede, in the worschyppe of *the* v voli ellys ! [4]

[1] MS. dūancum.
[2] MS. x^{li}.
[3] *Qy.* man.
[4] *Qy.* the vij (*or* xx) devellys.

NOUGHT. 3e, goode *ser*, tye sytica[1] in my erme !
TIT. I know full well what Mankynde dyde to yow,
Myschyff hat[h] informyde of all *th*e matere thorow ;
I xall venge yow*er* quarell, I make Gode a-vow.
Forth & espye were 3e may do harme. 495

Take w[ith yow] Fyde[2] yf 3e wyll haue ony mo.
I say, New Gyse ! wether art *tho*u avysyde to go ? 497

NEW. Fyrst I xall begyn at M[aster] Hu*n*tyngton of Sanston ;[3]
Fro thens I xall go to Wyll*a*m[4] Thuolay of Hanston ;
Ande so forthe to Pycharde of Tru*m*pyngton :
I wyll kepe me to *th*es thre.[5]
NOW. I xall goo to Wyllyh*a*m[4] Baker*e* of Walton ;[6]
To Rycherde Bollma*n* of Gayton ;
I xall spar*e* Mast*er* Woode of Fullburn,
He ys a *noli me tangere !* 505

NOUGHT. I xall goo to Wyllyam Patryke of Massyngh*a*m ;[4]
I xall spar*e* Mast*er* Alyngton of Botysam
Ande Hamonde of Soffeham.[4]
Felous, cu*m* forth, & go we hens to-gethyr,
For drede of *in manus tuas*, qweke ![7]
NEW. Syth we xall go, lett ws se[8] well ware & wether ;
Yf we may be take, we com no-more hethyr ;
Lett ws con[9] well ow*er* neke-verse *th*at we haue not a cheke.[10] 513

TIT. Goo yow*er* wey, a deull wey, go yow*er* wey, all !
I blysse yow w*ith* my lyfte hond ; foull yow be-fall !
Com a-geyn, I werne, as son*e* as I yow call,
A[nde] brynge yow*er* a-vantage in-to *th*is place.

[1] *Qy. th*e syatica (= sciatica).
[2] MS. Iake w . . . Fyde.
[3] MS. sansten.
[4] MS. *has the contraction for* au.
[5] MS. iij.
[6] MS. Waltom.
[7] *The stanza-structure can be restored by interchanging* ll. 509, 510.
[8] MS. be.
[9] MS. com.
[10] MS. choke.

To speke *with* Ma*n*kynde I wyll tary here *th*is tyde,
Ande assay hys goode p*ur*pose for to sett a-syde.
*Th*e goode man, Mercy, xall no lenger be [be] hys syde ;
I xall make hym to dawnce a-no*th*er trace ! 521

Eu*er* I go invysybull, yt ys my rett,
Ande be-for hys ey *th*us I wyll hange my nett
To blench hys syght ; I hope to haue hys fote wett.
To yrke hym of hys lab*ur* I xall make a frame.
Thys borde xall be[1] hyde wnd*er* *th*e erth preuely ;
Hys spade xall ent*er*, I hope, on-redyly ;[2]
Be *then* he hath a-wayde,[3] he xall be uery angry
Ande lose hys pacyens, peyn of schame. 529

I xall menge hys corne w*ith* draw & w*ith* durnell,
Yt xall not be lyke to sow[4] nor to sell.
Yondyr he co*m*myth, I prey of cownsell ;
He xall wene grace were wane.[5] 533

[*Enter Mankynde.*]

MANK. Now, Gode, of hys mercy, sende ws of hys sonde !
I haue brought seed her to sow w*ith* my londe ;
I wyll ron dylew*er*, *that*[6] here yt xall stonde.
*In no*m*ine Patris &ª Filii*[7] *&ª Spir*[*i*]*t*us *Sancti*, now I wyll be-gyn.[8]
Thys londe ys so harde, yt makyth wn-lusty & yrke,
I xall sow my corn at wynt*er* & lett Gode werke.
A-lasse, my corn ys lost ! Here ys a foull werke.
I se well, by tyllynge lytyll xall I wyn. 541

Here I gyf wppe my spade for now & for eu*er* ;

Here Titivillus goth out with the spade.

To occupye my body, I wyll not putt me in deuer.[9]
I wyll here my ewynsonge here or I dysseu*er* ;

[1] MS. he.
[2] MS. ou*er* redyly.
[3] *Unintelligible ; read, perhaps*, assayde.
[4] MS. sew.
[5] *A later hand has added what looks like* Cruis.
[6] MS. yt.
[7] MS. filius.
[8] MS. le-fyn.
[9] MS. eeuer.

Thys place I assynge as my kyrke.
Her in my kerke I knell on my kneys.
*Pater noste*r, *qui es in celis.*

[*Enter Tytyvillus.*]

TYT. I promes yow I haue no lede on my helys,
I am here a-geyn to make *th*is felow yrke.

I-wyst, pesse ! I xall go to hys ere & tytyll *th*er-in.

[*Goes to Mankynde.*]

A schorte preyere thyrlyth[1] hewyn ; of *th*i preyere blyn ;
Thou art holyer *then* euer was ony of *th*i kyn ;
A-ryse & avent *th*e, nature compellys.

MANK. I wyll in-to *th*i[s] ȝerde, souerens, & cum a-geyn sone ;
For drede of *th*e colyke & eke of *th*e stone
I wyll go do *that*[2] nedes must be don.
My bedes[3] xall be here for who-summe-euer wyll cumme.
Exiat.

TIT. Mankynde was besy in hys prayere, ȝet I dyde[4] hym aryse ;
He is conveyde, be Cryst ! from hys devyn seruyce.
Whether ys he, trow ȝe ? I-wysse, I am wonder wyse :
I have sent hym forth to schyte lesynges.
Yff ȝe haue ony sylver, in happe pure brasse,
Take a lytyll pow[d]er of Parysch & cast ouer hys face,
Ande ewyn in *th*e howll-flyght let hym passe, —
Titivillus kan lerne yow many praty thynges !

I trow Mankynde wyll cum a-geyn son,
Or ellys, I fer me, ewynsonge wyll be don.
Hys bedes xall be trysyde a-syde, & *th*at a-non.
ȝe xall [se] a goode sport[5] yf ȝe wyll a-byde.
Mankynde cummyth a-geyn, well fare he !

[1] MS. thyr lyth.
[2] MS. yt.
[3] MS. ledes.
[4] MS. eyde.
[5] MS. spert.

I xall answere hym *ad omnia quare*.
Ther xall be set a-broche a clerycall mater ;
I hope of hys purpose to sett hym a-syde.

[*Enter Mankynde.*]

MANK. Ewynsonge hath be in the saynge, I trow, a fayer wyll ;
I am yrke of yt, yt ys to longe be on myle.
Do wey ; I wyll no-more so oft on the chyrche-style ; [1]
Be as be may, I xall do a-nother.
Of labure & preyer I am nere yrke of both ;
I wyll no-more of yt, thowgh [2] Mercy be wroth.
My hede ys uery heuy, I tell yow for soth,
I xall slepe [3] full my bely & he were my brother !

TIT. Ande euer ȝe dyde, for me kepe now yower sylence !
Not a werde, I charge yow, peyn of xl pens !
A praty [4] game xall be schowde [5] yow or ȝe go hens.
Ȝe may here hym snore, he ys sade on [6] slepe.
I-wyst, pesse ! The deull ys dede ! I xall go ronde in hys ere :
Alasse, Mankynde, alasse ! Mercy stown [7] a mere ;
He ys runn a-way fro hys master, ther wot no man where ;
More-ouer he stale both a hors & a nete.

But ȝet I herde say he brake hys neke as he rode [8] in Fraunce ;
But I thynke he rydyth ouer the galous [9] to lern for to daunce,
By-cause of hys theft. That ys hys gouernance ;
Trust no-more on hym, he ys a marryde man.
Mekyll sorow with thi spade be-forn thou hast wrought ;
A-ryse & aske mercy of Newgyse, Now-a-days, & Nought.

[1] *Lines* 576–579 *are added in a note at botton of page in* MS.
[2] MS. then ; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[3] MS. skope.
[4] MS. pauty.
[5] MS. schende.
[6] MS. & ; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[7] *That is*, has stolen.
[8] MS. reke ab herode ; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[9] MS. galouf.

*The*i cu*m*; a-vyse *the* for *the* best; lett *the*r goode wyll be sought;
And *thi* own wyff brechell[1] & take *the* a lemma*n*.

For-well, eu*er*ychon, for I haue don my game,
For I haue brought Mankynde to myscheff & to schame.
[*Exit Tityvillus.*]

MANK. Whope! who! M*er*cy hath brokyn hys neke-kycher, a vows,
Or he hangyth by *the* neke hye wppe on *the* gallouse.
A-dew, fayer mastere! I wyll hast me to *the* ale-house,
Ande speke w*ith* Newgyse, Now-a-d*ays* & Nought,
A[nde] geett me a lemma*n* w*ith* a smattrynge face.

[*Enter New Gyse.*]

NEW. Make space! for Cokk*es* body sakyrde, make space!
A ha! well! on! ron! Gode gyff hym ewyll grace!
We were nere Sent Patrykes wey, by hym *tha*t me bought!

I was twychyde by *the* neke, *the* game was be-gu*n*ne;
A grace was, *the* halt*er* brast a-sondre — *ecce signu*m! —
The halff ys a-bowte my neke. We hade a rere rune!
Be-ware! quod *the* goode-wyff, whe*n* sche smot of here husbond*es* hede, beware!
Myscheff ys a co*n*victe for he coude hys neke-verse;
My body gaff a swynge whe*n* I hynge wppon *the* casse.[2]
A-lasse! he wyll hange such a lyghtly ma*n* & a fers
For stelynge of an horse, I prey Gode gyf hym care!

Do wey *th*is halt*er*! What deull doth Ma*n*kynde here, w*ith* sorow!
A-lasse, how my neke[3] ys sore, I make[4] a-vowe!
MANK. 3e be welcom, Newgyse! S*er*, what chere w*ith* yow?
NEW. Well, s*er*, I haue no cause to morn.

[1] *Qy.* brethell. [2] *So* MS. [3] MS. nekes. [4] MS. made.

MANK. What was *th*er abowte yow*er* neke, so Gode yow a-mende?
NEW. In feyth, Sent Andrys holy bende;
I haue a lytyll dyshes as yt plesse Gode to sende,
With a ru*n*nynge rynge-worme.

[*Enter Now-a-days.*]

NOW. Stonde a rom, I prey *th*e, bro*th*er myn!
I haue laburyde all *th*is nyght; we*n* xall we go dyn?
A chyrche her be-syde xall pay for ale, brede & wyn;
Lo! here ys stoffe wyll se*r*ue.
NEW. Now, by *th*e holy Mary, *th*ou art bett*er* marchande *than* I!

[*Enter Nought.*]

NOUGHT. A-vante, knavys! lett me go by!
I kan not gret & I xulde sterue!

[*Enter Myscheff.*]

MYS. Here cu*m*myth a ma*n* of armys; why stonde ye so styll?
Of murd*er* & ma*n*slawt*er* I haue my bely-fyll.
NOW. What, Myscheff, haue ye ben*e* in presun, & yt be yow*er* wyll?
Me semyth ȝe haue sco[w]ryde a payer of fetters.
MYS. I was chenyde by *th*e armys, — lo! I haue *th*em here;
The chenys I brast a-sundyr & kyllyde *th*e iaylere,
ȝe, ande hys fayer wyff halsyde in a cornere.
A! how swetly I kyssyde *that*[1] swete mowth of hers!

Whe*n* I hade do, I was myn owyn bottler,
I brought a-wey w*ith* me both dysch & dublere.
Here ys a-now for me; be of goode chere.
ȝet well fare *th*e new chesance!
MANK. I aske mercy of New Gyse, Now-a-days, & Nought.
Onys w*ith* my spade I reme*m*ber that I faught;

[1] MS. *the*.

I wyll make yow a-mend*es* yf I hurt yow ought,
Or dyde ony grev*au*nce.

NEW. What a deull lykyth ye to be of *th*is dysposycyon?
MANK. I drempt Mercy was hange, *th*is was my vysyon,
Ande *that* to yow iij I xulde haue recors & remocyon.
Now I prey yow hertyly of yow*er* goode wyll;
I crye yow mercy of all *that* I dyde a-mysse.
NOW. [*Aside*] I sey, New Gys, Nought! Tytivillus made all *th*is;
As sekyr as Gode ys in hewyn, so yt ys.
NOUGHT. Stonde wppe on yow*er* feet! Why stonde ȝe so styll?

NEW. Mast*er* Myscheff, we wyll yow exort
Mankynde name in yow*er* bok for to report.
MYS. I wyll not so; I wyll sett a corte;
A[nde] do yt *in*[1] *forma iurys*, desarde!

Now-a-days mak proclamacyon.

NOW. Oy yt! Oy yȝt! Oyet!
All man*er* of me*n* & comu*n* women,
To *th*e cort of Myschyff othere cu*m* or sen;
Mankynde xall retorn, he ys on*e* of ow*er* me*n*!
MYS. Nought, cu*m* forth! *thou* xall be stewerde.

NEW Mast*er* Myscheff, hys syde gown may be solde;[2]
He may haue a iakett[3] *th*er-of & mony tolde.
MANK. I wyll do for *th*e best, so I haue no colde.
Holde, I prey yow, & take yt w*ith* yow,
Ande let me haue yt a-geyn in ony[4] wyse.

Nought scri[bit].

NEW. I pr*o*mytt yow a fresch iakett aft*er th*e new gyse.
MANK. Go & do *that* longyth to yow*er* offyce
A[nde] spare *that* ȝe mow![5]
[*Exit New Gyse*]

[1] MS. se.
[2] MS. tolde.
[3] MS. rakett.
[4] MS. mony *for* in ony.
[5] MS. may.

NOUGHT. Holde, Mast*er* Myscheff, & rede *th*is !
MYS. Here ys *blottybus in blottis*
Blottorum blottibus istis.
Be-schrew yow*er* erys, a [1] fayer hande !
NOW. 3e, yt ys a goode rennynge fyst ; [2]
Such an hande may not be myst !
NOUGHT. I xulde haue don bett*er*, hade I wyst.
MYS. Take hede, sers, yt stonde you on hande ! 679

Garici tota [3] *generalis*,
In a place *th*er goode ale ys,
Anno regni regitalis
Edwardi millatene,[4]
On 3estern-day in Feuerere, *th*e 3ere passyth [5] fully,
Do [6] Nought hath wrytyn, — here ys ow*er* Tulli, —
Anno regni regis nulli. 686

NOW. What how, Newgyse ! *Tho*u makyst moche [taryyng].
That iakett xall not be worth a ferthynge.

[*Enter New Gyse*].

NEW. Out of my wey, s*er*s, for drede of fyghtynge !
Lo ! here ys a feet tayll, lyght to leppe a-bowte !
NOUGHT. Yt ys not schapyn worth a morsell of brede ;
Ther ys to moche cloth, yt weys as ony lede ;
I xall goo & me*n*de yt, ellys I wyll lose my hede.
Make space, s*er*s ; lett me go owte. [*Exit.*] 694

MYS. Mankynde, cu*m* hether, God sende yow *th*e gowte !
3e xall goo [to] all *th*e goode felouse in *th*e cu*n*tre a-boute,
On-to *th*e goode-wyff whe*n* *th*e goode-ma*n* ys owte ;
" I wyll," say 3e !

[1] MS. &. [2] MS. syft.
[3] *A stroke over* o.
[4] *An* m *written above* n ; *the first part of the word may be* nulla.
[5] *Qy.* passyd.
[6] *Qy.* Lo ; *or, as* Kittredge *suggests*, So.

MANK.[1] I wyll, s*er*.
NEW. Ther*e* arn but sex dedly synnys ; lechery ys non,
As yt may be verefyede be ws brethellys eu*er*ychon.
3e xall goo robbe, stell & kyll, as fast as ye may gon ;
" I wyll," say 3e !
MANK.[1] I wyll, s*er*. 702

NOW. On Sundays, on *th*e morow, erly be-tyme,
3e xall w*ith* ws to *th*e all-house, erly to go dyn*e* ;
And forber[2] masse & matens, ow*er*s & prime ;
" I wyll," say 3e !
MANK.[1] I wyll, s*er*.
MYS. 3e must haue be yow*er* syde a longe *da pace*m,
As trew-me*n* ryde be *th*e wey, for to on-brace *th*em ;
Take *th*e monay, kytt *th*er throte*s*, tans ou*er* face *them* ;[3]
" I wyll," say 3e !
MANK.[4] I wyll, s*er*. 710

[*Enter Nought.*]

NOUGHT. Here ys a ioly iakett ; how say 3e?
NEW. It ys a goode iake[tt] of s[er]u[i]ce for a ma*n*nys body.
Hay, doo y*e* ! hay, whoppe, whoo ! go yow*er* wey lyghtly ;
3e are well made for to ren !
MYS. Tydynge*s* ! tydynge*s* ! I haue a-spyede on !
Hens *with* yow*er* stuff, fast we were gon !
I be-schrew *th*e last xall com to hys hom !
[ALL.] Ame*n* ![5] 718

[*Enter Mercy.*]

MERCY. What, how, Mankynde ! fle[6] *th*at felyschyppe, I yow prey.
MANK. I xall speke w*ith* [the] a-no*th*er tyme, — to-morn or *th*e next day ;

[1] MS. *has only* M. [2] MS. A for bef.
[3] *Read* trus ! (*or, perhaps*, thus) overpass them !
[4] MS. Ma. [5] MS. Ame*n* dica*n*t om*n*es.
[6] MS. sle ; *corr. by* Kittredge.

We xall goo forth to-gether to kepe my faders ȝer-day.
A tapster ! a tapster ! stow, stall, stow !
MYS. A myscheff go *with* here, I haue a foull fall !
Hens a-wey fro me, or I xall be-schyte yow all !
NEW. What how, ostler ! hostler ! lende ws a foot-ball.
Whoppe, whow ! a-now, a-now, a-now ! 726

MERCY. My mynde ys dyspersyde, my body trymmelyth as *the* aspen leffe ;
The terys xuld trekyll down by my chekys, were not yower reuerence ;
Yt were to me solace — *the* cruell vysytacyon of deth.
With-out rude behaver I kan [not] expresse *th*is inconvenyens ;
Wepynge, sythynge & sobbynge were my suffycyens ;
All naturall nutriment to me as caren ys odybull ;
My inwarde aff[l]ixyon yeldyth me tedyouse wn-to yower presens ;
I kan not bere yt ewynly, Mankynde ys so flexibull. 734

Man on-kynde, wher-euer *tho*u be ! for all *th*is world was not apprehensyble
To dyscharge *th*in orygynall offence, thraldaum & captyuyte,
Tyll Godes own welbylouyde son was obedient & passyble, —
Euery droppe of his bloode wos schede to purge thin iniquite.
I dyscomende & dysalow *th*is oftyn mutabylyte ! [1]
To euery creature *tho*u art dyspectuose & odyble.
Why art *tho*u so on-curtess, so inconsyderatt? A-lasse, who is me !
As *the* fane *that* turnyth *with the* wynde, so *tho*u art conuertyble. 742

In trust ys treson, *th*is [2] promes ys not credyble ;
Thys [3] peruersyose ingratytude I can not rehers ;
To go ouer all *the* holy corte of hewyn, *tho*u art despectyble,

[1] MS. imutabylyte. [2] *Qy. th*i. [3] *Qy.* thy.

As a nobyll *ver*syfyer makyth mencyon in *th*is verse :
" *Lex* et *natura*, Christus et *o*mn*ia*[1] *iura*
Damnant in-gratum ; *luget*ur *eum fore natum*." 748

O goode Lady & Mo*th*er of Mercy, haue pety & compasyon
Of *th*e wrechydnes of Mankynde, *tha*t ys so wanton & so frayll !
Lett mercy excede iustice ; der*e* Mo*th*er, a[d]mytt this supply-cacyon, —
Equyte[2] to be leyde ou*er*, pety[3] & mercy to prevayll ! 752

To sensuall lyvynge ys rep*ro*uable, *tha*t ys now-a-days,
As be *th*e comprehence of *th*is ma*ter* yt may be specy-fyede.
New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, w*ith th*er allectuose ways
They haue p*er*vertyde Mankynde, my swet sun, I haue well espyede. 756

A ! w*ith th*es cursyde caytyfs,[4] and I may, he xall not long indur !
I, Mercy, hys father gostly, wyll p*ro*cede forth & do my propyrte.
Lady, helpe ! *Th*is man*er* of lyvynge ys a detestabull plesure ;
Vanitas vanitatum, all ys but vanyte ! 760

Mercy xall neu*er* be convicte of hys onc*ur*tes co*n*dycyon ;
W*ith* wepynge terys, be ny3te & be day, I wyll goo & neu*er* sease ;
Xall I not fynde hym ? Yes, I hope. Now Gode be my protecyon !
My predylecte son, wher be ye ? Mankynde, *vbi es ?* 764

Mys. My prepotent father, whe*n* 3e sowpe, sowpe owt yow*er* messe.
3e ar*e* all to-glosyede[5] in yow*er* termys, 3e make many a lesse.

[1] MS. sit oīat ; *corr. by* Kittredge. [2] MS. O quyte.
[3] MS. p*er*ty ; *corr. by* Kittredge. [4] MS. cayftys. [5] MS. gloryede.

Wyll ȝe here? he cryeth ou*er* Mankynde *vbi es!*
NEW. Hic, hyc, hic, hic, hic, hic, hic! [1]
*Tha*t ys to say, here, here, here, ny [2] dede in the cryke.
Yf ȝe wyll haue hym, goo & syke, syke, syke!
Syke not ou*er*-long*e*, for losynge of yow*er* mynde! 771

NOW. Yf ȝe wyll haue Mankynde, how, d*omi*ne, d*omi*ne, d*omi*ne!
ȝe must speke to *the* schryue for a *cape corpus*, [3]
Ellys ȝe must be fayn to retorn w*ith non est inventus*.
How sey ȝe, s*er*? My bolte ys schotte.
NOUGHT. I am doynge of my nedyng*es*; be-war*e* how ȝe schott!
Fy, fy, fy! I haue fowll a-rayde my fote!
Be wyse for schottynge w*ith* yow*er* takyllys, for, Gode wott,
My fote ys fowly ou*er*-schott. 779

MYS. A p*ar*lement! a p*ar*leme*n*t! Cu*m* forth, Nought, be hynde!
A cownsell be-lyue! I am a-ferde Mercy wyll hym fynde.
How sey ȝe? & what sey ȝe? How xall we do w*ith* Ma*n*-kynde?
NEW. Tysche, a flyes weyng*e*! Wyll ȝe do well?
He wenyth M*er*cy were honge for stelynge of a mere;
Myscheff, go sey to hym *tha*t Mercy sekyth eu*er*y-were,—
He wyll honge hym-selff, I wndyrtake, for fere.
MYS. I assent *the*r-to; yt ys wyttyly seyde & well. 787

NOW. I! Wyppe yt in *thi* cote, a-non yt wer don!
Now, Sent Gabryell*es* modyr saue *the* clowtes [4] of *thi* schon!
All *the* bokys in *the* worlde, yf *the*i hade be wndon,
Cowde [5] not a cownselde ws bett.

Hic exit Myscheff. [6]

[1] *A line rhyming with* 771 *is needed to complete the stanza.*
[2] MS. my; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[3] MS. cepe coppus, *which may be intentional.*
[4] MS. clo*th*es.
[5] MS. Howde.
[6] *Apparently he returns immediately with Mankynde.*

MYS. How, Mankynde! cu*m* & speke w*ith* Mercy! He ys here fast by.
MANK. A roppe! a rope! a rope! I am not worthy.
MYS. A-non, a-non, a-non! I haue yt here redy;
With a tre also *tha*t I haue gett.

Holde *the* tre, Now-a-days! Nought, take hede & be wyse!
NEW. Lo! Mankynde, do as I do; *th*is ys *the*[1] new gyse.
Gyff *the* roppe iust to *thy*[2] neke, *th*is ys myn a-vyse.
MYS. Helpe *th*i-sylff, Nought; lo! Mercy ys here.
He skaryth ws w*ith* a balef,[3] we may no lengere tarye.
NEW. Qweke, qweke, qweke! A-lass, my throtte! I beschrew yow, mary!
A! mercy, Cryst*es* coppyde curse go w*ith* yow, — and Sent Dauy!
A-lasse, my wesant ȝe wer su*m*-what to nere! 803
Exiant.

MERCY. A-ryse, my precyose, redempt son! ȝe be to me full dere.
He ys[4] so tymerouse, me semyth hys vytall spryt doth expy[re]
MANK. Alasse! I haue be so bestyally dysposyde, I dare not a-pere.
To se yower solacyose[5] face I am not worthy to dysyer. 807

MERCY. Yower crymynose compleynt wondyth my hert as a lance.
Dyspose yower-sylff mekly to aske mercy, & I wyll assent.
ȝelde me nethyr golde nor tresure, but yower humbyll obeysyance,
The voluntary subieccyon of yower hert, & I am content. 811

[1] MS. *th*i.
[2] MS. pye.
[3] MS. bales.
[4] MS. He ys ys.
[5] MS. solycyose.

[1] MANK. What! Aske m*er*cy 3et onys a-geyn? Alas yt were a wyld [2] petysyon! [3]
Ewyr to offend & eu*er* to aske m*er*cy, *tha*t ys a puerilite.
Yt ys so abhomi*n*abyll to rehers my wekit [4] transgresion,
I am not worthy to haue m*er*cy, be no possibilite.

MERCY. O Ma*n*kend, my singler solas, *th*is is a lamentabyll excuse.
The dolorus fer*es* [5] of my hert, how *th*ei begyn to a-mownte!
O blyssed Ihesu, help *th*ou *th*is synfull synner to reduce: [6]
Ira hec & mutaes dexire excelsi veint Impios et *non sunt.* [7]

A-ryse & aske m*er*cy, Ma*n*kend, & be associat to me!
Thy deth schall be my hewynesse! Alas, tys pety yt schuld be *th*us!
Thy obstinacy wyll exclude [the] fro *th*e glori*us* p*er*[p]etuite.
3et, for my lofe ope [8] thy lyppys & sey *miserere mei, Deus!*

MANK. The egall Iustyse of God wyll not p*er*mytte sych a synfull wrech
To be reuyu[y]d & restoryd a-geyn; yt were impossibyll.
MERCY. The Iustice of God wyll as I wyll, as hym-sylfe doth pre-cyse: [9]
N*olo* [10] *morte*m *peccator*is, *inquit*, [11] yff he wyll [be] reducyble.

[1] *The copyist remarks that the page beginning here seems to be in a different hand from what precedes. The remark probably applies to the whole remaining part of the play; certainly from here on the spelling is very different.*

[2] *I take this to be* vild (= vile.) [3] MS. pety syn.

[4] MS. *appears to have* werut, *but is almost illegible.*

[5] MS. ser*es*.

[6] MS. redeme; *corr. by* Kittredge, *cf.* l. 827.

[7] *So* MS.; see Notes, vol. III. [8] MS. ofe.

[9] Precyse *does not rhyme*; *qy.* preche *or, as* Kittredge *suggests*, precysely teche.

[10] MS. Mole. [11] MS. *apparently* inquis.

MANK. *Than*, mercy, good Mercy! What ys a man wythowt Mercy?
Lytyll ys our parte of paradyse where Mercy ne were.
Good Mercy, excuse the ineuetabyll obiection of my gostly enmy;
The prowerbe seyth, *the* trewth tryith *the* sylfe. Alas, I haue mech care!

MERCY. God wyll not make 3ow preuy on-to[1] hys last iugement:
Iustyce & Equite xall be fortyfyid, I wyll not denye;
Trowthe[2] may not so cruelly procede in hys streyt argument[3]
But *that* Mercy schall rewle *the* mater with-owte controuersaye.

Byse[4] now & go with me in thys deambulatorye.
Inclyne yowur capacite, my doctrine ys conuenient.[5]
Synne not in hope of Mercy; That ys a cryme notorie![6]
To truste ouermoche in a prince yt ys not expedient,

In hope when 3e syn[7] to haue mercy; be-ware of *that* awenture;
The[8] good Lord seyd to *the* lecherus woman of Chanane, —
The holy gospell ys *the* awtorite, as we rede in Scrypture, —
"Vade et *iam amplius*[9] *noli peccare*."

Cryst preseruyt this synfull woman takyn in a-wowtry,
He seyde to here theis wordes: "Go & syn no-more."

[1] MS. peruyon to.
[2] MS. Growthe.
[3] MS. *apparently* acgmmes; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[4] MS. Byse.
[5] MS. My doctrine ys conuenient Inclyne yowur capacite.
[6] MS. notaries.
[7] MS. 3e thynke *after* syn; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[8] MS. Then.
[9] MS. ism amperhees.

So to yow: Go & syn no-more; be-ware of weyn co*n*fide*n*s of Mercy;
Offend not a p*r*i*n*ce on trust of hys fauo*ur*, as I [1] seyd before.

Yf 3e fele yo*ur*-sylfe trappyd in *th*e snare of yo*ur* gostly enmy,
Aske mercy a-non; be-ware of *th*e co*n*tynuance;
Whyll a wond ys fresch yt is p*r*owyd curabyll be surgery,
*Tha*t, yf yt procede ouyrlonge, yt ys cawse of gret grevance.[2]

MANK. To aske me*r*cy & to haue, — *th*is ys a lyberall possescion!
Schall *th*is expedyci*us* [3] petycion euer be a-lowyd, as 3e haue in-syght?

MERCY. In *th*is presente lyfe me*r*cy ys plente tyll deth makyth hys dywysion;
But wha*n* 3e be go, *vs*que *ad minimu*m *quadrantem* [4] 3e scha[ll] rekyn *th*is ryght.

Aske me*r*cy & haue, whyll *th*e body w*ith* *th*e sow[l]e hath hys annexio*n*;
Yf 3e tarye tyll yo*ur* dysesse, 3e may hap of yo*ur* desyre to mysse;
Be repe*n*tant here, trust not *th*e ow*er* of deth; thynke on *th*is lessu*n*:
Ecce [5] *nu*nc *tempus acceptabile*,[6] *ecce nu*nc *dies salut*is!

All *th*e wertu in the wor[l]d yf 3e myght comprehend,
Yo*ur* merytes were not premyabyll to *th*e blys a-boue,
Not to *th*e holest [7] ioy of heuyn of yo*ur* proper efforte to ascend;
W*ith* Me*r*cy 3e may, — I tell yow no fabyll, Scrypture doth prove.[8]

[1] MS. he.
[2] MS. grewange.
[3] MS. expedicies.
[4] MS. q*ua*drũte[m].
[5] MS. Este.
[6] MS. aũcptabile.
[7] *Qy.* loliest *or* lest.
[8] MS. prewe.

MANK. O M*er*cy, my solati*us* [1] solas & synguler recreatory,
My p*re*dilecte specyall, 3e are worthy to haue my lowe ;
For, wyth-owte deserte & menys supplicatorie,
3e be-co*m* pacient to my inexcusabyll [2] reproue.

A ! yt siremyth [3] my brest to thynk how on-wysely I haue wroght !
Tytiuilly, *tha*t goth invisibele, hyng*e* hys nett be-fore my eye,
And, by hys fantasticall visionys sedulously [4] sowght,
He [5] Newgyse, Now-a-days, Nought causyd me to obey.

MERCY. Ma*n*kend, 3e were obliuyous of my doctrine marytorye ;
I seyd be-fore, Titiuilly wold a-say yow a bronte.[6]
Be-ware fro hens-forth of hys fablys delusory,
The prowerbe seyth : *Iacula p*er*fectum non ledunt.*[7]

3e haue iij adu*er*sarys, — he ys mast*er* of [t]hem all, —
That ys to sey, the dewell, *th*e world,[8] *th*e flesch ; & [I] *th*e tell
That [9] Newg*yse*, Now-a-days & Nought, *th*e world we may [t]hem call ;
And propy[r]lly Titiuilly syngnyf[ie]th the fend of helle ;

The flesch, — *th*at ys *th*e vnclene co*n*cupisens of 3o*ur* body;
These be yo*ur* iij gostly enmys in whom 3e haue put yo*ur* co*n*fidens ;
*Th*ei browt yow to Myscheffe to co*n*clude 3o*ur* temperull glory,
As yt hath be schewyd *th*is worschypfyll [10] audiens.

[1] MS. suati*us* ; *corr. by* Kittredge, *cf.* l. 807.
[2] MS. inexousobyll ; inexorable *may be better.*
[3] Kittredge *suggests* sore nyeth (= noieth) ; streinyth *would be closer to* MS.
[4] MS. sedeculy.
[5] MS. Be.
[6] *After* bronte *is apparently an* a.
[7] MS. p*er*fectumm*us* ledict*ur* ; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[8] MS. would.
[9] MS. The.
[10] MS. worschyppyll.

Remembyr how redy I was to help 3ow; fro sweche I was not dangerous;
Wherfore, good sunne, absteyne fro syn euer-more after this.
3e may both saue & spyll yower sowle, that ys so precyvs
Libere velle, libere velle,[1] God may not deny, i-wys.

Beware of Titiuilly with hys net & of all hys enmys[2] wyll,
Of 3our synfull delectacion that grewyth 3our gostly substans.
3our body ys your enmy, let hym not haue hys wyll.
Take your lewe whan 3e wyll, God send 3ow good perseuerans![3]

[MANK.] Syth I schall departe, blyse me, fader her then I go.
God send ws all plente of hys gret mercy!
MERCY. *D*ominus[4] *custodi*[*a*]*t te ab omni malo*[5]
*In nom*ine Pat*ris* [*et*] *Filii*[6] et *Spiritus* Sancti. *Amen!*
Hic exit Mankende.

Wyrschep[f]yll sofereyns, I haue do my propirte;
Mankynd ys deliuеryd by my sunerall[7] patrocynye.
God preserue hym fro all wyckyd captiuite
And send hym grace hys sensuall condicion to mortifye!

Now, for hys lowe that for vs receyuyd hys humanite,
Serche[8] your condicyons with dew examinacion!
Thynke & remembyr the world ys but a wanite,
As yt ys prowyd daly by diuerse mutacyon.

Mankend ys wrechyd, he hath sufficyent prowe;
There-fore God [kepe] 3ow all, *per suam misericordiam*,
That ye may be pleseres[9] with the angell[es] abowe,
And hawe to 3our porcyon *vitam eternam*. *Amen!*

[1] MS. Libere welle leibere welle; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[2] *Possibly* enuius.
[3] MS. perseuernas.
[4] MS. D*omine*.
[5] MS. mali.
[6] MS. filiis.
[7] Kittredge *suggests* special.
[8] MS. Serge.
[9] *Perhaps* partakers.

FYNIS.

C . . ūber ſi q^{i} cū̄ . . cōstu forte queret*ur*
h . y . gh*a*m q*uod* omtche dices sup o$\bar{i}$a costa.[1]

[1] *This is almost entirely effaced. At the end of* Mind, Will and Understanding, *the same lines occur in this form:*

O liber, siquis cui cōstās q*ue*retur,
Hyngh*a*m q*uod* monacho dices sup*er* om*n*ia cōsti.

Query:

O liber, si quidem cui constes forte queretur,
Hyngham quod monacho dices super omnia constas.

(Kittredge.)

MUNDUS ET INFANS.

Printed from the Roxburghe Club reprint (London, 1817). A collation with the original, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, shows only two errors in this reprint. The editions of Collier (Coll.) and Hazlitt (Haz.), in Dodsley's "Old Plays," are quoted in the footnotes only for important variants and emendations. Punctuation, capitals, and division into stanzas are mine; other deviations from the Roxburghe reprint (R.) are indicated as they occur.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

MUNDUS, *also called* THE WORLDE.
INFANS, *also called* WANTON, LUST AND LYKYNGE, MANHODE, SHAME, *and* AGE.
CONSCYENCE. FOLYE. PERSEUERAUNCE.]

Here begynneth a propre newe Interlude of the worlde and the chylde / otherwyse called [Mundus & Infans][1] & it sheweth of the estate of Chyldehode and Manhode.[2]

[*Mundus, seated on his throne.*]

MUNDUS. Syrs, seace of your sawes, what-so befall,
And loke ye bow bonerly to my byddynge,
For I am ruler of realmes, I warne you all,
And ouer all fodys[3] I am kynge, —

For I am kynge and well knowen in these realmes rounde.
I haue also paleys[4] ypyght;

[1] *These brackets are in* R.

[2] *Beneath this title* R. *has a wood-cut representing a crowned king seated on a throne and holding as symbols of his power a sceptre and a ball surmounted by a cross. Above the cut is his name, Mundus.*

[3] Coll. *suggests* folys.

[4] *A word, perhaps* princely, *has fallen out.*

I haue stedes in stable stalworthe and stronge,
Also stretes and strondes full strongely ydyght ;

For all the Worlde[1] wyde, I wote well, is my name ;
All rychesse, redely, it renneth in me,
All pleasure worldely, both myrthe and game.
My-selfe semely in sale I sende with you to be,

For I am the Worlde, I warne you all,
Prynce of powere and of plente.
He that cometh not whan I do hym call,
I shall hym smyte with pouerte,

For pouerte I parte in many a place
To them that wyll not obedyent be.
I am a kynge in euery case ;
Me thynketh I am a[2] god of grace,

The floure of vertu foloweth me.
Lo ! here I sette semely in se !
I commaunde you all obedyent be,
And with fre wyll ye folowe me.

[*Enter Infans.*]

INFANS. Cryst, our kynge, graunte you clerly to know *the* case !
To meue of this mater that is in my mynde,
Clerely [to] declare it Cryst graunte me grace !
. . . . . .[3]
Now, semely syrs, beholde on me
How mankynde doth begynne :
I am a chylde, as you may se,
Goten in game and in grete synne.

Fourty[4] wekes my moder me founde,
Flesshe and blode my fode was tho ;

[1] R. storlde.
[2] R. *omits* a ; *original has it, so also* Coll., Haz.
[3] *A line out?*
[4] R. xl.

Whan I was rype from her to founde,
In peryll of dethe we stode bothe two.

Now[1] to seke dethe I must begyn,
For to passe that strayte passage;
For body and soule that shall than twynne
And make a partynge of that maryage.

Fourty wekes I was frely fedde
Within my moders wombe;[2]
Full oft of dethe she was adred
Whan that I sholde parte her from.

Now in to the Worlde she hathe me sent,
Poore and naked as ye may se;
I am not worthely wrapped nor went,
But powerly prycked in pouerte.

Now in to the Worlde wyll I wende,
Some comforte of hym for to craue.
[*Goes to Mundus.*]
All hayle, comely crowned kynge!
God, that all made, you se and saue!

MUND.[3] Welcome, fayre chylde! What is thy name?
INF. I wote not, syr, withouten blame;
But ofte tyme my moder, in her game,
Called me Dalyaunce.
MUND. Dalyaunce, my swete chylde?
It is a name that is ryght wylde,
For, whan thou waxest olde,
It is a name of no substaunce.

But, my fayre chylde, what woldest thou haue?
INF. Syr, of some comforte I you craue,
Mete and clothe my lyfe to saue;
And I your true seruaunt shall be.

[1] R. Oow. [2] R. possessyon.
[3] *Here and below* R. *spells the speakers' names in full.*

MUND. Now, fayre chylde, I graunte the thyne askynge ;
I wyll the fynde whyle thou art yinge,
So thou wylte be obedyent to my byddynge.
These garmentes gaye I gyue to the ;

And also I gyue to the a name
And clepe the Wanton, in euery game,
Tyll xiiij yere be come and gone, —
And than come agayne to me.
WANTON. Gramercy, Worlde, for myne araye !
For now I purpose me to playe.
MUNDUS. Fare-well, fayre chylde, and haue good-daye !
All rychelesnesse is kynde for the.

WANTON. A ha ! Wanton is my name !
I can many a quaynte game :
Lo, my toppe I dryue in same, —
Se, it torneth rounde !
I can with my scorge-stycke
My felowe vpon the heed hytte,
And wyghtly from hym make a skyppe,
And blere on hym my tonge.

If brother or syster do me chyde,
I wyll scratche and also byte ;
I can crye and also kyke
And mocke them all be rewe.
If fader or moder wyll me smyte,
I wyll wrynge with my lyppe
And lyghtly from hym make a skyppe
And call my dame shrewe.

A ha ! a newe game haue I founde !
Se this gynne, it renneth rounde ;
And here another haue I founde ;
And yet mo can I fynde.
I can mowe on a man ;
And make a lesynge well I can,

And mayntayne it ryght well than, —
This connynge came me of kynde.

Ye, syrs, I can well gelde a snayle ;
And catche a cowe by the tayle,[1] —
This is a fayre connynge ;
I can daunce and also skyppe ;
I can playe at the chery-pytte ;
And I can wystell you a fytte,
Syres, in a wylowe[2] ryne.

Ye, syrs, and euery daye
Whan I to scole shall take the waye,
Some good mannes gardyn I wyll assaye,
Perys and plommes to plucke.
I can spye a sparowes nest.
I wyll not go to[3] scole but whan me lest,
For there begynneth a sory fest
Whan the mayster sholde lyfte my docke.

But, syrs, whan I was seuen yere of age,
I was sent to the Worlde to take wage,
And this seuen yere I haue ben his page
And kept his commaundement.
Now I wyll wende to the Worlde, *that* worthy emperou[r].

[*He approaches Mundus.*]

Hayle, lorde of grete honour !
This vij yere I haue serued you in hall *and* in boure
With all my trewe entent.

MUND. Now, welcome, Wanton, my derlynge dere !
A newe name I shall gyue the here :
Loue, Lust, Lykynge, in-fere, —
These thy names they shall be, —
All game and gle and gladnes,
All loue-longynge in lewdnes.

[1] *Line missing?* [2] R. whylowe. [3] R. fo.

This seuen yere forsake all sadnes,
And than come agayne to me.

LUST-AND-LYKYNG. A ha! now Lust and Lykyng is my name!
I am as fresshe as flourys in Maye;
I am semely shapen in same,
And proudely apperelde in garmentes gaye;

My lokes ben full louely to a ladyes eye,
And in loue-longynge my harte is sore sette;
Myght I fynde a fode that were fayre and fre,
To lye in hell tell domysdaye for loue[1] I wolde not let,
My loue for to wynne.
All game and gle,
All myrthe and melodye,
All reuell and ribaudye,[2]
And of bost wyll I neuer blynne.

But, syrs, I am now[3] xix wynter olde;
I-wys, I waxe wonder bolde.
Now I wyll go to the Worlde,
A heygher seyence to assaye.
For the Worlde wyll me auaunce,
I wyll kepe his gouernaunce;
For he is a kynge in all substaunce,
His plesynge wyll I praye.[4]

[*He approaches Mundus.*]

All hayle, mayster, full of myght!
I haue you serued bothe day and nyght;
Now I come[5] as I you behyght, —
One and twenty wynter is comen and gone.

MUND. Now, welcome, Loue, Lust and Lykynge!
For thou hast ben obedyent to my byddynge,

[1] R. foue; Kittredge *suggests the omission of* for loue.
[2] R. ryotte; Kittredge *suggests:* All ryotte and reuellrye.
[3] *So in original;* R. now am; Coll., Haz. now I am.
[4] *The order of* ll. 150, 151 *is reversed in* R.
[5] R. comen.

I encreace the in all thynge
And myghtly I make the a man.

Manhode myghty shall be thy name ;
Bere the prest in euery game,
And wayte well that thou suffre no shame
Neyther for londe nor for rente.
Yf ony man wolde wayte the with blame,
Withstonde hym with thy hole entent ;
Full sharpely thou bete hym to shame
With doughtynesse of dente ![1]

For of one thynge, Manhode, I warne the :
I am moost of bounte,
For seuen kynges sewen me,
Bothe by daye and nyght ;
One of them is the kynge of Pryde ;
The kynge of Enuy, doughty in dede ;
The kynge of Wrathe, that boldely wyll abyde,
For mykyll is his myght ;

The kynge of Couetous[2] is the fourt[h]e ;
The fyfte kynge he hyght Slouthe ;
The kynge of Glotony hath no iolyte
There pouerte is pyght ;
Lechery is the seuenth kynge,
All men in hym haue grete delytynge,
Therfore worshyp hym aboue all thynge,
Manhode, with all thy myght.

MANH. Yes, syr kynge, without lesynge
It shall be wrought !
Had I knowynge of the fyrst kynge,[3]
Well ioyen I mought.

[1] R. dede.

[2] *The author evidently pronounced this* Covetyse (*cf.* ll. 412, 441) ; *but, as this spelling occurs many times and* Couetys *only once, it seems best to retain the spelling of the text.*

[3] *After* kynge, R. *repeats* without lesynge *from* l. 184.

MUND. The fyrste kynge hyght Pryde.
MANH. A, lorde ! with hym fayne wolde I byde.
MUND. Ye, but woldest thou serue hym truely in euery tyde?
MANH. Ye, syr ; and therto my trouthe I plyght.
That I shall truely Pryde present
I swere by Saynt Thomas of Kent ;
To serue hym truely is myn entent,
With mayne and all my myght.

MUND. Now, Manhode, I wyll araye the newe
In robes ryall, ryght of good hewe ;
And I praye the pryncypally be trewe ;
And here I dubbe the a knyght, —
And haunte alwaye to chyualry !
I gyue the grace and also beaute,
Gold and syluer, gret plente,
Of the wronge to make the ryght.

MANH. Gramercy, Worlde and emperour !
Gramercy, Worlde and gouernoure !
Gramercy, comforte in all coloure ![1]
And now I take my leue ; fare-well !
MUND. Farewell, Manhode, my gentyll knyght !
Fare-well, my sone, semely in syght !
I gyue the a swerde [2] *and* also strength and myght,
In batayle boldly to bere the well.

MANH. Now I am dubbed a knyght hende,
Wonder wide shall waxe my fame !
To seke aduentures now wyll I wende,
To please the Worlde in gle and game.

MUND. Lo, syrs, I am a prynce, peryllous [3] yprovyde,[4]
I-preuyd full peryllous [3] and pethely i-pyght,
As a lorde in eche londe I am belouyd ;
Myne eyen do shyne as lanterne bryght ;

[1] *Possibly for* doloure, *but perhaps correct as it stands.*
[2] R. aswerde.
[3] *Probably* pereles, *see Notes.*
[4] R. vprobyde.

I am a creature comely, out of care ;
Emperours and kynges they knele to my kne ;
Euery man is a-ferde whan I do on hym stare,
For all mery medell-erthe maketh mencyon of me ;

Yet all is my[1] hande-werke, both by downe *and* by dale,
Bothe the see and the lande[2] and foules that fly ;
And I were ones moued, I tell you in tale,
There durst no[3] sterre stere, that stondeth in the sky,

For I am lorde and leder so in that londe,
All boweth to my byddynge bonerly aboute ;
Who *that* styreth w*ith* ony stryfe or wayteth me with wro*n*ge,
I shall myghtly make hym to stamer *and* stowpe,
For I am rychest in myne araye,
I haue knyghtes and toures,
I haue ladyes bryghtest in bourys.
Now wyll I fare on these flourys ;
Lordynges, haue good-daye ! [*Exit.*]

MANH. Peas, now peas, ye felowes all aboute !
Peas now, and herken to my sawes !
For I am lorde bothe stalworthy and stoute ;
All londes are ledde by my lawes.

Baron was there neuer borne that so well hym bare,
A better ne a bolde[r] nor a bryghter of ble ;
For I haue myght *and* mayne ouer countrees fare,
And Manhode myghty am I namyd in euery cou*n*tre ;

For Salerne and Samers and Ynde the loys,[4]
Caleys, Kente, *and* Cornewayle I haue conquered clene,
Pycardye and Pountes and gentyll Artoys,
Florence, Flaunders and Frau*n*ce, *and* also Gascoyne, —
All I haue conquered as a knyght.

[1] R. is at my.
[2] *Perhaps* Bothe the see and the sande, *the common alliterative phrase*
[3] R. do ; *corr. by* Collier.
[4] Haz. *reads* Andaluse.

There is no emperour so kene
That dare me lyghtly tene,
For lyues and lymmes I lene,
So mykyll is my myght ;

For I haue boldely blode full dyspyteously spylde,[1]
There many hath lefte fyngers *and* fete, both heed *and* face.
I haue done harme on hedes *and* knyghtes haue I kyld ;
And many a lady for my loue hath sayd 'alas.'

Brygaunt ernys[2] I haue beten to backe *and* to bonys,
And beten also many a grome to grounde ;
Brestplates I haue beten as Steuen was *with* stonys ;
So fell a fyghter in felde[3] was there neuer yfounde.
To me no man is makyde ;
For Manhode myghty, that is my name,
Many a lorde haue I do lame ;
Wonder wyde walketh my fame,
And many a kynges crowne haue I crakyd.

I am worthy and wyght, wytty and wyse,
I am ryall arayde to reuen vnder the ryse,
I am proudely aparelde in purpure and byse,
As golde I glyster in gere ;
I am styffe, stronge, stalworthe and stoute,
I am the ryallest redely that renneth in this route,
There is no knyght so grysly that I drede nor dout,
For I am so doughtly dyght ther may no dint me dere.[4]

And *the* kynge of Pryde, full prest, *with* all his proude p*re*sens,
And *the* kynge of Lechery louely his letters hath me sent,
And *the* kynge of Wrathe full wordely, *with* all his entent,
They wyll me mayntayne *with* mayne *and* all theyr myght ;[5]

[1] R. pyteously dyspylde.
[2] R. Brygaunt Ernys ; Coll. Brygaunt Ermys ; Haz. Brigand harness.
[3] R. in a felde.
[4] *Qy. after* dyght, *read* no dint may me dere.
[5] *Qy.* with mayne & with myght.

The kynge of Couetous, and the kynge of Glotony,
The kynge of Slouthe, and the kynge of Enuy,
All those sende me theyr leuery.
Where is now so worthy a wyght? —
A wyght?
Ye, as a wyght wytty,
Here in this sete sytte I;
For no loues lette I
Here for to sytte.

[*Enter Conscyence.*]

CONSC. Cryst, as he is crowned kynge,
Saue all this comely company,
And graunte you all his dere blessynge,
That bonerly bought you on the roode-tree!

Now praye you prestly on euery [1] syde
To God omnypotent
To set our enemy sharpely on-syde, —
That is, the deuyll and his couent, —

And all men to haue a clere knowynge
Of heuen blysse, that hye toure.
Me thynke it is a nessarye [2] thynge
For yonge and olde, both ryche and pore,

Poore Conscyence for to knowe;
For Conscyence clere it is my name.
Conscyence counseyleth both hye and lowe,
And Conscyence comenly bereth grete blame, —
Blame?
Ye, and oftentymes set in shame.
Wherfore I rede you men, bothe in ernest *and* in game,
Conscyence that ye knowe.

For I knowe all the mysterys of man,
They be as symple as they can;

[1] R. enery. [2] *Probably intentional.*

And in euery company where I come
Conscyence is out cast.
All the worlde dothe Conscyence hate ;
Mankynde and Conscyence ben at debate,
For yf mankynde myght Conscyence take
My body wolde they brast, —
Brast?[1]
Ye, and warke me moche wo.
MANHODE. Say, how felowe! who gaue the leue this way to go?
What! wenest thou I dare not come the to?
Say, thou harlot! whyder in hast?

CONSC. What! let me go, syr ; I knowe you nought!
MANHODE. No, bychyde brothell? Thou shalt be taught!
For I am a knyght, and I were sought ;
The Worlde hath auaunced me,
CONSC. Why, good syr knyght, what is your name?
MANH. Manhode, myghty in myrthe and in game ;
All powere of Pryde haue I tane ;
I am as gentyll as iay on tre.

CONSC. Syr, thoughe the Worlde haue you to manhode brought,
To mayntayne maner[s] ye were neuer taught :
No ; Conscyence clere ye knowe ryght nought,
And this longeth to a knyght.
MANH. Conscyence! what the deuyll, man, is he?
CONSC. Syr a techer of the spyrytualete.
MANH. Spyrytualyte! what the deuyll may that be?
CONSC. Syr, all that be leders in-to lyght.

MANH. Lyght? Ye, but herke, felowe, yet! Lyght fayne wolde I se.
CONSC. Wyll ye so, syr knyght? Than do after me.
MANH. Ye, and it to Prydes pleasynge be,
I wyll take thy techynge.

[1] *In* R. *this word is in the following line.*

CONSC. Nay, syr ; beware of Pryde, and you do well, —
For pryde Lucyfer fell in-to hell ;
Tyll domysday ther shall he dwell,
Withouten ony out-comynge :

For pride, syr, is but a vayne glorye.
MANH. Peas, thou brothell, and lette those wordes be!
For the Worlde and Pryde hath auaunced me ;
To me men lewte full lowe.
CONSC. And to beware of pryde, syr, I wolde you counsayll ;[1]
And thynke on Kynge Robert of Cysell,
How he for pryde in grete pouerte fell
For he wolde not Conscyence knowe.

MANH. Ye, Conscyence, go forthe thy waye,
For I loue Pryde and wyll go gaye ;
All thy techynge is not worthe a straye,
For Pryde I clepe my kynge.
CONSC. Syr, there is no kynge but God alone,
That bodely bought vs with payne and passyon
Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon, —
In Scrypture thus we fynde.

MANH. Saye, Conscyence, syth *thou* woldest haue Pryde fro me,
What sayest thou by the kynge of Lechery?
With all mankynde he must be,
And with hym I loue to lende.[2]
CONSC. Nay, Manhode, that may not be ;
From Lechery fast you fle,
For in combraunce it wyll brynge the
And all that to hym wyll wende.[3]

MANH. Saye, Conscyence, of the kynge of Slouthe!
He hath behyght me mykell trouthe ;
And I may not forsake hym for ruthe,
For with hym I thynke to rest.

[1] R. counsayll you. [2] R. lynge. [3] R. lynde.

CONSC. Manhode, in Scrypture thus we fynde,
That Slouthe is a traytour to heuen kynge ;
Syr knyght, yf you wyll kepe your kynde, [1]
Frome [2] Slouthe clene you cast.

MANH. Say, Conscyence, [of] the kynge of Glotonye!
He sayth he wyll not for-sake me ;
And I purpose his saruaunt to be,
With mayne and all my myght.
CONSC. Thynke, Manhode, on substaunce,
And put out Glotonye for combraunce,
And kepe with you Good-Gouernaunce,
For this longeth to a knyght.

MANH. What! Conscyence, frome all my maysters *thou* woldest haue me ;
But I wyll neuer forsake Enuy,
For he is kynge of company,
Bothe with more and lasse.
CONSC. Nay, Manhode, that may not be ;
And ye wyll cherysshe Enuy,
God wyll not well pleased be
To comforte you in that case.

MANH. Ey, ey ! from fyue kynges thou hast counseyled me ;
But from the kynge of Wrathe I wyll neuer fle,
For he is in euery dede doughty,
For hym dare no man rowte.
CONSC. Nay, Manhode, beware of Wrathe,
For it is but superfluyte that cometh and goeth ;
Ye, and all men his company hateth,
For ofte they stonde in doubte.

MANH. Fye on the, fals, flatterynge frere!
Thou shalte rewe the tyme that thou came here ;
The deuyll mote set the on a fyre,
That euer I with the mete!

[1] R. kynge ; *corr. by* Collier. [2] R. Rrome.

For thou counseylest me from all gladnes
And wolde me set vnto all sadnes,
But, or thou brynge me in this madnes,
The deuyll breke thy necke!

But, syr frere, — euyll mote thou thye! —
Frome vi kynges thou hast conseyled me;
But that daye shall thou neuer se
To counsayll me frome Couetous,[1]
CONSC. No, syr, I wyll not you from Couetous brynge,
For Couetous I clepe a kynge:
Syr, Couetous in good doynge
Is good in all wyse.

But, syr kynght, wyll ye do after me,
And Couetous your kynge shall be?
MANH. Ye, syr, my trouthe I plyght to the
That I wyll warke at thy wyll.
CONSC. Manhode, wyll ye by this worde stande?
MANH. Ye, Conscyence, here my hande!
I wyll neuer from it fonge,[2]
Neyther loude ne styll.

CONSC. Manhode, ye must loue God aboue all thynge;
His name in ydelnes ye may not mynge;
Kepe your holy daye from worldly doynge;
Your fader and moder worshyppe aye;
Coueyte ye to sle no man;
Ne do no lechery with no woman;
Your neyboures good take not be no waye;[3]
And all false-wytnesse ye must denaye;

Neyther ye must not couete no mannes wyfe,
Nor no good that hym be-lythe, —
This couetys shall kepe you out of stryfe:
These ben the commaundementes ten.
Manhode,[4] and ye these commaundementes kepe,

[1] *See note on* l. 176.
[2] *Qy.* wande.
[3] *Qy.* take not than.
[4] R. Mankynde.

Heuen blysse I you behete,
For Crystes commaundementes [ben] all [1] full swete
And full necessary to all men.

MANH. What! Conscyence, is this thy Couetous? [2]
CONSC. Ye, Manhode, in all wyse!
And coueyte to Crystes seruyse,
Bothe to matyns and to masse!
Ye must, Manhode, with all your myght
Mayntayne Holy Chyrches ryght,
For this longeth to a knyght,
Playnly in euery place.

MANH. What! Conscyence, sholde I leue all game and gle?
CONSC. Nay, Manhode, so mote I thye;
All myrthe in measure is good for the,
But, syr, measure is in all thynge.
MANH. Measure, Conscyence? what thynge may measure be?
CONSC. Syr, kepe you in charyte,
And from all euyll company
For doubte of foly doynge.

MANH. Folye? what thynge callest thou folye?
CONSC. Syr, it is Pryde, Wrathe, and Enuy,
Slouthe, Couetous and Glotonye, —
Lechery the seuente is:
These seuen synnes I call folye.
MANH. What, thou lyest! [3] To this
Seuen the Worlde delyuered me,
And sayd they were kynges of grete beaute
And most of mayne and myghtes;

But yet I pray the, syr, tell me:
May I not go arayde honestly?

[1] Haz. *emends* all *to* are. [2] *See note on* l. 176.
[3] *The stanza is abnormal, it can be reduced to the usual form by omitting*, What, thou lyest.

CONSC. Yes, Manhode, hardely,
In all maner of degre.
MANH. But I must haue sportynge of playe.
CONSC. Sykerly, Manhode, I say not naye,
But good gouernaunce kepe both nyght and daye,
And mayntayne mekenes and all mercy.

MANH. All mercy, Conscyence? what may that be?
CONSC. Syr all dyscrecyon that God gaue the.
MANH. Dyscressyon I knowe not, so mote I the!
CONSC. Syr, it is all the wyttes that God hath you sende.[1]

MANH. A, Conscyence, Conscyence! now I knowe and se
Thy cunnynge is moche more than myne;
But yet I pray the, syr, tell me:
What is moost necessary for man in euery tyme?

CONSC. Syr, in euery tyme beware of folye, —
Folye is full of false flaterynge;
In what occupacyon that euer ye be,
Alwaye, or ye begyn, thynke on the endynge,
For blame.
Nowe fare-well, Manhode; I must wende.
MANH. Now fare-well, Conscyence, myne owne frende!
CONSC. I pray you, Manhode, have God in mynde
And beware of Folye and Shame.

MANH. Yes, yes! Ye, come wynde and rayne,
God let hym neuer come here agayne!
Now he is forwarde,[2] I am ryght fayne,
For in faythe, syr, he had nere counsayled me all amys.
[*Exit Conscyence.*]

A, a! now I haue be-thought me! Yf I shall heuyn wyn,
Conscyence techynge I must begyn,
And clene forsake the kynges of synne,
That the Worlde me taught,

[1] *Qy.* hath sent the.
[2] Kittredge *suggests* frowarde.

And Conscyence seruaunt wyll I be,
And beleue, as he hath taught me,
Upon one God and persones thre
That made all thynge of nought.

For Conscyence clere I clepe my kynge
And [me] his knyght in good doynge,
For, ryght of reason as I fynde,
Conscyence techynge trewe is.[1]
The Worlde is full of boost,
And sayth he is of myghtes moost;
All his techynge is not worthe a toost,[2]
For Conscyence he dothe refuse.

But yet wyll I hym not forsake,
For mankynde he doth mery make.
Thoughe the Worlde and Conscyence be at debate,
Yet the Worlde wyll I not despyse;
For bothe in chyrche and in chepynge
And in other places beynge,
The Worlde fyndeth me all thynge
And dothe me grete seruyse.

Now here full prest
I thynke to rest![3]
Now myrthe is best!

[*Enter Folye.*]

FOLYE. What, hey how, care awaye!
My name is Folye! Am I[4] not gaye?
Is here ony man that wyll saye naye!
That renneth in this route!
A, syr, God gyue you good eue!

MANH. Stonde vtter, felowe! Where doest *thou* thy curtesy preue?

FOLYE. What! I do but clawe myne ars, syr, be your leue.
I praye you, syr, ryue me this cloute.

[1] R. is trewe.
[2] R. coost; *corr. by* Kittredge.
[3] R. to ro rest.
[4] R. I am.

MANH. What, stonde out, thou sayned[1] shrewe!
FOLYE. By my[2] faythe, syr, there the cocke crewe,
For I take recorde of this rewe
My thedome is nere past.
MANH. Now, trewely, it may well be so.
FOLYE. By God, syr, yet haue I felowes mo,
For in euery countre where I go
Some man his thryfte hath lost.

MANH. But herke, felowe; art thou ony craftes man?
FOLYE. Ye, syr, I can bynde a syue and tynke a pan;
And, therto, a coryous bukler-player I am.
Aryse, felowe; wyll thou assaye?
MANH. Now, truely, syr, I trow thou canst but lytell skyl of playe.
FOLYE. Yes, by Cockes bones, that I can!
I wyll neuer fle for no man
That walketh by the waye.

MANH. Felowe, thoughe thou haue kunnynge,
I counsayll the leue thy bostynge,
For here thou may thy felowe fynde,
Whyder thou wylte at longe or shorte.
FOLYE. Come, loke, and thou darest; aryse and assaye!
MANH. Ye, syr, but yet Conscyence byddeth me naye.
FOLYE. No, syr, thou darest not, in good faye,
For truely thou faylest no false herte.

MANH. What sayst thou? haue I a false herte?
FOLYE. Ye, syr, in good faye.
MANH. Manhode wyll not that I saye naye!
Defende the, Folye, yf thou[3] maye,
For, in feythe, I purpose to wete what thou art.

[*They fight.*]

How sayste thou now, Folye? hast thou not a touche?
FOLYE. No, ywys, but a lytell on my pouche;

[1] Collier *suggests* fayned. [2] R. By by. [3] R. tyou.

On all this meyne I wyll me wouche,
That stondeth here aboute.
MANH. And I take recorde on all this rewe
Thou hast two touches, though I saye but fewe.
FOLYE. Ye, this place is not without a shrewe,
I do you all out of doute.[1]

MANH. But herke, felowe; by thy faythe, where was thou bore?
FOLYE. By my faythe, in Englonde haue I dwelled yore,
And all myne auncetters me before;
But, syr, in London is my chefe dwellynge.
MANH. In London? Where, yf a man the sought?
FOLYE. Syr, in Holborne I was forthe brought;
And with the courtyers I am betaught;
To Westmynster I vsed to wende.

MANH. Herke, felowe! why doost thou to Westminster drawe?
FOLYE. For I am a seruaunt of the lawe;
Couetous is myne owne felowe, —
We twayne plete for the kynge;
And poore men that come from vplande,
We wyll take theyr mater in hande, —
Be it ryght or be it wronge,
Theyr thryfte with vs shall wende.

MANH. Now here, felowe! I praye *the* whyder wendest *thou* than?
FOLYE. By my feyth, syr, into London I ran
To the tauernes to drynke the wyne;
And than to the innes I toke the waye,
And there I was not welcome to the osteler,
But I was welcome to the fayre tapester,
And to all the housholde I was ryght dere,
For I haue dwelled with her[2] many a daye.

[1] R. dewe.
[2] *Qy. for* with her, *read* there, *or* with them.

MANH. Now, I praye *the*, whyder toke *thou* the waye than?[1]
FOLYE. In feythe, syr, ouer London-brydge I ran,
And the streyght waye to the stewes I came,
And toke lodgynge for a nyght;
And there I founde my brother, Lechery:
There men and women dyde folye,
And every man made of me as worthy
As thoughe I hadde ben a knyght.

MANH. I praye the yet tell me mo of thyne aduentures.
FOLYE. In feythe, euen streyght to all the freres,
And with them I dwelled many yeres;
And they crowned Folye a kynge.
MANH. I praye the, felowe, whyder wendest thou tho?
FOLYE. Syr, all Englande to and fro,
In-to abbeys and in-to nonneryes also;
And alwaye Folye dothe felowes fynde.

MANH. Now, herke, felowe! I praye the, tell me thy name.
FOLYE. I-wys, I hyght bothe Folye and Shame.
MANH. A ha! thou arte he that Conscyence dyd blame,
Whan he me taught.
I praye the, Folye,[2] go hens and folowe not me.
FOLYE. Yes, good syr, let me your seruaunt be!
MANH. Naye, so mote I thye,
For than a shrewe had I caught!

FOLYE. Why, good syr, what is your name?
MANH. Manhode myghty, that bereth no blame.
FOLYE. By *the* roode, and Manhode mystereth in euery game
Somdele to cherysshe Folye;
For Folye is felowe with the Worlde,
And gretely beloued with many a lorde,
And yf ye put me out of your warde,
The Worlde ryght wroth wyll be.

[1] R. than the waye. [2] R. folyc.

MANH. Ye, syr, yet had I leuer the Worlde be wrath
Than lese the cunnynge that Conscyence me gaue.
FOLYE. A cuckowe for Conscyence, he is but a dawe!
He can not elles but preche.

MANH. Ye; I praye the, leue thy lewde clateryngе,
For Conscyence is a counseler for a kynge.
FOLYE. I wolde not gyue a strawe for his techynge,
He dooth but make men wrothe.

But wottest thou what I saye, man?
By that ylke trouthe that God me gaue,
Had I that bychyde Conscyence in this place,
I sholde so bete hym with my staffe
That all his stownes sholde stynke.
MANH. I praye the, Folye, go hens and folowe not me.
FOLYE. Yes, syr, so mote I thye,
Your seruaunt wyll I be;
I axe but mete and drynke.

MANH. Peace, man! I may not haue the for thy name;
For thou sayst thy name is bothe Folye and Shame.
FOLYE. Syr, here in this cloute I knyt Shame,
And clype me but Propre Folye.
MANH. Ye, Folye, wyll thou be my trewe seruaunt?
FOYLE. Ye, syr Manhode; here my hande!
MANH. Now let vs drynke at this comnaunt,
For that is curtesy.

FOLYE. Mary, mayster, ye shall haue in hast.
[*Aside*] A ha! syrs, let the catte wynke!
For all ye wote not what I thynke,
I shall drawe hym suche a draught of drynke
That Conscyence he shall awaye cast.

Haue, mayster, and drynke well,
And let vs make reuell, reuell!
For I swere by the chyrche of Saynt Myghell
I wolde we were at stewes.

For there is nothynge but reuell-route;
And we were there, I haue[1] no doubte
I sholde be knowen all aboute,
Where Conscyence they wolde refuse.

MANH. Peas, Folye, my fayre frende!
For, by Cryste, I wolde not *that* Conscyence sholde me here[2] fynde.
FOLYE. Tusshe, mayster, thereof speke no-thynge,
For Conscyence cometh no tyme here.[2]
MANH. Peace, Folye; there is no man that knoweth me.
FOLYE. Syr, here my trouthe I plyght to the,
And thou wylte go thyder with me,
For knowlege haue thou no care.

MANH. Pease! but it is hens a grete waye.
FOLYE. Parde, syr, we may be there on a daye.
Ye, and we shall be ryght welcome, I dare well saye,
In Estchepe for to dyne;
And than we wyll with Lombardes at passage playe,
And at the Popes Heed swete wyne assaye;
We shall be lodged well a-fyne.

MANH. What sayest thou, Folye; is this the best?
FOLYE. Syr, all this is manhode, well thou knowest.
MANH. Now, Foly, go we hens in hast;
But fayne wolde I chaunge my name,
For well I wote yf Conscyence mete me in this tyde,
Ryght well I wote he wolde me chyde.
FOLYE. Syr, for fere of you his face he shall hyde:
I shall clepe you Shame.

MANH. Now, gramercy, Folye, my felowe in-fere!
Go we hens; tary no lenger here;
Tyll we be gone me thynke it seuen yere, —
I haue golde and good to spende.

[1] R. had. [2] *Qy.* there.

FOLYE. A ha! mayster, that is good chere.
[*Aside*] And or it be passed halfe a yere,
I shall the shere ryght a lewde frere,
And hyther agayne the sende.

MANH. Folye, go before and teche me the waye.
FOLYE. Come after, Shame, I the praye,
And Conscyence clere ye cast awaye.
[*Aside*] Lo, syrs, this Folye techeth aye,
For where Conscyence cometh with his cunnynge,
Yet Folye full fetely shall make hym blynde:
Folye before and Shame behynde, —
Lo, syrs, thus fareth the worlde alwaye!
[*Exit Folye.*]

MANH. [*Sings*][1] Now I wyll folowe Folye,
For Folye is my man;
Ye, Folye is my felowe
And hath gyuen me a name:
Conscyence called me Manhode,
Folye calleth me Shame.

[*Speaks*] Folye wyll me lede to London to lerne reuell;
Ye, and Conscyence is but a flaterynge brothell,
For euer he is carpynge of care.
The Worlde and Folye counseylleth me to all gladnes;
Ye, and Conscyence counseylleth me to all sadnes,[2] —
Ye, to moche sadnes myght brynge me in-to madnes.
And now haue good-daye, syrs; to London to seke
Folye wyll I fare.

[*Enter Conscyence.*]

CONSC. Saye, Manhode, frende, whyder wyll ye go?
MANH. Nay, syr, in faythe, my name is not so.
Why, frere, what the deuyll hast thou to do
Whyder I go or abyde?

[1] *This is not indicated as a song in* R., *and is printed as three long lines.*
[2] R. sadnts.

CONSC. Yes, syr, I will counsell you for the best!
MANH. I wyll none of thy counsell, so haue I rest!
I wyll go whyder me [1] lest,
For thou canst nought elles but chyde.

[*Exit Manhode.*]

CONSC. Lo, syrs, a grete ensample you may se:
The freylnes of Mankynde,
How oft he falleth in folye
Throughe temptacyon of the fende;

For, whan the fende and the flesshe be at one assent,
Than Conscyence clere is clene out cast;
Men thynke not on the grete iugement
That the sely soule shall haue at the last;

But wolde God, all men wolde haue in mynde
Of the grete daye of dome,
How he shall gyue a grete rekenynge
Of euyll dedes that he hath done.

But natheles,[2] syth it is so,
That Manhode is forthe with Folye wende,
To seche Perseueraunce now wyll I go,
With the grace of God Omnypotent.

His counseylles ben [with God] in-fere;
Perseueraunce counsell is moost dere;
Nexte to hym is Conscyence clere
From synnynge.
Now in-to[3] thys presence, to Cryst I praye
To spede me well in my iournaye!
Fare-well, lordynges, and haue good daye;
To seke Perseueraunce wyll I wende.

[*Exit Conscyence; enter Perseueraunce.*]

[1] R. my. [2] R. nedeles; Haz. [it is] nedeles. [3] *Qy.* in.

PERS. Now Cryst, our comely Creature,[1] clerer than crystal clene,
That craftly made euery creature by good recreacyon,
Saue all this company that is gathered here, bydene,
And set all your soules in-to good saluacyon!

Now good God, *that* is moost wysest and welde[2] of wyttes,
This company counsell, comforte and glad,
And saue all this multytude[3] that semely here syttes!
Now, good God, for his mercy, that all men made, —

Now Mary, Moder, mekest that I mene,
Shelde all this company from euyll conuersacyon,[4]
And saue you from our enemy, as she is bryght *and* clene,
And at *the* last day of dome delyuer you from euerlastynge dampnac[y]on!

Syrs, Perseueraunce is my name;
Conscyence [my] borne broder is;
He sente me hyder mankynde to endoctryne,
That they sholde to no vyces enclyne,
For ofte mankynde is gouerned amys
And throughe foly mankynde is set in shame.
Therfore in this presens to Cryst I praye,
Or that I hens wende awaye,
Some good worde that I may saye
To borowe mannes soul from blame.

[*Enter Manhode*[5] *old and broken.*]

AGE. Alas, alas, that me is wo!
My lyfe, my lykynge I haue forlorne;
My rentes, my rychesse, it is all ygo;
Alas the daye that I was borne!

[1] *This spelling of* Creator *is too common to change.*
[2] Welde (= weldy) *seems more likely than* welder *or* welle.
[3] R. symylytude; *apparently a confusion of* semely (= assembly) *and* multitude.
[4] R. Inuersacyon.
[5] *Henceforth called* Age.

For I was borne Manhode, moost of myght,
Styffe, stronge, both stalworthy and stoute;
The Worlde full worthely hath made me a knyght,
All bowed to my byddynge bonerly aboute;

Than Conscyence clere, comely and kynde,
Mekely he met me in sete there I sate,
He lerned me a lesson of his techynge,
And the vij deedly synnes full lothely he dyde hate:

Pryde, Wrathe and Enuy and Couetous in kynde,—
The Worlde all these synnes delyuered me vntyll,—
Slouthe, Glotony,[1] *and* Lechery, *that* is full of false flaterynge,—
All these Conscyence reproued both lowde and styll.

To Conscyence I helde vp my hande
To kepe Crystes commaundementes,[2]
He warned me of Folye, *that* traytour, *and* bade me beware;
And thus he went his waye.
But I haue falsly me forsworne,—
Alas the daye that I was borne!
For body and soule I haue forlorne,
I clynge as a clodde in claye.

In London many a daye
At the passage I wolde playe,
I thought to borowe and neuer paye;[3]
Than was I sought and set in stockes.
In Newgate I laye vnder lockes;
If I sayd ought, I caught many knockes,—
Alas! where was Manhode tho?
Alas, my lewdenes hath me lost!
Where is my body so proude and prest?
I coughe and rought, my body wyll brest,
Age dothe folowe me so.

[1] R. couetous, Glotony *being omitted.*
[2] *Qy.* commaunde. [3] *Line out?*

I stare and stacker as I stonde,
I grone grysly [1] vpon the grounde ;
Alas ! Dethe, why lettest thou me lyue so longe?
I wander as a wyght in wo
And care.
For I haue done yll,
Now wende I wyll
My-selfe to spyll,
I care not whyder nor where !

PERS. Well ymet, syr ! well ymet ! and whyder awaye?
AGE. Why, good syr, wherby do ye saye?
PERS. Tell me, syr, I you praye,
And I with you wyll wende.
AGE. Why, good syr, what is your name?
PERS. Forsothe, syr, Perseueraunce, the same.
AGE. Syr, ye are Conscyence brother that me dyd blame,
I may not with you lende.[2]

PERS. Yes, yes, Manhode, my frende in-fere.
AGE. Nay, syr, my name is in another maner,
For Folye his owne selfe was here
And hath clepyd me Shame.
PERS. Shame ![3] Nay, Manhode, let hym go,
Folye and his felowes also ;
For they wolde the brynge in-to care and wo,
And all that wyll folowe his game,

AGE. Ye, game who-so game,
Folye hath gyuen me a name ; [4]
So where-euer I go
He clypped me Shame.
Now Manhode is gone,[5]
Folye hath folowed me so.

[1] R. glysly.
[2] R. lynge.
[3] R. *has* Shame *in a line by itself.*
[4] R. aname.
[5] *Qy.* go.

Whan I fyrst from my moder cam,
The Worlde made me a man,
And fast in ryches I ran
Tyll I was dubbed a knyght :
And than I met with Conscyence clere,
And he me set in suche manere
Me thought his techynge was full dere
Bothe by daye and nyght :

And than Folye met me,
And sharpely he beset me,
And from Conscyence he fet me,
He wolde not fro me go ;
Many a daye he keped me,
And to all folkes he cleped me
For[1] Shame,
And vnto all synnes he set me.
Alas, that me is wo !

For I haue falsely me forsworne ;
Alas that I was borne !
Body and soule I am but lorne ;
Me lyketh neyther gle nor game.

PERS. Nay, nay, Manhode, saye not so !
Be-ware of Wanhope,[2] for he is a fo.
A newe name I shall gyue you to,
I clepe you Repentaunce ;
For, and you here repente your synne,
Ye are possyble heuen to wynne,
But with grete contrycyon ye must begynne
And take you to abstynence.

For, thoughe a man had do alone
The deedly synnes euerychone,
And he with contrycyon make his mone
To Cryst our heuyn kynge,

[1] R. Fro.; Coll., Haz. *omit.*
[2] R. Wanhode; *corr. by* Kittredge; Coll., Haz. Manhode.

God is also gladde of hym
As of the creature that neuer dyde syn.
AGE. Now, good syr, how sholde I contrycyon begyn?
PERS. Syr, in shryfte of mouthe without varyenge ;

And another ensample I shall shewe you to :
Thynke on Peter and Poule and other mo,
Thomas, James, and Johan also,
And also Mary Maudeleyn ;
For Poule dyde Crystes people grete vylany,
And Peter at the Passyon forsoke Cryst thry,[1]
And Maudelayne lyued longe in lechery,
And Saynt Thomas byleued not in the Resurreccyon,

And yet these to Cryst are derlynges dere,
And now be sayntes in heuen clere ;
And therfore, thoughe ye haue trespased here,
I hope ye be sory for your synne.
AGE. Ye, Perseuerance, I you plyght,
I am sory for my synne both daye and nyght;
I wolde fayne lerne with all my myght
How I sholde heuyn wynne.

PERS. So[2] to wynne heuyn v nessarye thynges there ben
That must be knowen to all mankynde ;
The v wyttes doth begynne,
Syr, bodely and sprytually.
AGE. Of the v wyttes I wolde haue knowynge.
PERS. Forsoth, syr, herynge, seynge, and smellynge,
The remenaunte, tastynge and felynge, —
These ben the v wyttes bodely.

And, syr, other v wyttes ther ben.
AGE. Syr Perseueraunce, I knowe not them.
PERS. Now, Repentaunce, I shall you ken, —
They are the power of the soule :

[1] R. thryes. [2] Haz. *emends to* Sir.

Clere in mynde, — there is one, —
Imagynacyon and all reason,
Understondynge and compassyon, —
These belonge vnto Perseueraunce.

AGE. Gramercy, Perseueraunce, for your trewe techynge!
But, good syr, is there ony more behynde
That is necessary to all mankynde
Frely for to knowe?
PERS. Ye, Repentaunce, more there be
That euery man must on byleue, —
The xij artycles of the byleue[1]
That mankynde must on trowe:

The fyrst, that God is in one substaunce,
And also that God is in thre persones,
Begynnynge and endynge without varyaunce,
And all this worlde made of nought;
The seconde, that the Sone of God, sykerly,
Toke flesshe and blode of the Vyrgyn Mary
Without touchynge of mannes flessh[l]e[2] companye, —
This must be in euery mannes thought;

The thyrde, that that same God Sone,
[Was] born of that Holy Vyrgyn,
And she after his byrthe mayden as she was beforne
And clerer in all kynde;
Also the fourthe, that same Cryst, God and man,
He suffred payne and passyon
Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon,
And on a crosse dyde hynge;

The fyfte artycle I shall you tell, —
Than the Spyryte of Godhed went to hell,
And bought out the soules that there dyde dwell,
By the power of his owne myght;

[1] R. fayth. [2] *Corr. by* Kittredge.

The vi artycle I shall you saye, —
Cryst rose vpon the thyrde daye,
Very God and man withouten naye,
That all shall deme and dyght ;

He sent mannes soule [1] in-to heuen,
Alofte all the aungelles euerychone,
There is the Fader [and] the Sone,
And sothfast Holy Goost ; [2]
The eyght artycle we must beleue on, —
That same God shall come downe,
And deme mannes soule at the daye of dome,
And on mercy than must we trust ;

The ix artycle, with-outen stryfe, —
Euery man, mayden, and wyfe,
And all the bodyes that euer bare lyfe
And at the daye of dome body and soule shall pere ; [3]
Truely the x artycle is, —
All they that hath kepyd Goddes seruyce,
They shall be crowned in heuen blysse
As Crystes seruauntes, to hym full dere ;

The xi artycle, the sothe to sayne, —
All they that hath falsely to God guyded [4] them,
They shall be put in-to hell-payne,
There shall be no synne couerynge ;
Syr, after the xii we must wyrche,
And beleue in all the sacramentes of Holy Chyrche,
That they ben necessary to [5] both last and fyrste,
To all maner of mankynde.

Syr, ye must also here *and* knowe *the* commau*n*deme*n*tes x.
Lo, syr, this is your beleue and all men ;
Do after it and ye shall heuen wyn,
Without doubte, I knowe.

[1] R. sonle.
[2] *These two lines as one in* R.
[3] *Qy. omit* And *and* body and soule.
[4] R. gayded.
[5] *Qy. omit* to.

AGE. Gramercy, Perseueraunce, for your trewe techynge,
For in the spyryte of my soule wyll I fynde
That it is necessary to all mankynde
Truely for to knowe.

Now, syrs, take all ensample by me,
How I was borne in symple degre ;
The Worlde ryall receyued me
And dubbed me a knyght ;
Than Conscyence met me ;
So after hym came Folye ;
Folye falsely deceyued me,
Than Shame my name hyght.

PERS. Ye, and now is your name Repentaunce
Throughe the grace of God Almyght ;
And therfore, withoute ony dystaunce,
I take my leue of kynge and knyght ;
And I praye to Jhesu whiche [h]as made vs all,
Couer you with his mantell perpetuall !
Amen !

Here endeth the Interlude of Mundus et *Infans. Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of* the *Sonne by me wynkyn de worde. The yere of our Lorde M.CCCCC. and .xxij. The .xvij. daye of July.*

HYCKESCORNER.

The basis of the text is a collation of the reprint by Hawkins, "The Origin of the English Drama, Oxford, 1773," I, 69–111, with the original edition by Wynkyn de Worde (indicated in the footnotes by W.). Hawkins interchanged *u* and *v*, to conform to modern usage, and in this I have followed him, as the collation made for me does not go into detail on this particular point. In the footnotes I have tried to record all really important variants in both Hawkins (Haw.) and Hazlitt's Dodsley (Haz.), but no note is made of insignificant variations in spelling.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

HYCKE-SCORNER.	PYTE.
IMAGYNACYON.	CONTEMPLACYON.
FREWYLL.	PERSEVERAUNCE.]

[*Enter Pyte alone.*]

PYTE. Now Ihesu the gentyll, that bought[1] Adam fro hell,
Save you all, soveraynes, and solas you sende;
And, or[2] this mater that I begynne to tell,
I praye you of audyence tyll I have made an ende;
For I saye to you my name is Pyte,
That ever yet hath ben mannes frende.
In the bosome of the Seconde Persone in Trynyte
I sprange as a plante, mannes mysse to amende.

You for to helpe I put to my honde, —
Recorde I take of Mary that wepte teres of blode;
I, Pyte, within her herte dyde stonde,
Whan she sawe her sone on the rode.

[1] *So* W.; Haw. Haz. brought. [2] Haz. of.

The swerde of sorowe gave that lady [a] wounde,
Whan a spere clave her sones herte a-sondre ;
She cryed out and fell to the grounde ;
Thoughe she was woo, hyt was lytell wonder.

This delycate colour,[1] that goodly lady,
Full pale and wanne she sawe her sone, all deed,
Splayed on a crosse with the fyve welles of pyte,
Of purple velvet poudred with roses reed.
Lo ! I, Pyte, thus made your erande to be spede,
Or elles man for-ever sholde have ben forlore ;[2]
A mayden so layde hys life to wedde ;
Crowned as a kynge, the thornes prycked hym sore.

Charyte and I of true love ledes the double rayne ;
Who-so me loveth dampned never shall be.
Of some vertuous company I wolde be fayne ;
For all that wyll to heven nedes must come by me,
Chefe porter I am in that hevenly cyte.
And now here wyll I rest me a lytell space,
Tyll hyt please Ihesu of his grace
Some vertuous felyshyp for to sende.

[*Enter Contemplacyon, soliloquizing.*]

Cont. Chryste, that was crystened, crucyfyed and crowned,
In his bosum true love was gaged with a spere ;
His vaynes braste and brosed, and to a pyller bounde,
With scourges he was lashed, the knottes the skyn tare ;
On his necke to Calvary the grete crosse he bare;
His blode ran to the grounde, as Scrypture doth tel,
His burden was so hevy that downe under it he fell.

Lo ! I am kyn to the Lorde which is Goddes Sone ;
My name is wryten formest in the boke of lyfe ;

[1] Haz. *inserts* had; *qy.* creature; *the original reading may, however, be right, and, as* Kittredge *suggests, possibly* ll. 17 *and* 19 *should change places.*

[2] W. forlorne; Haz. forlore.

For I am perfyte Contemplacyon,
And brother to Holy Chyrche, that is our Lordes wyfe.

Johan Baptyst, Anthony, and Jherome, with many mo,
Folowed me here in holte, hethe, and in wyldernes ;
I ever with them went where they dyde go,
Nyght and daye towarde the waye of ryghtwysenes.

I am the chefe lanterne of all holynes,
Of prelates and preestes I am theyr patron ;
No armure so stronge in no dystresse, —
Habergyon, helme, ne yet no jeltron.

To fyght with Sathan I am[1] the champyon
That dare abyde and manfully stonde ;
Fendes fle away where they se me come.
But I wyll shewe you why I came to this londe :

For to preche and teche of Goddes soth sawes
Ayenst vyce, that dothe rebell ayenst hym and hys lawes.

PYTE. God spede, good brother ! Fro whens came you now?

CONT. Syr, I came frome Perseveraunce to seke you.

PYTE. Why, syr, knowe you me?

CONT. Ye, syr, and have done longe ; your name is Pyte.

PYTE. Your name fayne wolde I knowe.

CONT. In-dede I am called Contemplacyon,
That useth to lyve solytaryly ;
In wodes and in wyldernesse[2] I walke alone
Bycause I wolde saye my prayers devoutly.
I love not with me to have moche company,
But Perseveraunce ofte with me doth mete
Whan I thynke on thoughtes that is full hevenly, —
Thus he and I togyder full swetely doth slepe.

[1] W.; Haw. Haz. am I.
[2] W.; Haw. wyldenesse; Haz. wildness.

PYTE. I thanke God that we be mette togyder.
CONT. Syr, I trust that Perseveraunce shortly wyll come hyder.
PYTE. Than I thynke to here some good tydynge.
CONT. I warant you, brother, that he is comynge.

[*Perseveraunce enters, and addresses the audience.*]

PERS. The eternal God, that named was Messyas,
He gyve you grace to come to his glorye,
Wher ever [1] is joye, in the celestyall place,
Whan you of Sathan wynneth the vyctorye!
Every man ought to be gladde to have [me] in company,
For I am named good Perseveraunce,
That ever is guyded by vertuous governaunce.

I am never varyable, but doth contynue,
Styll goynge upwarde the ladder of grace,
And lode [2] in me planted is so true,
And fro the poore man I wyll never tourne my face.

Whan I go by my-selfe, ofte I do remembre
The grete kyndnes [3] that God shewed unto man,
For to be borne in the moneth of Decembre,
Whan the daye waxeth shorte and the nyght longe:
Of his goodnesse that Champyon stronge
Descended downe fro the Fader of Ryghtwysnes,
And rested in Mary, the floure of mekenes.

Now to this place hyder come I am
To seke Contemplacyon my kynnesman.
CONT. What, brother Perseveraunce? Ye be welcome!
PERS. And so be you also, Contemplacyon.
CONT. Loo! here is our mayster, Pyte.
PERS. Now truly, ye be welcome in-to this countre!
PYTE. I thanke you hertely, syr Perseveraunce.

[1] Haz. Wherever. [2] *Qy.* love. [3] W. knydnes.

PERS. Mayster Pyte, one thynge is com to my remembraunce:
What tythynges here you now?
PYTE. Syr, suche as I can I shall shewe you :

I have herde many men complayne pyteously ;
They saye they be smyten with the swerde of poverty
In every place where I do go.
Fewe frendes poverte dooth fynde,
And these ryche men ben unkynde,
For theyr neyghboures they wyll nought do.
Wydowes dooth curse lordes and gentyll-men,
For they constrayne[1] them to mary with theyr men,
Ye, wheder they wyll or no.

Men mary for good, and that is dampnable,
Ye, with olde women that is fyfty and beyonde.
The peryll now no man drede wyll, —
All is not Goddes lawe that is used in londe ;
Beware wyll they not tyll Deth in his honde
Taketh his swerde and smyteth asonder the lyfe vayne
And with his mortall stroke cleveth the herte atwayne.

They trust so in Mercy, the lanterne of bryghtnesse,
That no-thynge do they drede Goddes Ryghtwysnes.[2]
PERS. O Ihesu, syr, here is a hevy tydynge !
PYTE. Syr, this is trewe that I do brynge.
CONT. How am I beloved, Mayster Pyte, where ye come?
PYTE. In good faythe, people have now small devocyon;
And as for with you, brother Contemplacyon,
There medleth fewe or none.
CONT. Yes, I trust that prestes love me wele.
PYTE. But a fewe, i-wys, and some never a dele.[3]
CONT. Why, syr, without me they maye not lyve clene !
PYTE. Nay, that is the leest thought[4] that they have of fyftene,
And that maketh me full hevy.

[1] *Misprinted* contrayne *in* Haw.
[2] *Misprinted* ryghtwynes *in* Haw.
[3] W. adele.
[4] W. though ; Haw. Haz. thought.

CONT. How, trowe you that there be no remedy?
PYTE. Full harde; for synne is now so grevous and yll
That I thynke that it be growen to an impossyble.
And yet one thynge maketh me ever mournynge,
That prestes lack utterance to showe theyr cunnynge;
And, al the whyle that clerkes do use so grete synne,
Amonge the lay people loke never for no mendynge.
PERS. Alas! that is a hevy case
That so grete synne is used in every place;
I praye God hyt[1] amende!

PYTE.[2] Now God, that ever hath ben mannes frende,
Some better tydynges soone us sende;
For now I must be gone.
Fare-well, good bretherne[3] here,
A grete erande I have elles-where,
That must nedes be done.
I trust I wyll not longe tary;
Theder wyll I hye me shortely,
And come agayne whan I have done.

PERS. Hyder agayne I trust you wyll come;
Therfore God be with you!
PYTE.[2] Syr, nedes I must departe now;
Ihesu me spede this daye! [*Exit.*]
PERS. Now, brother Contemplacyon, let us go our waye.

[*Exeunt; enter Frewyll.*]

FREWYLL. Aware, felowes, and stande a-roume!
How saye you, am not I a goodly persoune?[4]
I trowe you knowe not suche a geste.
What! syrres, I tell you, my name is Frewyll;
I may chose wheder I do good or yll,
But, for all that, I wyll do as me lyst.

[1] W.; Haw. it.
[2] *These two speeches are assigned to* Contemplacyon *by* W. Haw. and Haz., *but see Notes.*
[3] W.; Haw. brethrene.
[4] W. personue.

My condycyons ye knowe not, perde;
I can fyght, chyde and be mery;
Full soone of my company ye wolde be wery
And you[1] knewe all!
What! fyll the cup and make good chere;
I trowe I have a noble here!
Who lente hyt me? By Cryste, a frere;
And I gave hym a fall!

Where be ye, syr? be ye at home?

[*Searching his pockets.*]

Kockes passyon, my noble is tourned to a stone!
Where laye I last? Beshrewe your herte, Jone!
Now, by these bones, she hath begyled me!
Let se! a peny my souper, a pece of flesshe x pence,
My bedde ryght nought: let all this expence —
Now, by these bones, I have lost an halfpeny!

Who laye there? My felowe Imagynacyon.
He and I had good communycacyon
Of syr Johan and Sybbell,

How they were spyed in bedde togyder,
And he prayed her ofte to come thyder,
For to synge lo-le, lo-lowe!
They twayne togyder had good sporte;
But at the stewes syde I lost a grote,
I trowe I shall never ythe!

My felowe promysed me here to mete;
But I trowe the horesone be a-slepe
With a wenche some-where.
How, Imagynacyon! come hyder!
And you thryve, I lose a feder!
Beshrowe your herte, appere!

[1] W.; Haw. Haz. ye.

[*Enter Imagynacyon.*]

IMAG. What, how, how! who called after me?
FREWYLL. Come nere! Ye shall never i-the!
Where have ye be so longe?

IMAG. By God, with me hyt is[1] all wronge,
I have a payre of sore buttockes;
All in irons was my songe,
Even now I satte gyved in a payre of stockes.

FREWYLL. Cockes passyon, and how so?
IMAG. Syr, I wyll tell you what I have do:

I mette with a wenche, and she was fayre,
And of love hertely I dyde praye her,
And so promysed her monaye.
Syr, she wynked on me and sayd nought,
But by her loke I knewe her thought;
Than in-to loves daunce we were brought,
That we played the pyrdewy.
I wote not what we dyde togyder,
But a knave catchpoll nyghed us nere,
And so dyde us aspye.

A strype he gave me; I fled my touche;
And frome my gyrdle he plucked my pouche, —
By your leve, he lefte me never a peny.
Loo, nought have I but a buckyll,
And[2] yet I can imagen thynges sotyll,
For to get monaye plenty.
In Westminister Hall every terme I am;
To me is kynne many a grete gentyll-man;
I am knowen in every countre.

And I were deed, the lawyers thryfte were lost,
For this wyll I do yf men wolde do cost:

[1] W.; *misprinted* it *in* Haw.
[2] Haw. Ane; *no note in my collation.*

Prove ryght wronge, and all by reason,
And make men lese bothe hous and londe ;
For all that they can do in a lytell season.

Peche men of treason prevyly I can,
And, whan me lyst, to hange a trewe man.
If they wyll me monaye tell,
Theves I can helpe out of pryson ;
And into lordes favours I can get me soone,
And be of theyr prevy counseyll.

But, Frewyll, my dere broder,
Sawe you nought[1] of Hyckscorner?
He promysed me to come hyder.
FREWYLL. Why, syr, knowest thou hym?
IMAG. Ye, ye, man ; he is full nye of my kynne,
And in Newgate we dwelled togyder,
For he and I were bothe shakeled in a fetter.
FREWYLL. Syr, laye you beneth, or on hye on the soller?[2]
IMAG. Nay, ywys, amonge the thyckest of yemen of the coller.
FREWYLL. By God, than ye were in grete fere !
IMAG. Syr, had I not be, CC had be thrast in an haltere.
FREWYLL. And what lyfe have they there, al that grete sorte?
IMAG. By God, syr, ones a yere som taw halts of Burporte ;
Ye, at Tyburne there stondeth the grete frame,
And some take a fall that maketh theyr neck lame.
FREWYLL. Ye, but can they than go no more?
IMAG. O no, man ; the wrest is twyste so sore ;
For as soone as they have sayd *in manus tuas* ones,
By God, theyr brethe is stopped at ones.
FREWYLL. Why, do they praye in that place there?
IMAG. Ye, syr ; they stonde in grete fere,
And so fast tangled in that snare,
Hyt falleth to theyr lotte to have the same share.

[1] Haz.; W. not. [2] W. Haw. Haz. seller.

FREWYLL. That is a knavisshe syght to se them totter on a beme.

IMAG. Syr, the horesones coude not convaye clene ;
For, and they coude have caryed by crafte, as I can,
In processe of yeres eche of them sholde be a gentyll-man.
Yet, as for me, I was never thefe.
If my handes were smyten of, I can stele with my tethe ;
For ye knowe well there is crafte in daubynge.
I can loke in a mannes face and pycke his purse ;
And tell newe tydynges that was never trewe, ywys,
For my hood is all lyned with lesynge.

FREWYLL. Ye, but wente ye never to Tyburne a pylgrymage?

IMAG. No, ywys, nor none of my lynage ;[1]

For we be clerkes all, and can our necke-verse,
And with an oyntment the iuges hande I can grece
That wyll hele sores that be uncurable.

FREWYLL. Why, were ye never founde reprovable?

IMAG. Yes, ones I stall a hors in the felde,
And lepte on hym for to have ryden my waye ;
At the last a bayly me mette and behelde
And badde me stonde, — than was I in a fraye.

He asked wheder with that horse I wolde gon,
And than I tolde hym hyt was myne owne ;
He sayd I hadde stollen hym, and I sayde naye ;
"This is," sayd he, "my brothers hacknaye" ;
For, and I had not scused me without fayle,
By Our Lady, he wolde have lad me strayte to iayle ;
And than I tolde hym the horse was lyke myne,
A browne baye, a long mane, and dyde halte behyne, —
Thus I tolde hym that such an-other hors I dyde lacke,
And yet I never sawe hym nor came on his backe.
So I delyvered hym the hors agayne ;
And whan he was gone, than was I fayne ;

[1] W. lygnages ; Haw. lynages ; Haz. lineage.

For, and I had not scused me the better,
I knowe well I sholde have daunsed in a fetter.
FREWYLL. And sayd he no more to the but so?
IMAG. Yes, he pretended me moche harme to do;
But I tolde hym that mornynge was a grete myste,
That what horse hyt was I ne wyste;
Also I sayd that in my heed I had the megryne
That made me dasell so in myne eyen
That I myght not well se:
And thus he departed shortely frome me.
FREWYLL. Ye, but where is Hycke-scorner now?
IMAG. Some of these yonge men hath hydde hym in
Theyr bosomes, I warraunt you,[1]
Let us make a crye, that he may us here!
FREWYLL. How, how![2] Hycke-scorner appere!
I trowe thou be hyde in some cornere.
HYCKE-SCORNER [*without*]. A-le[3] the helme! a-le![3] vere! shot of! vere sayle! vera!
FREWYLL. Cockes body! herke, he is in[4] a shyppe on the see!

[*Enter Hycke-scorner.*]

HYCKE. God spede! God spede! Who called after me?
IMAG. What! brother, welcome, by this precyous body!
I am gladde that I you se;
Hyt was tolde me that ye were hanged.[5]
But out of what countre come ye?
HYCKE. Syr,[6] I have ben in many a countre;
As, in Fraunce, Irlonde, and in Spayne,
Portyngale, Sevyll, also in Almayne,
Freslonde, Flaunders, and in Burgoyne,
Calabre, Poyle,[7] and Erragoyne,

[1] *These two lines ought perhaps to be printed as one.*
[2] W.; Haw. Haz. How now.
[3] W. Haw. ale; Haz. ale (= heel).
[4] Haw. Haz. *omit* in.
[5] *Qy.* That ye were hanged hyt was told me.
[6] W.; Haw. Haz. Syrs.
[7] Haz. Pugle.

Brytayne, Byske, and also in Gascoyne,
Naples, Grece, and in myddes of Scotlonde,
At Cape [1] Saynt Vyncent, and in the Newe-founde Ilonde ;

I have ben in Gene and in Cowe,
Also in the londe of Rumbelowe,
Thre myle out of hell ;
At Rodes, Constantyne, and in Babylonde,
In Cornewale, and in Northumberlonde,
Where men sethe russhes in gruell ;

Ye, syr, in Caldey, Tartare, and Inde,
And in the Londe of Women, that fewe men dothe fynde :
In all these countres have I be.

FREWYLL. Syr, what tydynges here ye now on the see?

HYCKE. We mette of shyppes a grete nave,
Full of people that wolde in-to Irlonde,
And they came out of this countre ;
They wyll never-more come to Englonde.

IMAG. Whens were the shyppes of them? Knowest thou none?

HYCKE. Herken, and I wyll shewe you theyr names eche one :

Fyrst was the Regent with the Myghell, of Brykylse,
The George, with the Gabryell and the Anne, of Foye,
The Starre of Salte-Asshe, with the Ihesus of Plumoth,
Also the Hermytage with the Barbara of Darmouth,
The Nycolas and the Mary Bellouse of Brystowe,
With the Elyn of London and James also.
Grete was the people that was in them,
All true relygyous and holy women :
There was Trouthe and his kynnesmen,[2]
With Pacyence, Mekenes, and Humylyte,
And all true maydens wyth theyr vyrgynyte,
Ryall prechers, Sadnes, and Charyte,

[1] Haw. Haz. *comma after* Cape (= Cape of Good Hope).
[2] W. Haw. kynnesman ; Haz. kinsmen.

Ryght Conscyence, and Fayth, with Devocyon,
And all true monkes that kepe theyr relygyon,[1]
True byers and sellers, and almes-dede[2] doers,
Pyteous people, that be of synne destroyers,
With Just Abstynence and good counseyllers,
Mourners for synne, with Lamentacyon,
And good ryche men that helpeth folke out of pryson,
True Wedlocke was there also,
With yonge men that ever in prayer dyde go:
The shyppes were laden with suche unhappy company;
But at the laste God shope a remedy,
For they all in the see were drounde,
And on a quycke-sonde they strake to grounde, —
The see swallowed them everychone,
I wote well alyve there scaped none.

IMAG. Lo! now my herte is gladde and mery;
For joye now let us synge "dery, dery!"

HYCKE. Felowes, they shall never more us withstonde,
For I se them all dr[o]wned in the Rase of Irlonde.

FREWYLL. Ye, but yet herke, Hycke-scorner:
What company was in your shyppe that came over?

HYCKE. Syr, I wyll ayd[3] you to understande;
There were good felawes above fyve thousande,
And all they ben kynne to us thre;
There was Falshode, Favell, and Sotylte,[4]
Ye, theves and hores, with other good company,
Lyers, bacbyters, and flaterers the whyle,
Braulers, lyers, getters, and chyders,
Walkers by nyght, with grete murderers,
Overthwarte gyle[rs],[5] and joly carders,
Oppressers of people, with many swerers;
There was False Lawe, with Oryble Vengeaunce,

[1] W. Haw. relyon; Haz. religion.
[2] W. dede; Haw. dedes; Haz. deed.
[3] W. Haw. sayd; *corr. by* Haz.
[4] W. fotylte; Haw. jolyte; Haz. jollity.
[5] *Corr. by* Haz.

Froward Obstynacyon, with Myschevous Governaunce,
Wanton wenches, and also mychers,
With many other of the devylles offycers ;
And Haterede, that is so myghty and stronge,
Hath made a-vowe for-ever to dwell in Englonde.
IMAG. But is that true that thou doste shewe now?
HYCKE. Syr, every worde as I do tell you.
FREWYLL. Of whens is your shyppe? of London?
HYCKE. Ye, ywis, frome thens dyde she come ;
And she is named the Envy, —
I tell you, a grete vessell and a myghty ;
The owner of her is called Yll Wyll,
Brother to Jacke Poller of Shoters Hyll.
IMAG. Syr, what offyce in the shyppe bare ye?
HYCKE. Mary, I kepte a fayre shoppe of baudrye :

I had thre wenches that were full praty,
Jane true, Ann [1] thryftles, and wanton Sybble ;
If ye ryde her a journay, she will make you wery,
For she is trusty at nede.
If ye wyll hyre her for your pleasure,
I warraunt, tere her shall ye never,
She is so sure in dede ;
Ryde and you wyll ten tymes a daye,
I warraunt you she wyll never saye naye, —
My lyfe I dare lay to wedde.

IMAG. Now plucke up your hertes, and make good chere,
These tydynges lyketh me wonder wele.
Now vertu shall drawe arere, arere !
Herke, felous, a good sporte I can you tell :

At the stues we wyll lye to-nyght,
And, by my trouth, yf all go aryght,
I wyll begyle some praty wenche
To gette me monaye at a pynche.
How saye you? shall we go thyder?

[1] W. Haw. Haz. and.

Let us kepe company all togyder,
And I wolde that we had Goddes curse
If we some-where do not get a purse !

Every man bere his dagger naked in his honde,
And, if we mete a treue man, make hym stonde,
Or elles that he bere a strype !
If that he struggle and [1] make ony werke,
Lyghtly stryke hym to the herte,
And throwe hym into Temmes quyte !

FREWYLL. Naye, thre knaves in a lease is good at nale !
But, thou lubber, Imagynacyon,
That cukcolde, thy fader, — where is he become?
At Newgate dothe he ly styll at gayle?

IMAG. Avant, horsone ! thou shalt bere me a strype !
Sayst thou that my moder was a hore?
FREWYLL. Naye, syr, but the last nyght
I sawe syr Johne and she tombled on the flore.

IMAG. Now, by Kockes herte, thou shalte lose an arme !
HYCKE. Naye, syr, I charge you, do hym no harme.
IMAG. And thou make to moche, I wyll breke thy heed, to !
HYCKE. By Saynt Mary, and I wyst that, I wolde be ago !
IMAG. Aware ! aware ! the horsone shall aby !
His preest wyll I be, by Cockes body !
HYCKE. Kepe pease, lest knaves blode be shedde.
FREWYLL. By God, if his was nought, myn was as badde !
IMAG. By Kockes herte, he shall dye on this dager !
HYCKE. By Our Lady, than wyll ye be straungled in a halter.
IMAG. The horesone shall ete hym as fer as he shall wade !
HYCKE. Beshrewe your herte ! and put up your blade !

[1] Haw. ond ; *no note in my collation.*

Shethe your whytell! or by Hyz[1] that was never borne
I wyll rappe you on the costarde with my horne!
What! wyll ye playe all the knave?
IMAG. By Kockes herte, and thou a buffet shalte have!

[*Imagynacyon and Hycke-scorner fight.*]

FREWYLL. Lo, syrres, here is a fayre company, God us save!
For, yf ony of us thre be mayre of London,
I-wys, ywys, I wyll ryde to Rome on my thom!
Alas! a! se! is not this a[2] grete feres?
I wolde they were in a myll-pole above the eres;
And than, I durst warraunt, they wold departe anone.
HYCKE. Helpe! helpe! for the passyon of my soule!
He hath made a grete hole in my poule,
That all my wytte is set to the grounde.
Alas, a leche for to helpe my wounde!
IMAG. Naye, ywys, horesone, I wyll bete the or I go!
FREWYLL. Alas, good syr! what have I do?
IMAG. Ware! make rome! he shall have a strype, I trowe!

[*Enter Pyte.*]

PYTE. Peas, peas, syrres! I commaunde you!
IMAG. Avaunt, old churle! Whens comest thou?
And thou make to moche, I shall breke thy browe
And sende the home agayne!
PYTE. A! good syr, the peas I wolde have kepte fayne;
Myne offyce is to se no man slayne,
And, where they do amyse, to gyve them good counseyl
Synne to forsake, and Goddes lawe them tell.
IMAG. A! syr, I wende thou haddest ben drowned and gone!
But I have spyed that there scaped one.

HYCKE. Imagynacyon, do by the counseyll of me:
Be a-greed with Frewyll, and let us good felowes be;

[1] Haz. *changes to* Jis. [2] *Qy.* are not these.

And than, as for this chorle, Pyte,
Shall curse the tyme that ever he came to londe!
IMAG. Brother Frewyll, give me your honde!
And all myne yll wyll I forgyve the.

FREWYLL. Syr, I thanke you hertely.
But what shall we do with this chorle, Pyte?
IMAG. I wyll go to hym, and pyke a quarell,
And make hym a thefe and saye he dyde stele
Of myne forty pounde in a bagge.
FREWYLL. By God, that tydynges wyll make hym sadde!
And I wyll go fetche a payre of gyves,
For, in good faythe, he shall be sette fast by the heles.
HYCKE. Have ado lyghtly, and be gone,
And let us twayne with hym alone!
FREWYLL. Now, farewell; I beshrewe you everychone!
[*Exit.*]

HYCKE. Ho, ho! Farewell, you shrewe[1], and no mo!

IMAG. Thou lewde felowe, sayst thou that thy name is Pite?
Who sente the hyder to controll me?
PYTE. Good syr, hyt is my properte
For to dyspyse synfull lyvynge.
And unto vertu men to brynge
If that they wyll do after me.

IMAG. What, syr, art thou so pure holy?
A! se! this caytyfe wolde be praysed, trowe I.[2]
And you thryve this yere, I wyll lose a peny!
Lo! syrres, outwarde he bereth a fayre face,
But, and he mette with a wenche in a prevy place,
I trowe he wolde shewe her but lytell grace,
By God, ye maye trust me!
HYCKE. Loo! wyll ye not se this caytyves menynge?
He wolde destroye us all, and all our kynne!

[1] W. Haw. Haz. Frewyll you threwe; *emend. by* Kittredge.
[2] W. Haw. Haz. I trowe.

Yet had I lever se hym hanged by the chynne
Rather than that sholde be brought aboute.
And with this dager thou shalte have a cloute,
Without thou wylte[1] lyghtly be gone!
IMAG. Naye, brother, laye honde on hym soone!

For he japed my wyfe and made me cukolde,
And yet the traytour[2] was so bolde
That he stale forty pounde of myne in monaye.
HYCKE. By Saynt Mary, than shall he not scape!
We wyll lede hym streyght to Newgate;
For-ever there shall he lye!

[*Enter Frewyll.*]

FREWYLL. A, se! a, se, syrres, what I have brought!
A medycyne for a payre of sore shynnes.
At the Kynges Benche, syrres, I have you sought;
But, I praye you, who shall were these [rynges]?

HYCKE. By God, this felowe that maye not go hence,
I wyll go gyve hym these hose-rynges;
Now, yfaythe, they be worth forty pence,
But to his hondes I lacke two bondes.
IMAG. Holde, horesone, here is an halter!
Bynde hym fast and make hym sure.

PYTE. O men, let Trouth, that is the trewe man,
Be your guyder, or elles ye be forlore;[3]
Laye no fals wytnes, as nye as ye can,
On none, for afterwarde ye wyll repent hyt full sore.

FREWYLL. Naye, naye, I care not therfore!
HYCKE. Ye, whan my soule hangeth on the hedge, cast stones![4]
For I tell the playnly, by Kockes bones,
Thou shalte be guyded and layd in irons, —
They fared even so.

[1] W. Haw. Haz. *have an unnecessary* be *here.*
[2] Haw. traytove; *not noticed in collation.*
[3] W. Haw. Haz. forlorne.
[4] Haz. hedge-cast, *which is unintelligible to me.*

PYTE. Awaye,[1] syr! what have I do?
IMAG. Well, well; that thou shalte knowe or thou go.
PYTE. O syrres, I se hyt can not be amended.
You do me wronge, for I have not offended.
Remembre God, that is our heven Kynge,
For he wyll rewarde you after your deservynge,

Whan Deth with his mace dooth you areest;
We all to hym owe fewte[2] and servyce.
Fro the ladder of lyfe downe he wyll the threste;
Than maystershyp may not helpe nor grete offyce.

FREWYLL. What! Dethe, and he were here, he sholde syt by the!
Trowest thou that he be able to stryve with us thre?
Nay, nay, nay!
IMAG. Well, felawes, now let us go our waye,
For at[3] Shoters Hyll we have a game to playe.
HYCKE. In good fayth, I wyll tary no lenger[4] space.
FREWYLL. Beshrewe hym for me that is last out of this place!

[*Exeunt Imagynacyon, Frewyll and Hycke-scorner.*]

PYTE. Lo, lordes, they may curs the tyme they were borne
For the wedes that over-groweth the corne;
They troubled me gyltelesse, and wote not why;
For Goddes love, yet wyll I suffre pacyently.

We all may say weleaway
For synne that is now-adaye;[5]
Loo, vertue is vanysshed for ever and aye:[6]
Worse was hyt never!

[1] Haz. *changes* Awaye *to* Well-a-way.
[2] Haz. *prints* fea'ty.
[3] W. Haz.; Haw. a.
[4] W. lender; Haw. Haz. lenger.
[5] *These two lines as one in* W. Haw. Haz.
[6] W. Haz.; Haw. ever daye.

We have plente of grete othes
And clothe ynoughe in our clothes,
But charyte many men lothes :
Worse was hyt never!
Alas! now is lechery called love, indede,
And murdure named manhode in every nede ;
Extorsyon is called lawe, so God me [1] spede :
Worse was hyt never!

Youth walketh by nyght with swerdes and knyves,
And, ever amonge, true men leseth theyr lyves ·
Lyke heretykes we occupy other mennes wyves
Now-a-dayes in Englonde.
Baudes be the dystryers of many yonge women,
And full lewde counseyll they gyve unto them ;
How you do mary, beware, you yonge men,
The wyse never taryeth to longe.

There be many grete scorners,
But for synne there be fewe mourners ;
We have but fewe true lovers
In no place now-a-dayes.
There be many goodly gylte knyves ; [2]
And, I trowe,[3] as well [4] apparaylled wyves,
Yet many of them be unthryfty of theyr lyves
And all set in pryde to go gaye.

Mayers on synne dooth no correccyon,
Gentyll-men [5] bereth trouthe adowne,
Avoutry is suffred in every towne,
Amendyment is there none.
And Goddes commaundementes we breke them all x ;
Devocyon is gone many dayes syn ;
Let us amende us, we trewe Crysten men,
Or Deth make you grone!

[1] W. Haz.; Haw. we.
[2] W. knyues; Haw. Haz. knaves.
[3] W.; Haw. Haz. knowe.
[4] W.; Haw. Haz. many.
[5] W. Haw With gentyll men; Haz. *changes* With *to* While.

Courtyers go gaye and take lytell wages,
And many with harlottes at the taverne hauntes,
They be yemen of the wrethe that be shakled in gyves,
On themselves they have no pyte.
God punyssheth full sore with grete sekenesse,
As pockes, pestylence, purple[s] and axes;
Some dyeth sodeynly that deth full peryllous;
Yet was there never so grete poverte.

There be some sermones made by noble doctoures,
But truly the fende dothe stoppe mennes eres;
For God nor good man some people not feres:
Worse was hyt never!
All trouth is not best sayd,
And our prechers now-adayes be halfe afrayde.
Whan we do amende, God wolde be well apayde:
Worse was hyt never!

[*Enter Contemplacyon and Perseveraunce.*]

CONT. What, mayster Pyte; how is hyt with you?
PERS. Syr, we be sory to se you in this case now.
PYTE. Bretherne,[1] here were thre peryllous men,
Frewyll, Hycke-scorner and Imagynacyon;
They sayd I was a thefe and layd felony upon me,
And bound me in irons as ye maye se.
CONT. Where be the traytours become nowe?
PYTE. In goode faythe, I can not shewe you.
PERS. Brother, let us unbynde hym of his bondes.
CONT. Unlose the fete and[2] the hondes.

[*They release Pyte.*]

PYTE. I thanke you for your grete kyndnes
That you two shewe in this dystresse;
For they were men without ony mercy,
That delyteth all in myschefe and tyranny.
PERS. I thynke they wyll come hyder agayne,
Frewyll and Imagynacyon, bothe twayne;

[1] Haw. Brethrene. [2] *Qy. insert* I.

Them wyll I exorte to vertuous lyvynge
And unto vertu them to brynge
By the helpe of you, Contemplacyon.
CONT. Do my counseyll, brother Pyte :

Go you and seke them throughe the countre,
In vyllage, towne, bourghe and cyte,
Throughe-out all the realme of Englonde ;
Whan you them mete, lyghtly them arest
And in pryson put them faste,
Bynde them sure in irons stronge,
For they be so faste [1] and sotyle
That they wyll you begyle
And do true men wronge. 629

PERS. Brother Pyte, do as he hath sayd ;
In every quarter loke you aspye,
And let good watche for them be layde
In all the haast that thou can, and that pryvely ;
For, and they come hyder, they shall not scape
For all the crafte that they can make. 635

PYTE. Well, than wyll I hye me as fast as I maye
And travayle throughe every countre ;
Good watche shall be layde in every waye
That they stele not into sentwary. 639

Now fare-wele, bretherne ; and praye for me,
For I must go hens, in-dede.
PERS. Now God be your good spede ! [2]
CONT. And ever you defende, whan you have nede !
PYTE. Now, bretherne [3] bothe, I thanke you. [*Exit.*] 644

[*Enter Frewyll.*]

FREWYLL. Make you rome for a gentylman, syrs, and pease!
Duegarde,[4] seygnours, tout le preasse !

[1] *Qy.* false.
[2] W. spende.
[3] Haw. brethrene.
[4] Haz. *prints* Dieu garde.

And of your jangelynge yf ye wyll sease
I wyll tell you where I have be.[1]
Syrres, I was at the taverne and dronke wyne ;
Methought I sawe a pece that was lyke myne,
And, syr[res], all my fyngers were arayed with lyme,
So I convayed[2] a cuppe manerly.

And yet, ywys, I played all the fole ;
For there was a scoler of myne own scole,
And, syr[res], the horesone aspyed me.
Than was I rested and brought in pryson ;
For woo than I wyste not what to have done,
And all bycause I lacked monaye.
But a frende in courte is worth a peny in purs ;
For Imagynacyon, myne owne felowe, i-wys,
He dyde helpe me out full craftely :

Syrres, he walked thrughe Holborne
Thre houres after the sonne was downe,
And walked up towarde Saynte Gyles in the Felde ;
He hoved styll, and there behelde,
But there he coude not spede of his praye ;
And strayght to Ludgate he toke the waye, —
Ye wote well that potycaryes wake[3] very late, —
He came to a dore, and pryvely spake
To a prentes for a peny-worth of uforbyum,
And also for a half-peny-worth of alom plomme ;
This good servaunte served hym shortely,
And sayd, "Is there ought elles that you wolde bye?"
Than he asked for a mouthfull of quycke brymstone ;
And, doune in-to the seller whan the servant was gone,
Asyde as he kest his eye,
A grete bagge of monaye dyde he spye,
Therin was an hondred pounde.
He trussed hym to his fete and yede his waye rounde ;
He was lodged at Newgate at the Swanne,

[1] W. Haw. Haz. bene.
[2] Haw ; W. conuayued.
[3] W. Haw. Haz. walke.

And every man toke hym for a gentyll-man ;
So on the morowe he delyvered me
Out of Newgate by this polyce ;
And now wyll I daunce an[d] make ryall chere !
But I wolde Imagynacyon were here,
For he is pereles at nede.
Labour to hym, syrres, yf ye wyl your maters spēde.
Now wyll I synge and lustely sprynge !
But whan my feters on my leges dyde rynge,
I was not gladde, perde ! but now : Hey, trolly, lolly !
Let us se who can descaunt on this same.
To laughe and gete monaye,[1] hyt were a good [2] game !
What ! whome have we here ?
A preest, a douctoure, or else a frere !

What, mayster doctour Dotypoll,
Can not you preche well in a blacke boll,
Or dispute ony dyvynyte?
If ye be cunnynge I wyll put hyt in a prefe :
Good syr, why do men ete mustarde with befe?
My [3] questyon can you assoyle me?

Pers. Peas, man ! thou talkest lewdly ;
And of thy lyvynge, I reed, amende the !
Frewyll. Avaunt, catyfe ! dost thou thou me?
I am come of good kynne, I tell the :
My moder was a lady of the stewes blode borne,
And, knyght of the halter, my fader ware an horne ;
Therfore I take hyt in full grete scorne
That thou sholdest thus cheke me.

Cont. Abyde, felowe ; thou ca[n]st [4] lytell curtesye !
Thou shalte be charmed or thou hens pase,
For thou troubled Pyte and layd on hym felony.
Where is Imagynacyon, thy felawe that was?

[1] W. Haw. manaye ; Haz. money.
[2] *Misprinted* goed *in* W.
[3] W. Haw. Haz. By.
[4] W. Haw. cast ; Haz. hast.

FREWYLL. I defye you bothe! Wyll you arest me?
PERS. Naye, naye, thy grete wordes maye not helpe the.
Fro us thou shalte not escape.
FREWYLL. Make rome, syrres, that I maye breke his pate!
I wyll not be taken for them bothe.
CONT. Thou shalt abyde, whether thou be leve or lothe!

[*Seizes him.*]

Therfore, good sone, lysten unto me,
And marke these wordes that I do tell the:

Thou hast folowed thyne one wyll many a daye
And lyved in synne without amendement;
Therfore in thy conceyte assaye
To axe God mercy, and kepe his commaundement;
Than on the he wyll have pyte
And brynge the to heven, that ioyfull cyte.

FREWYLL. What, horesone, wyll ye have me now a fole?
Naye, yet had I lever be captayne of Calays;
For, and I sholde do after your scole
To lerne to pater to[1] make me pevyss[h]e,
Yet had I lever loke with a face full thevysshe:
And therfore prate no lenger here
Leest my knaves fyste hytte you under the yere!

What, ye dawes, wolde ye reed me
For to lese[2] my pleasure in youth and jolyte,
To basse and kysse my swete trully mully,
As Jane, Cate, Besse, and Sybble, [to]?
I wolde that hell were full of suche prymmes!
Than wolde I renne thyder on my pynnes
As fast as I myght go.

PERS. Why, syr, wylte[3] thou not love vertu
And forsake thy synne for the love of God Almyghty?

[1] *Qy.* woide.
[2] W. Haw. lesese.
[3] *Misprinted* whylte *in* Haw.

FREWYLL. What, God Almyghty? By Goddes fast at Salysbury, —
And I trowe Eester-day fell on Whytsonday that yere, —
There were v score save an hondred in my company,
And at Pety Judas we made ryall chere.
There we had good ale of Myghelmas bruyng,
There heven-hye lepynge and spryngynge;

And thus dyde I
Lepe out of Burdeaus unto Caunterbury,
Almost ten myle bytwene!

CONT. Frewyll, forsake all this worlde wylfully here
And change by-tyme! Thou oughtest to stonde in fere,
For Fortune wyll tourne her whele to[1] swyfte,
That clene fro thy welthe she wyll the lyfte.
FREWYLL. What, lift me? Who? And Imagynacyon were here now,
I-wys, with his fyst he wolde all to-cloute you.
Hens, horesone[s], tary no lenger here,
For by Saynt Pyntell the apostell I swere
That I wyll dryve you bothe home, —
And yet I was never wonte to fyght alone;
Alas, that I had not one to bolde me!
Than you sholde se me playe the man shamfully.
Alas, hyt wolde do me good to fyghte!
How saye you, lordes, shall I smyte?
Have amonge you, by this lyght!
Hens, horesones! and home at ones!
Or with my wepen I shall breke your bones!
Avaunt, you knave[s], walke, by my counseyll!
PERS. Sone, remembre the grete paynes of hell;
They are so horryble that no tonge can tell;
Beware lest thou thyder do go!
FREWYLL. Naye, by Saynt Mary, I hope, not so!
I wyll not go to the devyll whyle I have my lyberte;

[1] W. Haw. to; Haz. so.

He shall take the laboure to fet me and he wyl have me!
For he that wyll go to hell by his wyll voluntary,[1]
The devyll and the worlewynde go wyth hym!
I wyll you never fro thens tydynges brynge;
Go you before and shewe me the waye,
And as to folowe you I wyll not saye naye,
For, by Goddes body, and you be in ones,
By the masse, I wyll shytte the dore at ones,
And than be ye taken in a pytfall!
CONT. Now, Ihesus soone defende us frome that hole!
For *Qui est in inferno, nulla est redemptio:*
Holy Job spake these wordes full longe ago.
FREWYLL. Nay, I have done and you lade[2] out Latyn with scopes![3]
But therewith can you cloute me a payre of botes?
By Our Lady, ye sholde have some werke of me;
I wolde have them well underlayd and easely,

For I use alwaye to go one[4] the one syde.
And trowe ye how? By God, in the stockes I sate tyde[5]
I trowe a thre wekes, and more a lytell stounde;
And there I laboured sore daye by daye,
And so I tred my shone inwarde, in good faye.
Lo, therefore, methynke, you must soule them rounde!

If you have ony newe botes, a payre I wolde by;
But I thynke your pryce be to hye.
Syr, ones at Newgate I bought a payre of sterrups,[6]
A myghty payre and a stronge;
A hole yere I ware them so longe,
But they came not fully to my knee,
And to cloute them hyt cost not me a peny.
Even now, and ye go thyder, ye shall fynde a grete hepe;
And you speke in my name, ye shall have good chepe.

[1] W.; Haw. Haz. voluntarily.
[2] Haz. laid.
[3] W.; Haw. Haz. scope.
[4] Haz., *of course*, on.
[5] W. Haw. tyd(e); Haz. till.
[6] W.; Haw. sterrup.

PERS. Syr, we came never there, ne never shall do.
FREWYLL. Mary, I was taken in a trap there, and tyde by the to,
That I halted a grete whyle and myght not go.
I wolde ye bothe sate as fast there ;
Than sholde ye daunce as a bere,
And all by gangelynge of your chaynes.
CONT. Why, syr, were ye there?
FREWYLL. Ye, and that is sene by my braynes ;
For, or I came there, I was as wyse as a woodcock,
And, I thanke God, as wytte as a haddocke.
Yet I trust to recover, as other dose ;
For, and I had ones as moche wytte as a gose,
I sholde be marchaunt of the banke.
Of golde than I sholde have many a franke ;
For yf I myȝt make iii good vyages to Shoters Hyl,
And have wynde and weder at my wyll,
Than wolde I never travell the see more.
But hyt is harde to kepe the shyppe fro the shore,
And yf hyt happe to ryse a storme ;
Than throwen in a rase,[1] and so aboute borne,
On rockes or brachis for to ronne,
Elles to stryke grounde at Tyborne, —
That were a myschevous case!
For that rocke of Tyborne is so peryllous a place
Yonge galauntes dare not venture into Kente,
But whan theyr monaye is gone and spente,
With theyr longe botes[2] they rowe on the baye, —
And ony man-of-warre lye by the waye,
They must take a bote and throwe the helme a-le ;[3]
And full harde hyt is to scape that grete jeopardye,
For at Saynt Thomas of Watrynge and they stryke a sayle,
Than must they ryde in the haven of hempe[4] without fayle.

[1] Haz. raft. [2] Haz. *prints* boots.
[3] W. Haw. Haz. ale; *in spite of the rhyme*, Haz. *explains it as* heel.
[4] Haz. hemp; W. Haw. hepe.

And were not these two jeopordous place in-dede,
Ther is many a marchaunt that thyder wolde spede.
But yet we have a sure canell[1] at Westmynster,
A thousande shyppes of theves therin may ryde sure ;
For yf they may have ankerholde and grete spendynge,
They may lyve as mery as ony kynge.
PERS. Good[2] wote, syr, there is a pyteous lyvynge !
Than ye drede not the grete mayster above?
Sone, forsake thy mysse for his love,
And than mayst thou come to the blisse also.
FREWYLL. Why, what wolde you that I sholde do?
CONT. For to go towarde heven.[3]
FREWYLL. Mary, and you wyll me thyder brynge,[4]
I wolde do after you.
PERS. I praye you remembre my wordes now :

Frewyll, bethynke the that thou shalte dye,
And of the houre thou art[5] uncertayne,
Yet by thy lyfe thou mayst fynde a remedy ;
For, and thou dye in synne, all laboure is in vayne, —
Than shall thy soule be styll in payne,
Loste and dampned for evermore,
Helpe is past, thoughe thou wolde fayne,
Than thou wylte curse the tyme that thou were bore.

FREWYLL. Syr, yf ye wyll undertake that I saved shall be,
I wyll do all the penaunce that you wyll sette me.
CONT. If that thou for thy synnes be sory,
Our Lorde wyll forgyve them the.[6]

FREWYLL. Now of all my synnes I axe God mercy ;
Here I forsake synne and trust to amende ;
I beseche Ihesu, that is moost myghty,
To forgyve all that I have offende.

[1] Haz., *of course*, channel.
[2] Haz. *prints* God.
[3] *Qy.* Towarde heven for to go.
[4] *Qy.* me brynge therto.
[5] Haz.; W. Haw. are, *which is possible.*
[6] W. Haw. Haz. the them.

PERS. Our Lorde now wyll shewe the his mercy ;
A new name thou nede none have,
For all that wyll to heven hye,
By his owne frewyll he must forsake folye, —
Than is he sure and save.

CONT. Holde here a newe garment,
And here-after lyve devoutly,
And for thy synnes do ever repente, —
Sorowe for thy synnes is very remedy.
And, Frewyll, ever to Vertue applye ;
Also to Sadnes gyve ye attendaunce,
Let hym never out of remembraunce.
FREWYLL. I wyll never frome you, syr Perseveraunce ;

With you wyll I abyde bothe daye and nyght,
Of mynde never to be varyable,
And Goddes co*m*mandementes to kepe them ryght
In deed and worde, and ever full stable.
PERS. Than heven thou shalte have, without fable,
But loke that thou be stedfaste,
And let thy mynde with good wyll laste !

[*Enter Imagynacyon.*]

IMAG. Huffe ! huffe ! huffe ! who sent after me?
I am Imagynacyon, full of jolyte ;
Lorde, that my herte is lyght !
Whan shall I perysshe? I trowe, never!
By Cryst, I recke not a feder !
Even now I was dubbed a knyght.

Where? At Tyburne. Of the coller.
And of the stewes I am made controller,
Of all the houses of lechery ;
There shall no man playe doccy there,
At the Bell, Hertes Horne, ne elles-where,
Without they have leve of me.

But, syrres, wote ye why I am come hyder?
By Our Lady, to gyder[1] good company togyder.
Sawe ye no[ugh]t of my felawe, Frewyll?
I am aferde lest he be serchynge on a hyll;
By God, than one of us is begyled!
What felawe is this that in this cote is fyled?
Kockes deth! whome have we here?
What! Frewyll, myn owne fere?
Arte thou out of thy mynde?
FREWYLL. God graunte the waye to heven I maye fynde,
For I forsake thy company.
IMAG. Goddes armes! my company? and why?
FREWYLL. For thou lyvest to synfully.
IMAG. Alas! tell me how hyt is with the!
FREWYLL. Forsake thy synne for the love of me.
IMAG. Kockes herte! arte thou waxed made?
FREWYLL. Whan I thynke on my synne, it makes me ful sade.
IMAG. Goddes woundes! who gave the that counsell?
FREWYLL. Perseveraunce and Contemplacyon, I the tell.
IMAG. A vengeaunce on them! I wolde they were in hell!
FREWYLL. Amende, Imagynacyon, and mercy crye!
IMAG. By Goddes sydes, I hadde lever be hanged on hye!
Naye, that wolde I not do; I hadde lever dye.
By Goddes passyon, and I hadde a longe knyfe,
I wolde bereve these two horesones of theyr lyfe!
How, how![2] twenty pounde[3] for a dagger!
CONT. Peas, peas, good sone, and speke softer!
And amende or Deth drawe his draught,
For on the he wyll stele full softe, —
He gyveth never no man warnynge,
And ever to the he is comynge:
Therfore remembre the well.

[1] W. Haw. togyder; Haz. to gather.
[2] Haz. *modernizes to* how, *not* ho.
[3] W.; Haw. Haz. pounds.

IMAG. A! horesone, if I were jayler of hell,
I-wys, some sorowe sholde thou fele;
For to the devyll I wolde the sell,
Than sholde ye have many a sory mele.

I wolde never gyve you mete ne drynke;
Ye sholde faste, horesones, tyll ye dyde stynke
Even as a roten dogge,—ye, by Saynt Tyburne of Kent!
PERS. Imagynacyon, thynke what God dyd for the:
On Good Frydaye he hanged on a tre,
And all his precyous blode spent;[1]

A spere dyde ryve his herte a-sonder;
The gates he brake up with a clappe of thunder,
And Adam and Eve there delyvered he.
IMAG. What devyll, what is that to me?
By Goddes fast, I was ten yere in Newgate,
And many more felawes with me sate,
Yet he never came there to helpe me ne my company.
CONT. Yes, he holpe the, or thou haddest not ben here now.
IMAG. By the masse, I can not sewe[2] you;

For he and I never dranke togyder,
Yet I knowe many an ale-stake;
Neyther at the stues, I wyste[3] hym never come[4] thyder.
Gooth he arrayed in whyte or in blacke?

For, and he out of pryson hadde holpe me,
I knowe well ones I sholde hym se;
I praye you, what gowne wereth he?[5]
PERS. Syr, he halpe you out by his myght.

[1] W. Haw. Haz. And spent all his precyous blode.
[2] W. Haw. Haz. shewe.
[3] Haz. i-wis.
[4] W.; Haw. Haz. he never came.
[5] W. Haw. Haz. What gowne wereth he, I praye you?

IMAG. I can not tell you, by this lyght!
But me thought that I laye there to longe;
And the horesone fetters were so stronge
That hadde almost brought my necke out of joynt.
PERS. Amende, and thou shalt knowe hym, sone,[1]
That delyvered the out of pryson;
And, yf thou wylt forsake thy mysse,
Surely thou shalt come to the blysse
And be inherytoure of heven.

IMAG. What, syr, above the mone?
Naye, by the masse; then sholde I fall soone!
Yet I kepe not to clymme so hye;
But to clymme for a byrdes neste,
There is none bytwene eest and weste
That dare therto ventre better than I!

But to ventre to heven — what and my fete slyppe?
I knowe well than I sholde breke my necke,
And, by God, than hadde I the worse syde!
Yet had I lever be by the nose tyde
In a wenches ars somewhere
Rather than I wolde stande in that grete fere,
For to go up to heven. Naye, I praye you lette be.
FREWYLL. Imagynacyon, wylte thou do by the counseyll of me?
IMAG. Ye, syr, by my trouthe, what-somever it be.
FREWYLL. Amende yet, for my sake;
Hyt is better be-tyme than to late!
How saye you, wyll you Goddes hestes fulfyll?
IMAG. I wyll do, syr, even as you wyll.

But, I praye you, let me have a newe cote
Whan I have nede, and in my purse a grote
Than wyll I dwell with you styll.

[1] W. Haw. Haz. Amende, sone, and thou shalt knowe hym.

FREWYLL. Beware, for whan thou arte buryed in the grounde,
Fewe frendes for the wyll be founde :
Remembre this styll !

IMAG. No-thynge drede I so sore as deth ;
Therefore to amende I thynke hyt be tyme.
Synne have I used all the dayes of my breth,
With pleasure, lechery and mysusynge,

And spent amys my v wyttes ; therfore I am sory.
Here of all my synnes I axe God mercy.
PERS. Holde ! here is a better clothynge for the.
And loke that thou forsake thy foly ;
Be stedfast, loke that thou fall never.
IMAG. Now, here I forsake my synne for-ever.
FREWYLL. Syr, wayte thou now on Perseveraunce,
For thy name shall be called Good Remembraunce ;
And I wyll dwell with Contemplacyon,
And folowe hym where-ever he become.
CONT. Well, are ye so bothe agrede?
IMAG. Ye, syr, so God me spede !

PERS. Syr, ye shall wete on me soone,
And be Goddes servaunt daye and nyght ;
And in every place where ye become
Gyve good counseyle to every wyght ;

And men axe your name, tell you Remembraunce,
That Goddes lawe kepeth truly every daye,
And loke that ye forget not Repentaunce ;
Than to heven ye shall go the nexte waye,

Where ye shall se in the hevenly quere
The blessyd company of sayntes so holy,
That lyved devou[t]ly whyle they were here :
Unto the whiche blysse I beseche God Almyghty

To brynge there your soules that here be present
And unto vertuous lyvynge that ye maye applye,
Truly for to kepe his commaundemente.[1]

Of all our myrthes here we make an ending ;[2]
Unto the blysse of heven Ihesu your soules brynge !

AMEN.

Enprynted
by me *Wynkyn de*
Worde.

[1] Haz. commandments.

[2] W. Haw. Haz. ende.

THE PLAY OF WYT AND SCIENCE.

By JHON REDFORD.

Printed from the edition by J. O. Halliwell (Shakespeare Society, 1848). In the footnotes, H. indicates this edition. The MS., formerly the property of B. H. Bright, Esq., is now in the British Museum. The play is incomplete at the beginning; a reconstruction of the plot of the missing part will be found in vol. III of this book.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Wyt.	Study.
Science.	Dylygence.
Reason.	Instruccion.
Experyence.	Tediousnes.
Confydence.	Idellnes.
Honest Recreacion,	Shame.

Cumfort, Quyckne, Strength.
Fame, Ryches, Favor, Woorshyp.]

. . . . . .

Reason. Then in remembrance of Reson hold yee
A glas of Reson, wherein beholde yee
Youre-sealfe to youre-selfe. Namely when ye
Cum neere my dowghter, Science, then see
That all thynges be cleane and trycke abowte ye,
Least of sum sloogyshnes she myght dowte ye.
Thys glas of Reason shall show ye all;
Whyle ye have that, ye have me, and shall.
Get ye foorth, now! Instruccion, fare-well!

Instr.[1] Syr, God keepe ye!

Heere all go out save Resone.

1 H. *gives the name of each speaker in full.*

REASON. And ye all from parell !
If anye man now marvell that I
Woolde bestowe my dowghter thus baselye,
Of truth I, Reson, am of thys mynde :
Where partyes together be enclynde
By gyftes of graces to love ech other,
There let them joyne the tone wyth the toother.
Thys Wyt such gyftes of graces hath in hym
That makth my dowghter to wysh to wyn hym :
Yoong, paynefull, tractable and capax, —
Thes be Wytes gyftes whych Science doth axe.
And as for her, as soone as Wyt sees her,
For all the world he woold not then leese her.
Wherfore, syns they both be so meete matches
To love ech other, strawe for the patches
Of worldly mucke ! Syence hath inowghe
For them both to lyve. Yf Wyt be throwhe
Stryken in love, as he synes hath showde,
I dowte not my dowghter well bestowde.
Thende of hys jornay wyll aprove all.
Yf Wyt hold owte, no more proofe can fall ;
And that the better hold out he[1] may,
To refresh my soone, Wyt, now by the way
Sum solas for hym I wyll provyde.
An honest woman dwellth here besyde
Whose name is cald Honest Recreacion ;
As men report, for Wytes consolacion
She hath no peere ; yf Wyt were halfe deade,
She cowld revyve hym, — thus is yt sed.
Wherfore, yf monye or love can hyre her,
To hye after Wyt I wyll desyre her.

[*Exit Reason.*] *Confydence cumth in with a pycture of Wyt.*

[CONF.] Ah ! syr, what tyme of day yst, who can tell?
The day ys not far past, I wot well,
For I have gone fast and yet I see

[1] H. ye.

I am far from where as I wold be.
Well, I have day inowgh yet, I spye ;
Wherfore, or I pas hens, now must I
See thys same token heere, a playne case,
What Wyt hath sent to my ladyes grace.

[*Examines his packet.*]

Now wyll ye see a goodly pycture
Of Wyt hymsealfe, hys owne image sure, —
Face, bodye, armes, legges, both lym and joynt, —
As lyke hym as can be, in every poynt ;
Yt lakth but lyfe. Well I can hym thanke,
Thys token in-deede shall make sum cranke ;
For, what wyth thys pycture so well faverde,
And what wyth those sweete woordes so well saverd
Dystyllyng from the mowth of Confydence, —
Shall not thys apese the hart of Science?
Yes ; I thanke God I am of that nature
Able to compas thys matter sure,
As ye shall see now, who lyst to marke yt,
How neately and feately I shall warke yt.

[*Exit Confydence.*] *Wyt cumth in without Instruccion, with Study, &c.*

[WYT.] Now, syrs, cum on ; whyche is the way now,
Thys way or that way? Studye, how say you?

[*Study considers.*]

Speake, Dylygence, whyle he hath bethowghte hym.
DYL. That way, belyke ; most usage hath wrowht hym.
STUD. Ye, hold your pesse! Best we here now stay
For Instruccion ; I lyke not that waye.
WYT. Instruccion, Studye? I weene we have lost hym.

Instruccion cumth in.

[INSTR.] Indeade, full gently abowte ye have tost hym!
What mene you, Wyt, styll to delyghte
Runnynge before thus, styll owt of syghte,
And therby out of your way now quyghte?

What doo ye here excepte ye woold fyghte?
Cum back agayne, Wyt, for I must choose ye
An esyer way then thys, or ells loose ye.
WYT. What ayleth thys way? Parell here is none.
INSTR. But as much as your lyfe standth upon;
Youre enmye, man, lyeth heere before ye, —
Tedyousnes, to brayne or to gore ye!
WYT. Tedyousnes? Doth that tyrant rest
In my way now? Lord, how am I blest
That occacion so nere me sturres
For my dere hartes sake to wynne my spurres!
Ser, woold ye fere me with that fowle theeafe,
Wyth whome to mete my desyre is cheafe?
INSTR. And what woold ye doo, — you havyng nowghte
For your defence? for thowgh ye have cawghte
Garmentes of Science upon your backe,
Yet wepons of Science ye do lak.
WYT. What wepons of Science shuld I have?
INSTR. Such as all lovers of ther looves crave, —
A token from Ladye Science wherbye
Hope of her favor may spryng, and therbye
Comforte, whych is the weapon dowteles
That must serve youe agaynst Tedyousnes.
WYT. Yf hope or comfort may be my weapen,
Then never with Tedyousnes mee threten;
For, as for hope, of my deere hartes faver —
And therby comfort — inowghe I gather.
INSTR. Wyt, here me! Tyll I see Confydence
Have browght sum token from Ladye Science,
That I may feele that she favorth you,
Ye pas not thys way, I tell you trew.
WYT. Whych way than?
INSTR. A playner way, I told ye,
Out of danger from youre foe to hold ye.
WYT. Instruccion, here me! Or my swete hart
Shall here that Wyt from that wreche shall start
One foote, thys bodye and all shall cracke!

Foorth I wyll, sure, what-ever I lacke!
DYL. Yf ye lacke weapon, syr, here is one.
WYT. Well sayde, Dylygence, thowe art alone!
How say ye, syr; is not here weapon?
INSTR. Wyth that weapon your enmy never threton,
For wythowt the returne of Confydence
Ye may be slayne, sure, for all Dylygence.
DYL. God, syr! and Dylygence, I tell you playne,
Wyll play the man or my master be slayne!
INSTR. Ye; but what! sayth Studye no wurde to thys?
WYT. No, syr; ye knowe Studyes ofyce is
Meete for the chamber, not for the feeld.
But tell me, Studye, wylt thow now yeld?
STUD. My hed akth sore; I wold wee returne!
WYT. Thy hed ake now? I wold it were burne!
Cum on; walkyng may hap to ese the.
INSTR. And wyll ye be gone, then, wythout mee?
WYT. Ye, by my fayth; except ye hy ye after,
Reson shall know yee are but an hafter.

Exceat Wyt, Study and Dylygence.

INSTR. Well, go your way! Whan your father, Reson,
Heerth how ye obay me at thys season,
I thynke he wyll thynke hys dowghter now
May mary another man for you.
When wytes stand so in ther owne conceite,
Best let them go, tyll pryde at hys heyghte
Turne and cast them downe hedlong agayne,
As ye shall see provyd by thys Wyt playne.
Yf Reson hap not to cum the rather,
Hys owne dystruccion he wyll sure gather;
Wherefore to Reson wyll I now get me,
Levyng that charge whereabowt he set mee.

Exceat Instruccion. Tedyousnes cumth in with a vyser over hys hed.

[TEDY.] Oh the body of me!
What kaytyves be those

That wyll not once flee
From Tediousnes nose,
But thus dysese me
Out of my nest,
When I shoold ese mee
Thys body to rest!
That Wyt, that vylayne,
That wrech, — a shame take hym! —
Yt is he playne
That thus bold doth make hym,
Wythowt my lycence
To stalke by my doore
To that drab, Syence,
To wed that whore!
But I defye her;[1]
And for that drabes sake,
Or Wyt cum ny her,
The knaves hed shall ake;
Thes bones, this mall,
Shall bete hym to dust
Or that drab shall
Once quench that knaves lust!
But, hah! mee thynkes
I am not halfe lustye;
Thes jo[y]ntes, thes lynkes,
Be ruffe and halfe rustye;
I must go shake them,
Supple to make them!
Stand back, ye wrechys!
Beware the fechys
Of Tediousnes,
Thes kaytyves to bles!
Make roome, I say!
Rownd evry way,
Thys way, that way!
What cares[2] what way?

[1] H. here. [2] *Qy.* What care I *or* Who cares.

Before me, behynd me,
Rownd abowt wynd me!
Now I begyn
To swete in my skin;
Now am I nemble
To make them tremble.
Pash hed! pash brayne!
The knaves are slayne,
All that I hyt!
Where art thow, Wyt?
Thow art but deade!
Of goth thy hed
A' the fyrst blow!
Ho, ho! ho, ho!

Wyt spekyth at the doore.

[WYT.] Studye!
STUD. Here, syr!
WYT. How, doth thy hed ake?
STUD. Ye, God wot, syr, much payne I do take!
WYT. Dylygens!
DYL. Here, syr, here!
WYT. How dost thow?
Doth thy stomak serve the to fyght now?
DYL. Ye, syr, wyth yonder wrech, — a vengans on hym!
That thretneth you thus. Set evyn upon hym!
STUD. Upon hym, Dylygence? Better nay![1]
DYL. Better nay, Studye? Why shoold we fray?[2]
STUD. For I am wery; my hed akth sore.
DYL. Why, folysh Studye, thow shalt doo no more
But ayde my master wyth thy presens.
WYT. No more shalt thow nether, Dylygence.
Ayde me wyth your presence, both you twayne,
And for my love myselfe shall take payne!

[1] *Lines* 199–201 *erased in* MS.
[2] Kittredge *suggests that* fray *may be a misreading of* stay.

STUD. Syr, we be redye to ayde you so.
WYT. I axe no more, Studye. Cum then, goe!

Tedyiousnes rysyth up.

[TEDY.] Why, art thow cum?
WYT. Ye, wrech, to thy payne!
TEDI. Then have at the!
WYT. Have at the, agayne!

Here Wyt fallyth downe and dyeth.

TEDI. Lye thow there! Now have at ye, kaytyves!
Do ye fle, ifayth? A! horeson theves!
By Mahowndes bones, had the wreches taryd,
Ther neckes wythowt hedes they showld have caryd!
Ye, by Mahowndes nose, myght I have patted them,
In twenty gobbetes I showld have squatted them,
To teche the knaves to cum neere the snowte
Of Tediousnes! Walke furder abowte
I trow now they wyll. And as for thee,
Thow wylt no-more now troble mee.
Yet, lest the knave be not safe inowghe,
The horeson shall bere me another kuffe. [*Strikes him.*]

Now ly styll, kaytyv, and take thy rest,
Whyle I take myne in myne owne nest.

Exceat Tedy[*ousnes*].

Here cumth in Honest Recreacion, Cumfort, Quycknes, and Strenght, and go and knele abowt Wyt; and at the last verce reysyth hym up upon hys feete, and so make an end.

[*While they kneel, they sing this song:*] [1]

Gyve place, gyve place to Honest Recreacion;
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

When travelles grete in matters thycke
Have duld your wyttes and made them sycke,

[1] *The song inserted here occurs in* MS. *among the songs that follow the play. It clearly belongs here, however, as it has the superscription:* "The fyrst song in the play of Science."

What medson than your wyttes to quycke?
Yf ye wyll know, the best phisycke
Is to geve place to Honest Recreacion;
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion!

Where is that Wyt that we seeke than?
Alas, he lyeth here pale and wan!
Helpe hym at once now, yf we can.
O Wyt, how doest thow? Looke up, man!
O Wyt, geve place to Honest Recreacion;
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion!

After place gyvyn, let eare obay;
Gyve an eare, O Wyt, now we the pray;
Gyve eare to that we syng and say;
Gyve an eare, and healp wyll cum strayghteway;
Gyve an eare to Honest Recreacion;
Gyve an ere, now, for thy consolacion!

After eare gyvyn, now gyve an eye!
Behold thy freendes abowte the lye:
Recreacion I, and Comfort I,
Quicknes am I, and Strength herebye.
Gyve an eye to Honest Recreacion;
Gyve an eye, now, for thy consolacion!

After eye gyvyn, an hand gyve ye!
Gyve an hand, O Wyt, feele that ye see;
Recreacion feele, feele Comfort fre,
Feele Quicknes here, feale Strength to the!
Gyve an hand to Honest Recreacion;
Gyve an hand, now, for thy consolacion!

Upon his feete woold God he were!
To rayse hym now we neede not fere.
Stay you hys handes, whyle we hym[1] bere;
Now all at once upryght him rere!

[1] H. here.

O Wyt, gyve place to Honest Recreation ;
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion ! 262

And than Honest Recreacion sayth as folowyth :[1]

Hon. Rec. Now, Wyt, how do ye? Wyll ye be lustye?
Wyt. The lustier for you needes be must I.
Hon. Rec. Be ye all hole yet after your fall?
Wyt. As ever I was, thankes to you all.

Reson cummth in, and sayth as folowyth :

[Reson.] Ye myght thanke Reson that sent them to ye ;
But syns the[y] have [do] that the[y] shoold do ye,
Send them home, soonne, and get ye forwarde.
Wyt. Oh father Reson, I have had an hard 270
Chance synce ye saw me !
Reson.[2] I wot well that.
The more to blame ye,[3] when ye wold not
Obay Instruccion, as Reson wyld ye.
What marvell thowgh Tedyousness had kyld ye?
But let pas now, synce ye ar well agayne. 275
Set forward agayne Syence to attayne !
Wyt. Good father Reson, be not to hastye ;
In honest cumpany no tyme wast I.
I shall to youre dowghter all at leyser.
Reson. Ye, Wyt, is that the grete love ye rayse her? 280
I say, yf ye love my dowghter Science,
Get ye foorth at once, and get ye hence.

Al go out save Honest.[4]

Here Comfort, Quiknes and Strength go out.

[1] *In* H. *this and the stage direction preceding the song form a single sentence. For the sake of clearness, I have broken the sentence and inserted the song between the parts.*

[2] MS. Reson cumth in ; *corr. by* H.

[3] H. *says* : " *This sentence is repeated in the* MS. *by mistake, but part of the previous line seems to be wanting" ; but I see no reason for the latter statement.*

[4] H. *adds* [Recreacion]. *But it should seem that the scribe began to write:* Al go out save Honest Recreacion, Reason and Wyt, *but halfway through the sentence decided upon another form of expressing the same fact, and then neglected to erase what he had written.*

WYT. Nay, by Saynt George, they go not all yet!
RESON. No? wyll ye dysobey Reson, Wyt?
WYT. Father Reson, I pray ye content ye,
For we parte not yet.
RESON. Well, Wyt, I went ye
Had bene no such man as now I see.
Fare-well! *Exceat.*
HON. REC. He ys angry.
WYT. Ye, let hym be!
I doo not passe!
Cum now, a basse!
HON. REC. Nay, syr, as for bassys,
From hence none passys
But as in gage
Of mary-age.
WYT. Mary, evyn so.
A bargayne, lo!
HON. REC. What, wythout lycence
Of Ladye Science?

WYT. Shall I tell you trothe?
I never lovde her.
HON. REC. The common voyce goth
That mariage ye movd her.

WYT. Promyse hath she none.
Yf we shalbe wone,
Wythout mo wurdes grawnt!
HON. REC. What, upon this soodayne?
Then myghte ye playne
Byd me avawnt!

Nay, let me see
In honeste
What ye can doo
To wyn Recreacion;
Upon that probacion
I grawnt therto.

WYT. Small be my dooinges,
But apt to all thynges
I am, I trust.
HON. REC. Can ye dawnce than?
WYT. Evyn as I can,
Prove me ye must.

HON. REC. Then for a whyle
Ye must excyle
This garment cumbryng.[1]
WYT. In-deede, as ye say,
This cumbrus aray
Woold make Wyt slumbryng.

HON. REC. Yt is gay geere
Of Science cleere, —
Yt seemth her aray.
WYT. Whose-ever it were,
Yt lythe now there! [*Takes off his gown.*]
HON. REC. Go to, my men, play!

Here [*the minstrels play and Honest Recreacion and Wyt*] *dawnce,*[2] *and in the mene-whyle Idellnes cumth in and sytth downe, and when the galyard is doone, Wyt sayth as folowyth, and so falyth downe in Idellnes lap.*

WYT. Sweete hart, gramercys!
HON. REC. Why, whether now? Have ye doone, synce?
WYT. Ye, in fayth, with wery bones ye have possest me; Among thes damselles now wyll I rest me.
HON. REC. What, there?
WYT. Ye, here; I wylbe so bold.
IDLE. Ye, and wellcum, by hym that God sold!
HON. REC. Yt ys an harlot, may ye not see?
IDLE. As honest a woman as ye be!
HON. REC. Her name is Idlenes. Wyt, what mene you?
IDLE. Nay, what meane you to scolde thus, you quene, you?

[1] H. cum bryng; *but cf.* l. 325.
[2] H. *Here they dawnce.*

WYT. Ther, go to! Lo! now for the best game!
Whille I take my ese, youre toonges now frame!
HON. REC. Ye, Wyt; by youre fayth, is that youre facion?
Wyll ye leave me, Honest Recreacion,
For that common strumpet, Idellnes,
The verye roote of all vyciousnes?
WYT. She sayth she is as honest as ye.
Declare yourselves both now as ye be!
HON. REC. What woolde ye more for my declaracion
Then evyn my name, Honest Recreacion?
And what wold ye more her to expres
Then evyn her name, to, Idlenes —
Dystruccion of all that wyth her tarye?
Wherfore cum away, Wyt; she wyll mar ye!
IDEL. Wyll I mar hym, drabb, thow calat, thow!
When thow hast mard hym all-redye now?
Cawlyst thow thysealfe Honest Recreacion,
Ordryng a poore man after thys facion,
To lame hym thus and make his lymmes fayle
Evyn wyth the swyngyng there of thy tayle?
The dyvyll set fyre one the! for now must I,
Idlenes, hele hym agayne, I spye.
I must now lull hym, rock hym, and frame hym
To hys lust agayne, where thow dydst lame hym.
Am I the roote, sayst thow, of vyciousnes?
Nay; thow art roote of all vyce dowteles!
Thow art occacion, lo! of more evyll
Then I, poore gerle, — nay, more then the dyvyll!
The dyvyll and hys dam can not devyse
More devlyshnes then by the doth ryse.
Under the name of Honest Recreacion,
She, lo! bryngth in her abhominacion!
Mark her dawnsyng, her maskyng, and mummyng —
Where more concupyscence then ther cummyng?
Her cardyng, her dycyng, dayly and nyghtlye —
Where fynd ye more falcehod then there? Not lyghtly.

Wyth lyeng and sweryng by no poppetes,
But teryng God in a thowsand gobbetes.
As for her syngyng, pypyng and fydlyng,
What unthryftynes therin is twydlyng!
Serche the tavernes and ye shall here cleere
Such bawdry as bestes wold spue to heere.
And yet thys is kald Honest Recreacion,
And I, poore Idlenes, abhomynacion!
But whych is wurst of us twayne, now judg, Wyt.

WYT. Byrladye, not thow, wench, I judge yet.

HON. REC. No? Ys youre judgment such then that ye
Can neyther perseve[1] that best, how she
Goth abowte to dyceve you, nor yet
Remembre how I savyd youre lyfe, Wyt?
Thynke you her meete wyth mee to compare
By whome so manye wytes curyd are?
When wyll she doo such an act as I dyd,
Savynge your lyfe when I you revyved?
And as I savyd you, so save I all
That in lyke jeoperdy chance to fall.
When Tediousnes to grownd hath smytten them,
Honest Recreacion up doth quyken them
Wyth such honest pastymes, sportes or games
As unto myne honest nature frames,
And not, as she sayth, with pastymes suche
As be abusyd lytell or muche, —
For where honest pastymes be abusyd,
Honest Recreacion is refused;
Honest Recreacion is present never
But where honest pastymes be well usyd ever.
But in-deede Idlenes, she is cawse
Of all such abuses; she, lo! drawes
Her sort to abuse myne honest games,
And therby full falsly my name defames.
Under the name of Honest Recreacion
She bryngth in all her abhomynacion,

[1] MS. peseve; *corr. by* H.

Dystroyng all wytes that her imbrace,
As youre-selfe shall see wythin short space.
She wyll bryng you to shamefull end, Wyt,
Except the sooner from her ye flyt.
Wherefore cum away, Wyt, out of her pawse!
Hence, drabb! let hym go out of thy clawse!

IDLE. Wyll ye get ye hence? or, by the mace,
Thes clawes shall clawe you by youre drabbes face!

HON. REC. Ye shall not neade; syns Wyt lyethe as wone
That neyther heerth nor seeth, I am gone. *Exceat.*

IDLE. Ye, so? fare-well! And well fare thow, toonge!
Of a short pele this pele was well roong, —
To ryng her hence, and hym fast asleepe
As full of sloth as the knave can kreepe!
How, Wyt! awake! How doth my babye?
Neque vox neque sensus, byr Ladye!
A meete man for Idlenes, no dowte.
Hark my pygg, how the knave dooth rowte!
Well, whyle he sleepth in Idlenes lappe,
Idlenes marke on hym shall I clappe.
Sum say that Idlenes can not warke;
But those that so say, now let them marke!
I trowe they shall see that Idlenes
Can set hersealfe abowt sum busynes;
Or, at the lest, ye shall see her tryde,
Nother idle nor well ocupyde.

[*She marks Wyt.*]

Lo! syr, yet ye lak another toye!
Wher is my whystell to call my boye?

Here she whystleth, and Ingnorance cumth in.

[INGN.] I cum! I cum!

IDLE. Coomme on, ye foole!
All thys day or ye can cum to scoole?

INGN. Um! mother wyll not let me cum.

IDLE. I woold thy mother had kyst thy bum!

She wyll never let the thryve, I trow.
Cum on, goose! Now, lo! men shall know
That Idlenes can do sumwhat, ye,
And play the scoolemystres, to, yf neade bee.
Mark what doctryne by Idlenes cummes!
Say thy lesson,[1] foole.
INGN. Upon my thummes?
IDEL. Ye, upon thy thummes; ys not there thy name?
INGN. Yeas.
IDLE. Go to, than; spell me that same.
Where was thou borne?
INGN. Chwas i-bore in Ingland, mother sed.
IDLE. In Ingland?
INGN. Yea.
IDLE. And whats [2] half Ingland?
Heeres ing; and heeres land. Whats tys?
INGN. Whats tys?
IDEL. Whats tys? horeson, whats tys?
Heeres ing; and heeres land. Whats tys?
INGN. Tys my thum.
IDEL. Thy thum? Yng, horeson, ing, ing!
INGN. Yng, yng, yng, yng.
IDEL. Foorth! Shall I bete thy narse, now?
INGN. Um-m-m —
IDEL. Shall I not bete thy narse, now?
INGN. Um-um-um —
IDEL. Say "no," foole, say "no."
INGN. Noo, noo, noo, noo, noo!
IDEL. Go to, put together: yng!
INGN. Yng.
IDEL. No!
INGN. Noo.
IDEL. Forth now! What sayth the dog?

[1] *It will aid the reader to follow this exemplification of the syllabic method if he bears in mind from the start that the name of Ignorance is pronounced Ing-no-ran-s-y.*

[2] H. *prints* what 's *here only.*

INGN. Dog barke.
IDLE. Dog barke? Dog ran, horeson, dog ran!
INGN. Dog ran, horson, dog ran, dog ran.
IDEL. Put together: ing!
INGN. Yng.
IDEL. No!
INGN. Noo.
IDEL. Ran!
INGN. Ran.
IDLE. Foorth now; what seyth the goose?
INGN. Lag! lag!
IDLE. Hys, horson, hys!
ING[N]. Hys, hys-s-s-s-s.
IDLE. Go to, put together: yng.
INGN. Ing.
IDLE. No.
INGN. Noo.
IDLE. Ran.
INGN. Ran.
IDLE. Hys.
ING[N]. Hys-s-s-s-s-s-s.
IDLE. No[w], who is a good boy?
INGN. I, I, I, I, I, I.
IDLE. Go to, put together: ing.
INGN. Ing.
IDLE. No.
INGN. Noo.
IDEL. Ran.
INGN. Ran.
IDEL. His.
INGN. Hys-s-s-s-s-s.
IDEL. I.
INGN. I.
IDEL. Ing-no-ran-his-I.
INGN. Ing-no-ran-hys-s-s-s.
IDLE. I.
INGN. I.

IDEL. Ing.
INGN. Ing.
IDEL. Foorth!
INGN. Hys-s-s-s.
IDEL. Ye, no, horeson, no.
INGN. Noo, noo, noo, noo.
IDLE. Ing-no.
INGN. Ing-noo.
IDLE. Forth now!
INGN. Hys-s-s-s-s.
IDEL. Yet agayne; ran, horeson, ran, ran.
INGN. Ran, horson, ran, ran.
IDLE. Ran, say!
INGN. Ran-say.
IDLE. Ran, horson!
INGN. Ran, horson.
IDLE. Ran.
INGN. Ran.
IDLE. Ing-no-ran.
INGN. Ing-no-ran.
IDEL. Foorth, now! What sayd the goose?
INGN. Dog barke.
IDLE. Dog barke? Hys, horson, hys-s-s-s-s-s,
INGN. Hys-s-s-s-s-s-s.
[1] IDLE. I; Ing-no-ran-hys-I.
INGN. Ing-no-ran-hys-I-s-s-s.
IDLE. I.
INGN. I.
IDLE. How sayst, now, foole? Is not there thy name?
INGN. Yea.
IDLE. Well than; can me that same!
What hast thow lernd?

[1] H. *has:* IDLE I.
INGN. Ing-no-ran-hys-I.
Ing-no-ran-hys-I-s-s-s.

and says that the whole speech assigned to INGN. "*should possibly be given to* IDLE., *but the* MS. *is apparently carelessly written in this place.*"

IGNG. Ich can not tell.
IDLE. "Ich can not tell"? thou sayst evyn very well,
For, yf thow cowldst tell, then had not I well
Towght the thy lesson which must be tawghte, —
To tell all when thow canst tell ryghte noght.
IGNG. Ich can my lesson.
IDLE. Ye; and therfore
Shalt have a new cote, by God I swore!
IGNG. A new cote?
IDLE. Ye, a new cote by-and-by.
Of wyth thys old cote; "a new cote" crye!
IGNG. A new cote, a new cote, a new cote!
IDLE. [1] Pease, horson foole!
Wylt thow wake hym now? Unbuttun thy cote, foole!
Canst thow do nothyng?
IGNG. I note how choold be.[1]
IDLE. "I note how choold be"? A foole betyde the!
So wysly hyt spekyth; cum on now; whan?
Put bak thyne arme, foole!

[*Takes off Ingnorance's coat.*]

IGNG. Put backe?
IDLE. So, lo! now let me see how thys geere
Wyll trym this jentle-man that lyeth heere, —
Ah! God save hyt, so sweetly hyt doth sleepe! —
Whyle on your back thys gay cote can creepe,
As feete as can be for this one arme.

[*Puts Wyt's gown on Ingnorance.*]

IGNG. Oh! cham a-cold.
IDLE. Hold, foole! keepe the warme,
And cum hyther; hold this hed here; softe now, for wakyng!
Ye shall see wone here browght in such takynge
That he shall soone scantlye knowe hymsealfe.
Heere is a cote as fyt for this elfe
As it had bene made evyn for thys bodye.

[*Puts Ingnorance's coat on Wyt.*]

1-1 *As three lines in* H., *ending*, now, nothyng, be.

So! It begynth to looke lyke a noddye!
IGN. Um-m-m-m —
IDLE. What aylest now, foole?
IGN. New cote is gone!
IDLE. And why is it gone?
IGN. 'Twool not byde on.
IDLE. "'Twool not byde on"? 'Twoold if it cowlde!
But marvell it were that byde it shoold, —
Sciens garment on Ingnorance bak! —
But now lets se, syr; what do ye lak?
Nothyng but evin to bukell heere this throte,
So well this Wyt becumthe a fooles cote!
IGN. He is I now!
IDLE. Ye; how lykste hym now?
Is he not a foole as well as thow?
IGN. Yeas.
IDLE. Well, than, won foole keepe another!
Geve me this, and take thow that brother.
IGN. Um-m —
IDLE. Pyke the home, go!
IGN. Chyll go tell my moother! [*Exit.*]
IDLE. Yea, doo!
But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo!
Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo!
And heere agayne! and now this heele
To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele,
By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole,
Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole!
[*Exit Idlenes.*]

Confydence cumth in with a swoord by his syde; and sayth as folowyth:

[CONF.] I seake and seake, as won on no grownde
Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde
Wandryng all abowt seakyng his master.
Alas! jentle Wyt, I feare the fasster
That[1] my tru servyce clevth unto thee,

[1] H. Thy; *perhaps it would be better to read* Thys.

The slacker thy mynd cleevth unto mee!
I have doone thye message in such sorte
That I not onlye, for thy comfort,
To vanquishe thyne enmy have browght heere
A swoord of comfort from thy love deere,
But also, furder, I have so enclynd her
That upon my wurdes she hath assynd her
In her owne parson half-way to meete thee,
And hytherward she came for to greete thee.
And sure, except she be turned agayne,
Hyther wyll she cum or be long, playne,
To seake to meate the heere in this cost.
But now, alas! thy-selfe thow hast lost,
Or, at the least, thow wylt not be fownd.
Alas! jentle Wyt, how doost thow woonde
Thy trusty and tru servant, Confydence,
To lease my credence to Ladye Science!
Thow lesyst me, to; for yf I can not
Fynd the shortly, lenger lyve I ma not,
But shortly get me evyn into a corner
And dye for sorowe throwhe such a scorner! *Exceat.*

Here the[y] *cum in with vyols.*

FAME. Cum syrs, let us not dysdayne to do
That the World hath apoynted us too.
FAVOR. Syns to serve Science the World hath sent us,
As the World wylth us, let us content us.
RYCHES. Content us we may, synce we be assynde
To the fayrest lady that lyvth, in my mynde!
WOORSHYP. Then let us not stay here muet and mum,
But tast we thes instrumentes tyll she cum.

Here the[y] *syng "Excedynge Mesure."*[1]

Exceedyng mesure, wyth paynes continewall,
Langueshyng in absens, alas! what shall I doe,
Infortunate wretch, devoyde of joyes all,

[1] *In* MS. *this song immediately follows* "The fyrst song in the play of Science," *and is headed* "The ij song."

Syghes upon syghes redoublyng my woe,
And teares downe fallyng fro myne eyes toe?
Bewty wyth truth so doth me constrayne
Ever to serve where I may not attayne!

Truth byndyth me ever to be true,
How-so-that fortune faverth my chance.
Duryng my lyfe none other but you
Of my tru hart shall have the governance!
O good swete hart, have you remembrance
Now of your owne, whych for no smart
Exyle shall yow fro my tru hart!

[*While they sing, Experyence and Science enter.*]

EXPER. Dowghter, what meanyth that ye dyd not syng?
SCIENCE. Oh mother, for heere remaynth a thynge!
Freendes, we thanke you for thes your plesures,
Takyn on us as chance to us measures.
WOORSHYPPE. Ladye, thes our plesures, and parsons too,
Ar sente to you, you servyce to doo.
FAME. Ladye Science, to set foorth your name
The World, to wayte on you, hath sent me, — Fame.
FAVOR. Ladye Science, for your vertues most plentye
The World, to cherysh you, Favor hath sent ye.
RYCHES. Lady Science, for youre benefytes knowne
The World, to mayntayne you, Ryches hath thrown.
WOORSHYP. And as the World hath sent you thes three,
So he sendth mee, — Woorshypp, — to avawnce your degre.
SCIENCE. I thank the World; but cheefly God be praysed,
That in the World such love to Science hath raysed!
But yet, to tell you playne, ye iiij ar suche
As Science lookth for lytell nor muche;
For beyng, as I am, a lone wooman,
Neede of your servyce I nether have nor can.
But, thankyng the World and you for your payn,
I send ye to the World evyn now agayne.
WOORSHYPPE. Why, ladye, set ye no more store by mee, —

Woorshypp? Ye set nowght by yourselfe, I se!
FAME. She setthe nowght by Fame; wherby I spye her,
She carethe not what the World sayth by her.
FAVOR. She setthe nowght by Favor; wherby I trye her,
She caryth not what the World sayth or dooth by her.
RYCHES. She setth nowght by Ryches; whych dooth showe
She careth not for the World. Cum, let us goe!

[*The four go out.*]

SCIENCE. In-deede, smalle cawse gevyn to care for the Worldes favering,
Seeyng the wyttes of [the] Worlde be so waveryng.
EXPER. What is the matter, dowghter, that ye
Be so sad? Open your mynd to mee.
SCIENCE. My marvell is no les, my good moother,
Then my greefe is greate, to see — of all other —
The prowde scorne of Wyt, soone to Dame Nature,
Who sent me a pycture of hys stature,
Wyth all the shape of hymselfe there openyng, —
Hys amorous love therby betokenyng,
Borne toward me in abundant facion;
And also, furder, to make ryght relacion
Of this hys love he put in commyshion
Such a messenger as no suspicion
Cowld growe in mee of hym, — Confydence.
EXPER. Um!
SYENCE. Who, I ensure ye, wyth such vehemence
And faythfull behavoure in hys movynge
Set foorth the pyth of hys masters lovynge
That no lyvyng creature cowld conjecte
But that pure love dyd that Wyt dyrect.
EXPER. So?
SCIENCE. Now, this beinge synce the space
Of three tymes sendyng from place to place
Betwene Wyt and hys man, I here no more
Nether of Wyt, nor his love so sore.

How thynk you by thys, my nowne deere mother?
EXPER. Dowghter, in this I can thynke none oother
But that it is true — thys proverbe old:
Hastye love is soone hot and soone cold!
Take hede, dowghter, how you put youre trust
To lyght lovers, to hot at the furst!
For had this love of Wyt bene growndyd
And on a sure fowndashyon fowndyd,
Lytell voyde tyme wold have bene betwene ye
But that this Wyt wolde have sent or seene ye.
SCIENCE. I thynke so.
EXPER. Ye; thynke ye so or no,
Youre mother, Experience, proofe shall showe
That Wyt hath set hys love — I dare say
And make ye warrantyse — another way.

Wyt cumth before.

[WYT.] But your warrantyse warrant no trothe!
Fayre ladye, I praye you be not wrothe
Tyll you here more; for, deere Ladye Science,
Had your lover, Wyt, — ye, or Confydence,
Hys man, — bene in helth all this tyme spent,
Long or this tyme Wyt had cumme or sent;
But the trothe is they have bene both sykke,
Wyt and hys man, ye and wyth paynes thycke
Bothe stayde by the way, so that your lover
Could neyther cum[1] nor send by none other.
Wherefore, blame not hym, but chance of syknes.
SCIENCE. Who is this?
EXPER. Ingnorance, or his lykenes.
SCIENCE. What, the common foole?
EXPER. Yt is much lyke hym.
SCIENCE. By my soothe, his toong servth him now trym!
What sayst thow, Ingnorance? Speak agayn!
WYT. Nay, ladye, I am not Ingnorance, playne,
But I am your owne deere lover, Wytt,

[1] MS. cumne; *corr. by* H.

That hath long lovd you, and lovth you yet ;
Wherefore, I pray the now, my nowne swetyng,
Let me have a kys at this our meetyng.
SCIENCE. Ye, so ye shall anone, but not yet.
Ah, syr, this foole here hath got sum wyt !
Fall you to kyssyng, syr, now-a-dayes?
Your mother shall charme you ; go your wayes !
WYT. What nedth all this, my love of long growne?
Wyll ye be so strang to me, your owne?
Youre aquayntance to me was thowht esye ;
But now your woordes make my harte all quesye,
Youre dartes at me so strangely be shott.
SCIENCE. Heere ye what termes this foole here hath got?
WYT. Well, I perseve my foolyshnes now ;
Indeede, ladyes no dasterdes alowe ;
I wylbe bolde wyth my nowne darlyng !
Cum now, a bas, my nowne proper sparlyng !
SCIENCE. What wylt thow, arrand foole?
WYT. Nay, by the mas,
I wyll have a bas or I hence pas !
SCIENCE. What wylt thow, arrande foole? Hence, foole,
I say !
WYT. What ! nothyng but foole and foole all this day?
By the mas, madam, ye can no good.
SCIENCE. Art a-sweryng, to? Now, by my hood,
Youre foolyshe knaves breeche vj strypes shall bere !
WYT. Ye, Godes bones! foole and knave to? be ye there?
By the mas, call me foole once agayne,
And thow shalt sure call a blo or twayne.[1]
EXPER. Cum away, dowghter, the foole is mad.
WYT. Nay, nor yet nether hence ye shall gad!
We wyll gre better, or ye pas hence.
I praye the now, good swete Ladye Science,
All this strange maner now hyde and cover,
And play the goodfelowe wyth thy lover !

[1] H. *says that the scribe here began to write the preceding speech of* ***Science, but erased it.***

SCIENCE. What goodfelowshyppe wold ye of me,
Whome ye knowe not, nether yet I knowe ye?
WYT. Know ye not me?
SCIENCE. No; how shoold I know ye?
WYT. Dooth not my pycture my parson shoow ye?
SCIENCE. Your pycture?
WYT. Ye, my picture, ladye,
That ye spake of. Who sent it but I?
SCIENCE. Yf that be youre pycture, then shall we
Soone se how you and your pycture agree.
Lo, here! the pycture that I named is this.
WYT. Ye, mary, myne owne lykenes this is.
You havyng this, ladye, and so lothe
To knowe me, whych this so playne showthe?
SCIENCE. Why, you are nothyng lyke, in myne eie.
WYT. No? How say ye? [*To Experience.*]
EXPER. As she sayth, so say I.
WYT. By the mas, than are ye both starke blynde!
What dyference betwene this and this can ye fynd?
EXPER. Marye, this is fayer, plesant and goodlye,
And ye are fowle, dysplesant and uglye.
WYT. Mary, avawnt, thow fowle ugly whoore!
SCIENCE. So! lo! now I perseve ye more and more.
WYT. What! perseve you me as ye wold make me,
A naturall foole?
SCIENCE. Nay, ye mystake me;
I take ye for no foole naturall,
But I take ye thus, — shall I tell all?
WYT. Ye, marye, tell me youre mynd, I pray ye,
Wherto I shall trust. No more delay ye.
SCIENCE. I take ye for no naturall foole,
Browght up among the innocentes scoole,
But for a nawgty vycious foole,
Browght up wyth Idellnes in her scoole.
Of all arrogant fooles thow art one!
WYT. Ye, Goges bodye!
EXPER. Cum, let us be gone!
[*The two go out.*]

WYT. My swerd! is yt gone? A vengeance on them!
Be they gone, to, and ther hedes upon them?
But, prowde quenes, the dyvyll go wyth you both!
Not one poynt of curtesye in them gothe.
A man is well at ease by sute to payne him
For such a drab, that so doth dysdayne hym!
So mokte, so lowted, so made a sot,
Never was I erst, synce I was begot!
Am I so fowle as those drabes wold make me?
Where is my glas that Reson dyd take me?
Now shall this glas of Reson soone trye me
As fayre as those drabes that so doth belye me.
Hah! Goges sowle! what have we here? a dyvyll?
This glas, I se well, hath bene kept evyll.
Goges sowle! a foole, a foole, by the mas!
What a very vengeance aylth this glas?
Other this glas is shamefully spotted,
Or els am I to shamefully blotted!
Nay, by Goges armes, I am so, no dowte!
How loke ther facis heere rownd abowte?
All fayre and cleere they, evrychone;
And I, by the mas, a foole alone,
Deckt, by Goges bones, lyke a very asse!
Ingnorance cote, hoode, eares, — ye, by the masse,
Kokescome and all; I lack but a bable!
And as for this face, [it] is abhominable,
As black as the devyll! God, for his passion!
Where have I bene rayde affter this fassyon?
This same is Idlenes, — a shame take her!
This same is her wurke, — the devill in hell rake her!
The whoore hath shamd me for-ever, I trow! —
I trow? Nay verely, I knowe!
Now it is so, the stark foole I playe
Before all people; now see it I maye.
Evrye man I se lawhe me to scorne;
Alas, alas, that ever I was borne!

Yt was not for nowght, now well I se,
That those too ladyes dysdayned me.
Alas! Ladye Science, of all oother —
How have I rayled on her and her moother!
Alas! that lady I have now lost
Whome all the world lovth and honoryth most!
Alas! from Reson had I not varyd,
Ladye Science or this I had maryd;
And those fower gyftes which the World gave her
I had woon, to, had I kept her favor;
Where now, in-stede of that lady bryght
Wyth all those gallantes seene in my syght, —
Favor, Ryches, ye, Worshyp and Fame, —
I have woone Hatred, Beggry and Open Shame.

Shame cumth in wyth a whyppe. [*Reason follows him.*]

Wyt. Out upon the, Shame! what doost thowe heere?
Reson. Mary, I, Reason, bad hym heere appeere.
Upon hym, Shame, wyth stryppes inow smitten,
While I reherce his fawtes herein wrytten:
Fyrst, he hath broken his promyse formerly
Made to me, Reson, my dowghter to marye;
Nexte, he hath broken his promyse promisyd
To obay Instruccion, and him dyspised;
Thurdlye, my dowghter Science to reprove,
Upon Idlenes he hath set his love;
Forthlye, he hath folowed Idellnes scoole
Tyll she hath made him a verye stark foole;
Lastlye, offendyng both God and man,
Sweryng grete othes as any man can,
He hath abused himselfe, to the grete shame[1]
Of all his kynred and los of his good name.
Wherfore, spare him not, Shame; bete him well there!
He hath deservyd more then he can beare.

[1] H. greteshame.

Wyt knelith downe.

[WYT.] Oh father Reson, be good unto me!
Alas, thes strypes of Shame will[1] undo me!
RESON. Be still a while, Shame! Wyt, what sayst thow?
WYT. Oh syr, forgeve me, I beseech you!
RESON. Yf I forgeve the thy ponyshment,
Wylt thow than folow thy fyrst entent
And promyse made, my dowghter to marye?
WYT. Oh syr, I am not woorthy to carye
The dust out where your dowghter shoold syt.
RESON. I wot well that; but yf I admyt
The, unwoorthy, agayne to her wooer,
Wylt thow then folow thy sewte unto her?
WYT. Ye, syr, I promyse you, while lyfe enduryth.
RESON. Cum neere, masters; heere is wone ensuryth

Here cumth Instruccion, Studye and Diligens in.

In woordes to becum an honest man!
Take him, Instruccion; do what ye can.
INSTR. What, to the purpose he went before?
RESON. Ye, to my dowghter prove him once more.
Take him, and trym hym in new aparell,
And geve that to Shame there to his farewell.
INSTR. Cum on your way, Wyt; be of good cheere;
After stormy clowdes cumth wether clere!

Instrucion, Study, Wyt and Dyligens go out.

RESON. Who lyst to marke now this chance heere doon,
May se what Wyt is wythout Reson.
What was this Wyt better then an asse
Being from Reson strayde, as he was?
But let pas now, synce he is well poonyshyd,
And thereby, I trust, meetely well monyshyd.
Ye, and I lyke him never the wurs, I,
Thowgh Shame hath handled hym shamefullye;
For, lyke as, yf Wyt had prowdly bent hym

[1] *Written over* wold *in* MS.

To resyst Shame, to make Shame absent hym,
I wold have thowght than that Wyt had bene —
As the sayeng is, and daylye seene —
Past Shame once, and past all amendment:
So, contra[r]ye, syns he dyd relent
To Shame, when Shame ponysht him evyn yll,
I have, I say, good hope in him styll.
I thynke, as I thowght, — yf joyne thei can, —
My dowghter wel bestowd on this man.
But all the dowte now is to thynke how
My dowghter takth this; for I may tell yow,
I thynk she knew this Wyt evyn as weele
As she seemd heere to know him no deele,
For lak of knoledge in Science there is none;
Wherfore, she knew him, and therupon
His mysbehavor perchance evyn strykyng
Her hart agaynst him, she — now myslykyng,
As women oft-tymes wylbe hard-hartyd —
Wilbe the stranger to be revertyd.
This must I helpe; Reson must now walke,
On Wytes part wyth my Science to talke.
A neere way to her know I, wherebye
My soonnes cummyng prevent now must I.
Perchance I may bryng my dowghter hyther;
Yf so, I dowght not to joyne them together.

Exceat Reson. Confydence cumth in.

[Conf.] I thanke God, yet at last I have fownd hym;
I was afrayde sum myschance had drownd him,
My master, Wyt, wyth whome I have spoken,
Ye, and deliverd token for token,
And have anoother to Science agayne, —
A hart of gold, syngnifyeng playne
That Science hath wun Wytes hart for-ever,
Whereby, I trust, by my good endever
To that good ladye, so sweete and so sortly,
A maryage betwene them ye shall see shortlye.

Confydens exceat. Instruccion cumth in wyth Wyt, Study and Dylygence.

[INSTR.] Lo! syr, now ye be entryd agayne
Toward that passage where dooth remayne
Tedyousnes, your mortall enmy;
Now may ye choose whether ye wyll trye
Your handes agayne on that tyrant stowte,
Or els walkyng a lytell abowte.
WYT. Nay; for Godes pashion, syr, let me meete him!
Ye se I am able now for to greete him.
This sword of cumfort, sent fro my love,
Upon her enmy needes must I proove!
INSTR. Then foorth there; and turne on your ryght hand
Up that mownt before ye shall see stand.
But heere ye! Yf your enmye chance to ryse,
Folowe my cowncell in anye wyse;
Let Studye and Dyligence flee ther towche,—
The stroke of Tediousnes, — and then cowche
Themselves, as I told ye, — ye wot how.
WYT. Ye, syr, for that how, marke the proofe now!
INSTR. To mark it, indeede, here wyll I abyde,
To see what chance of them wyll betyde;
For heere cumth the pyth, lo! of this iornaye,
That mowntayne before which they must assaye
Is cald in Laten *Mons Pernassus*,
Which mowntayne, as old auctors dyscus,
Who attaynth ones to sleepe on that mownt,
Ladye Science his owne he may cownt.
But, or he cum there, ye shall see fowght
A fyght with no les polycye wrowght
Then strenghth, I trow, if that may be praysed.
TEDI. Oh! ho! ho!
INSTR. Hark!
TEDI. [*entering*] Out, ye kaytyves!
INSTR. The feend is raysyd!
TEDI. Out, ye vilaynes! be ye cum agayne?
Have at ye, wretches!

WYT. Fle, syrs, ye twayne!
TEDI. Thei fle not far hens!
DYLI. Turne agayne, Studye!
STUDYE. Now, Dylygence!
INSTR. Well sayde! Hold fast now!
STUDYE. He fleeth!
DYLI. Then folowe!
INSTR. Wyth his owne weapon now wurke him sorow!
Wyt lyth at reseyte!
TEDI. (*dyeth*) Oh! ho! ho!
INSTR. Hark! he dyeth!
Where strength lakth, policye ssupplieth.

Heere Wyt cumth in and bryngth in the hed upon his swoorde, and sayth as folowyth:

WYT. I can ye thanke, syrs; this was well doone!
STUDYE. Nay, yours is the deede!
DYLI. To you is the thank![1]
INSTR. I can ye thank, all; this was well doone!
WYT. How say ye, man? Is this feelde well woonne?

Confydence cumth running in.

[CONF.] Ye, by my fayth, so sayth your deere hart.
WYT. Why where is she, that here now thow art?
CONF. Upon yonder mowntayne, on hye,
She saw ye strike that hed from the bodye;
Wherby ye have woonne her, bodye and all;
In token whereof reseve heere ye shall
A gowne of knoledge, wherin you must
Reseve her here strayght.
WYT. But sayst thow just?
[CONF.][2] So just I say that, except ye hye ye,
Or ye be redye, she wylbe by ye.
WYT. Holde! Present unto her this hed heere,
And gyve me warning when she cumth nere.

[*Exit Confydence.*]

[1] *Qy. insert* alone *after* thank.
[2] *Supplied by* H.

Instruccion, wyll ye helpe to devyse
To trim this geere now in the best wyse?
INSTR. Geve me that gowne, and cum wyth me, all!
DYLI. Oh, how this gere to the purpose dooth fall!

Confidens cumth running in.

[CONF.] How, master, master! Where be ye now?
WYT. Here, Confydence; what tydynges bryngst thow?
CONF. My ladye at hand heere dooth abyde ye;
Byd her wellcum! What, do ye hide ye?

Here Wyt, Instruccion, Studye, and Diligence syng "Wellcum, my nowne," and Syence, Experience, Reson and Confidence cum in at L[eft], and answer evre second verse:[1]

Wellcum, myne owne!
Wellcum, myne owne!

WYT *and his Cumpanye.*
O ladye deere,
Be ye so neere
To be knowne?
My hart yow cheere
Your voyce to here,
Wellcum, myne owne!

SCIENCE *and hir Cumpanye.*
As ye rejoyse
To here my voyce
Fro me thus blowne,
So in my choyce
I show my voyce
To be your owne.

WYT *and his Cumpanye.*
Then drawe we neere
To see and heere
My love long growne!
Where is my deere?
Here I apeere
To see myne owne.

[1] *Here as before I have removed the song from the latter part of the volume and inserted it in the middle of the stage direction. The song is headed:* "The thyrd Song."

SCIENCE *and hir Cumpanye.* To se and try
Your love truly
Till deth be flowne,
Lo! here am I,
That ye may spie
I am your owne.

WYT *and his Cumpanye.* Then let us meete,
My love so sweete,
Halfe-way heere throwne!

SIENS *and hir Cumpanye.* I wyll not sleete
My love to greete.
Wellcum, myne owne!

WYT *and his Cumpanye.* Wellcum, myne owne!

ALL *sing:* Wellcum, myne owne!

And when the song is doone, Reson sendyth Instruccion, Studye, and Dyligence, and Confidens out; and then, standyng in the myddell of the place, Wyt sayth as folowyth:

WYT. Wellcum, myne owne, wyth all my hole harte,
Whych shalbe your owne till deth us depart!
I trust, ladye, this knot evyn syns knyt.
SCIENCE. I trust the same; for syns ye have smitt
Downe my grete enmye, Tedyousnes,
Ye have woon me for-ever, dowghtles, —
Althowgh ye have woon a clogg wyth-all!
WYT. A clogg, sweete hart? what?
SCIENCE. Such as doth fall
To all men that joyne themselves in mariage, —
In kepyng ther wyves; a carefull cariage!
WYT. Careful? Nay, ladye, that care shall imploye
No clogg, but a key of my most joye.
To kepe you, swete hart, as shall be fyt,
Shalbe no care, but most joy to Wyt!
SCIENCE. Well, yet I say, — marke well what I saye! —
My presence brynghth you a clogg, no naye,
Not in the kepynge of me onelye,
But in the use of Science cheeflye;

For I, Science, am, in this degree,
As all, or most part, of woomen bee:
Yf ye use me well, in a good sorte,
Then shall I be youre joy and comfort;
But yf ye use me not well, then dowt me,
For, sure, ye were better then wythout me!
WYT. Why, ladye, thinke you me such a wyt,
As being avansyd by you, and yet
Wold mysuse ye? Nay, yf ye dowt that,
Heere is wone lovth thee more then sumwhat, —
Yf Wyt mysuse ye at any season,
Correct me then your owne father, Reson.
RESON. Ho, dowghter, can ye desyre any more?
What neede thes dowtes? Avoyde them therfore!
EXPER. Byrlakyn, syr, but, under your favor,
This dowgt our dowghter doth well to gather
For a good warnyng now at begynnynge
What Wyt in the end shall looke for in wynning,
Whych shalbe this, syr: yf Science here,
Whych is Godes gyft, be usyd meere
Unto Godes honor, and profyt both
Of you and your neybowre, whych goth
In her, of kynd, to do good to all, —
This seene to, Experience, I, shall
Set you forth, Wyt, by her to imploye
Doble encrece to your doble joye;
But yf you use her contrarywyse
To her good nature, and so devyse
To evyll effectes to wrest and to wry her,
Ye, and cast her of and set nowght by her,
Be sure I, Experience, shall than
Declare you so before God and man
That thys talent from you shalbe taken
And you ponysht for your gayne forsaken.
WYT. "Once warne[d], half-armd," folk say, namely whan
Experience shall warne a man, than
Tyme to take heede. Mother Experience,

Towchyng youre dowghter, my deere hart, Siens,
As I am sertayne that to abuse her
I brede myne owne sorow, and well to use her
I encrece my joy, and so to make yt
Godes grace is redye yf I wyll take yt:
Then, but ye cownt me no wyt at all,
Let never thes dowtes into your hed fall;
But, as yourself, Experience, cleryng
All dowtes at lenght, so, tyll tyme aperyng,
Trust ye wyth me in God; and, swete hart,
Whyle your father, Reson, takth wyth parte,
To reseve Godes grace as God shall send it,
Dowte ye not our joy, tyll lyves[1] end yt!

SCIENCE. Well, than, for the end of all dowtes past
And to that end whiche ye spake of last,
Among our weddyng matters heere rendryng,
Thend of our lyves wold be in remembryng;
Which remembrance, Wyt, shall sure defend ye
From the mysuse of Science and send ye[2]
The gayne my mother to mynd did call,
Joy wythout end, — that wysh I to all!

RESON. Well sayd! and as ye, dowghter, wyshe it,
That joy to all folke in generall,
So wysh I, Reson, the same; but yet
Fyrst in this lyfe wysh I here to fall
To our most noble Kyng and Quene in especiall,
To ther honorable Cowncell, and then to all the rest,
Such joy as long may rejoyse them all best!

All say Amen.

Heere cumth in fowre wyth violes and syng, "Remembre me,"[3] and at the last quere all make cur[t]sye, and so goe forth syngyng.

Thus endyth the Play of Wyt and Science, made by Master Jhon Redford.

[1] *Qy. insert* end (*noun*). [2] H. you. [3] *This song is not given in* MS.

A PREATY INTERLUDE

CALLED, NICE WANTON.

Wherein ye may see
Three braunc[h]es of an yll tree:
The mother and her chyldren three,
Twoo naught, and one godlye.

Early sharpe that wyll be thorne;
Soone yll that wyll be naught;
To be naught, better vnborne;
Better vnfed than naughtely taught.

Ut magnum magnos, pueros puerilia [1] decent.

Personages.

THE MESSENGER.

BARNABAS.	INIQUITIE.
ISMAEL.	BAILY ERRAND.[3]
DALILA.	XANTIPE.
EULALIA.	WORLDLY SHAME.

DANIEL, THE IUDGE.

Anno Domini,
M.D.LX.

[1] K. puerllia.
[2] K. deocus; *emend. by* Kittredge; Haz. *prints* doctus, *with no note.*
[3] *This and* INIQUITE *on the same line in* K.

Printed from the copy in the British Museum. Whether Hazlitt, in his edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays," printed from this copy or from that belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, I do not know. If he printed from the latter, the variations between his reading of the original and that of my copyist may perhaps be accounted for; but if so, both copies have been trimmed too close. In some instances I have omitted to point out that Hazlitt has silently corrected spellings and restored dropped letters; but I believe I have neglected nothing important in his text or his notes. His edition is indicated by Haz.; the old edition by K. In K. the names of the speakers are always spelled in full; the abbreviations are mine.

This play was licensed to the printer, John Kyng, in 1560; but the last stanza shows that it was written before the death of Edward VI.

[NICE WANTON.]

The Prologue.

THE MESSENGER. The prudent prince, Salomon, doth say,
" He that spareth the rod, the chyld doth hate ";
He wold youth shuld be kept in awe alwaye
By correction in tyme at reasonable rate,

To be taught to fear God and theyr parents obey,
To get learning and qualities, thereby to maintain
An honest quiet lyfe, correspondent alway
To Gods law and the kynges ; for it is certayne

If chyldren be noseled in idlenes and yll
And brought vp therin, it is hard to restrayne
And draw them from naturall wont euyll,
As here in thys interlude ye shall se playne

By two chyldren brought vp wantonly in play,
Whom *the* mother doth excuse whe*n* she should chastise :
They delyte in daliaunce and mischief alway ;
At last they ende theyr lyues in miserable wyse.

The mother, perswaded by Worldly Shame
That she was the cause of theyr wretched lyfe,
So pensife, so sorowfull for theyr death she became,
That in despaire she would slea her-self with a knife.

Then her sonne, Barnabas, — by interpretacyon,
The sonne of comfort, — her yll[1] purpose do[2] stay,

[1] K. all ; Haz. ill.
[2] Haz. do[th] ; *perhaps a mistake for* to.

By the Scriptures he geueth her godly consolation ;
And so concludeth. All these partes wyll we [1] playe.
[*Exit.*]

Barnabas commeth.

BARN. My mayster in my lesson yester-day
Dyd recite this text of Ecclesiasticus :
" Man is prone to euil fro*m* hys youth," did he say ;
Which sentence may wel be verified in vs, —

My-selfe, my brother, and sister Dalila,
Whom our parentes to theyr cost to scoole do fynde.
I tary for them here ; time passeth away,
I loose my learnyng ; they ever loyter behynde.

If I go before, they do me threate
To complayne to my mother ; she for theyr sake,
Being her tender tidlynges, wyll me beate.
Lorde, in thys perplexitye, what way shall I take ?

What wyl become of them ? Grace God them sende
To apply their learnyng and theyr maners amend !

Ismael & Dalila come in syngyng :

Here we comen ! and here we louen ! [2]
And here we will abide, abyde ay ! [3]

BARN. Fye, brother, fye ! *and* specyally you, sister Dalila !
Sobrenes becommeth maydes alway.
DAL. What, ye dolt ! Ye be euer in one songe !
ISM. Yea, sir, it shall cost you blowes ere it be longe !
BARN. Be ye not ashamed the treauandes to play,
Losing your time *and* learning, *and* that euery day ?
Lernyng bringeth knowledge of God *and* honest liuing to get.
DAL. Yea, mary, I warrant you, Master Hodypeke !
BARN. Learne a-pace, syster, and after to spyn and sowe,
And other honest huswifely poyntes to knowe.

[1] K. me ; Haz. we. [2] Haz. lonen. [3] Haz. abide-a.

ISM. Spyn, quod ha? Yea, by *the* masse, *and* with youre heles vp-wynd,
For a good mouse-hunt is cat after kynd.[1]
BARN. "Lewd spekyng corrupteth good maners," S. Paule doeth sai.
Come, let vs go, if ye wil to scole thys day.
I shal be shent for taryng so longe.

Barnabas goeth oute.

ISM. Go, get the hence, thy mouth full of horse-donge!
Now, prety syster, what sport shall we deuyse?
Thus paltyng to scole, I thynke vs vnwyse;
In sommer dye for thryst, in wynter for colde,
And styl to liue in feare of a churle, — who would?
DAL. Not I, by the masse! I had rather he hanged were
Then I would syt quakyng like a mome for feare.

I am sonne-burned in sommer, in winter the colde
Maketh my limmes grosse and my beauty decay.
If I should vse it as they would I should,
I should neuer be fayre woman, I dare say.

ISM. No, syster, no! but I can tell
Where we shal haue good chiere,
Lusty companyons two or three,
At good wyne, ale and biere.

DAL. Oh good brother, let vs go;
I wyl neuer go more to[2] scoole.
Shall I neuer knowe
What pastyme meaneth?
Yes, I wyll not be suche a foole.
ISM. Haue with the, Dalila!

[1] Haz. *prints* after Saint Kind, *and says* "Old copy, Kynge"; *my copyist gives the reading of the old edition as*, after kyng.
[2] K. *repeats* to; Haz. *prints* to-to.

[*They sing:*]

Fare-well our scoole!
Away with boke and all!

[*T*]*hey caste* [*aw*]*aye their* [*bo*]*kes.*[1]

I wyll set my heart
On a mery pynne,
What-euer shall be-fall!

[*They go out singing. Enter Eulalia.*]

EUL. Lorde, what folly is in youth!
Howe vnhappy be chyldren now-a-dayes!
And, the more pitye, to say the truth,
Theyr parentes mainteyn them in euyll wayes,
Which is a great cause that the world decayes,
For chyldren brought vp in ydlenes and play
Unthrifty and desobedient continue alway.

A neyghbour of myne hath chyldren here-by,
Ydle, desobedyent, proude, wanton and nyce.
As they come by, they do shrewed turnes daily;
Their parentes so to suffer them, surely be not wise.
They laugh me to scorne when I tel them mine aduise;
I wil speake to their elders *and* warne them neighborly.
Neuer in better tyme! — their mother is here-by.

[*Enter Xantippe.*]

[EUL.] God saue you, gossyp! I am very fayne
That you chaunce now to come thys way;
I longe to talke with you a word or twayne,
I pray you take it frendly that I shall say.
Ismael, your sonne, and your daughter, Dalila,
Do me shrewde turnes, dayly more and more,
Chide and beat my chylren, — it greueth me sore.

They sweare, curse *and* scold, as they go by *the* way,
Giuyng other yll ensample to do the same,

[1] *The letters in brackets were cut off by the binder.*

To Gods displeasure, and theyr hurt an-other day.
Chastyce them for it, or els ye be to blame!

XANT. Tusshe! tusshe! If ye haue no more than that to saye,
Ye maye holde your tonge and get ye awaye.
Alas! poore soules, they sit a' scoole all day
In feare of a churle; *and* yf a lytle they play,
He beateth them lyke a deuyl. When they come home,
Your mestresship would haue me lay on.
If I should beate them so oft as men complayne,
By *the* masse! w*ith*-in this month I shuld make the*m* lame.

EUL. Be not offended, I pray you; I must say more:
Your sonne is suspect lyght-fyngered to be;
Your daughter hath nyce trickes three or foure;
See to it in tyme, leaste worse ye do see.
He that spareth the rod, hateth the chyld truely;
Yet Salomon sobre correction doth meane,
Not to beate and bounce them to make them lame.

XANT. God thanke you, mestres, I am well at ease!
[*Aside*] Such a foole to teache me, preachyng as she please!
Dame, ye belye them deadly; I know playne,
Because they go handsomly, ye disdayne.
EUL. Then on the other as well would I complayne;
But your other sonne is good, and no thank to you!
These wyl ye make naught, by swete Iesu!

XANT. Eulalia,[1] my chyldren naught? Ye lye!
By your malyce they shal not set a flye.[2]
I haue but one mome, in comparison of hys brother, —
Him the foole prayseth, and despiseth the other.
EUL. Well, Xantippe, better in time then to late!
Seing ye take it so, here my leaue I take. *Exit.*

[1] K. Eupliade; Haz. *gives* Gupliade *as reading of* K. *and prints* Gupliar.
[2] K. ffye.

XANT. Mary, good leaue haue ye, the gret God be with you!
My chyldren or I be curst, I thinke;
They be complayned on where-euer they go,
That for theyr pleasure they might drynke;
Nay, by thys the poor soules be come from scole[1] wery,
I will go get them meate to make them mery.[2] [*Exit.*]

Iniquitie, Ismael, and Dalila come in together, [*singing:*]

INIQ. Lo! lo! here I bryng her.[3]
ISM. What is she, nowe ye haue her?
DAL. I,[4] lusty mynyon louer?[5]
INIQ. For no golde wyll I gyue her.
All together. Welcome my hony ay.

Here he speaketh:

INIQ. Oh my heart!
Thys wenche can synge
And play her parte.
DAL. I am yours (and you mine),[6] with all my heart.

INIQ. By the masse, it is well songe!
Were ye not sory ye were a mayd so longe?
DAL. Fye, Maister Iniquitie! fye! I am a mayd yet.
ISM. No, sister, no; your maidenhead is sicke.
INIQ. That knaue, your brother, wyl be a blabbe styl.
I-wisse, Dalila, ye can say as muche by him, if ye wil!
DAL. By him, quod ha? He hath whores two or three.
But iche tell your minion Doll, by Gogs body, —
It skylleth not, she doth holde you as muche.
ISM. Ye lye falsly, she wyll play me no suche touche.
DAL. Not she! Yes, to do your heart good!
I could tell you who putteth a bone in your hood.

[1] K. foules be come frō ferle.
[2] K. mercy.
[3] K. brynger; Haz. bring a.
[4] Haz. A.
[5] Haz. *reads* loner.
[6] *This is perhaps spoken aside.*

ISM. Peace, whore! or ye beare me a boxe[1] on theare.[2]
DAL. Here is mine eare, knaue, stryke and thou dare!

[*He strikes her.*]

[DAL. (*to Iniq.*)] To suffer him thus ye be no man!
If ye wyl not reuenge me, I wyl fynd one!
To set so litle by me ye were not wont.
Well, it is no matter! Though ye do, *ceteri nolunt*.[3]
INIQ. Peace, Dalila! Speake ye Laten, poore foole?
DAL. No, no, but a prouerbe I learned at scoole.
ISM. Yea, syster, you went to scole til ye were past grace.
DAL. Yea, so dydst thou, by thy knaues face!
INIQ. Well, no more a-do; let all thys go.
We kinsfolke must be frendes; it must be so.
Come on! come on! come on!
Here they be that wyll do vs al good.

He casteth dice on the bord.

ISM. If ye vse it long, your hear wil grow throught[4] your [hood].[5]
INIQ. Come on, knaue, with Christes curse!
I must haue some of the mony
Thou hast pickt out of thy fathers purse.
DAL. He, by the masse, if he can get his purse
Now and then, he maketh it by halfe the worse.
ISM. I defie you both, whore and knaue!
INIQ. What, ye pryncockes, begin ye to raue?
Come on!
DAL. Mayster Iniquitie, by your leaue,
I wyll play a crowne or two here by your sleue.
ISM. Then be ye seruaunt to a worshypful mon;
Mayster Iniquitie, — a right name, by Saint John!

[1] *In* K. *the* x *of this word is broken and looks like* r; Haz. *of course prints* box.
[2] K. *has* an theare (= on the ear); Haz. *reads* on there.
[3] *As two lines in* K. *and* Haz.
[4] Haz. through.
[5] *Supplied by* Haz. *who, however, does not mention that it is missing in* K.

DAL. What can ye say by Mayster Iniquitie?
I loue hym and his name most hertely.
INIQ. God a mercy, Dalila, good lucke, I warrant the!

[H]e kisseth [h]er.

I wil shryue you both by-and-by.
ISM. Come on, but fyrst let vs haue a songe.
DAL. I am content, so that it be not longe.

Iniquitie and Dalila singe:

INIQ. Golde lockes,
She must haue knockes,
Or els I do her wronge.
DAL. When ye haue your wyl,
Ye were best lye styll,
The winter nightes be longe.

INIQ. When I ne may
An-other assay,
I wyl take it for no wronge.
DAL. Then, by the roode,
A bone in your hoode
I shall put ere it be longe.

ISM. She macheth you, sira!
INIQ. By Gogs bloud, she is the best whore in England!
DAL. It is knauishly praysed, gyue me your hand.
INIQ. I woud thou haddes suche an-other.[2]
ISM. By the masse, rather then xl pound, brother.
INIQ. Here, sirs, come on; seuen!

They set him.

A-leauen at all!
ISM. Do ye nycke vs? be-knaue your noly![3]
INIQ. Ten myne!
ISM. Syxe[4] myne!

Casteth d[ice].[1]

[1] *Cut away in* K.
[2] K. in other.
[3] Noll (=noddle) *would give a sort of rhyme to* all.
[4] *In* K. *thè* x *is broken.*

Haue at it, and it were for all my fathers kyne!
It is lost, by His woundes! and ten to one!
INIQ. Take the dice, Dalila; cast on!
DAL. Come on; fyve!

She casteth, and they set.[1]

Thryue at fayrest!
ISM. Gup, whore! and I at rest. *He loseth.*
Bi Gogs bloud, I wene God *and* the deuyl be agenst me!
INIQ. If thone forsake the, thother wyll take the.
ISM. Then is he a good felow; I would not passe,
So that I myght beare a rule in hell, by the masse,
To tosse fierbrandes at these penyfathers pates.
I would be porter and receiue them at the gates.
In boyling lead *and* brimston I wold sethe the*m* ech-one.
The knaues haue al *th*e mony, good felows haue none!
DAL. Play, brother; haue ye lost all your money now?
ISM. Yea, I thanke that knaue and suche a whore as y*o*w!
Tis no matter;[2] I wyll haue money, or I wyll swete.
By Gogs bloud, I wyll robbe the next I mete!
Yea, and it be my father!

He goeth out.

INIQ. Thou boy! by the masse, ye wyl clyme the ladder!
Ah, sira, I loue a wenche that can be wylye:
She perceyued my mind with a twinke of myne eie.
If we two play booty[3] on any man,
We wyll make him as bare as Iob anone.
Wel, Dalila, let se what ye haue won!
DAL. Sir, I had x shillinges when I begon,
And here is all, euery fart[h]yng.

They tell i[t].[4]

INIQ. Ye lye lyke a whoore! ye haue won a pound.
DAL. Then the deuyll stryke me to the grounde!

[1] K. fet.
[2] K. marter.
[3] K. booby; Haz. boody, *without note.*
[4] Haz. *omits* it; *the* t *is missing in* K.

INIQ. I will fele your pocket, by your leaue, mestres!
DAL. A-way knaue; not mine, by the masse!
INIQ. Yes, bi God, and geue you this to boot!

He geueth her a box.

DAL. Out, horeson knaue, I beshrew thy hert-root!
Wilt thou rob me and beat[1] me, to?
INIQ. In the way of correction, but a blowe or twoo.
DAL. Correct thy dogges! thou shalt not beate me!
I wyl make your knaues flesshe cut, I warrant the.
Ye thynke I haue no frendes? Yes, I haue in store
A good felow or two, — perc[h]aunce more.
Yea, by the masse, they shall boxe[2] you for this geare!
A knaue I found the; a knaue I leaue the here!

She goeth oute.

INIQ. Gup, whore! Do ye heare this iade?
Louing when [she][3] is pleased;
When she is angry, thus shrewd.
Thief brother, syster whore, —
Two graffes of an yll tree!
I wyl tary no longer here;
Fare-well, God be with ye!

He goeth out.

[*A long interval.*]

Dalila commeth in ragged, her face hid or disfigured, halting on a staffe.

DAL. Alas, wretched wretche that I am!
Most miserable caitife that euer was borne!
Full of payne and sorow, croked and lame,[4]
Stuft with diseases, in this world forlorne!

My senowes be shronken, my flesh eaten w*ith* pocks,
My bones ful of ache[s] and great payne;

[1] K. breat.
[2] *The* x *is broken in* K.
[3] *Supplied by* Haz. *without note.*
[4] K. lome; H. lorn.

My head is bald, that bare yelowe lockes;
Croked I crepe to the earth agayne;

Mine eie-sight[1] is dimme; my hands tremble *and* shake;
My stomake abhorreth all kynd of meate;
For lacke of clothes great colde I take;
When appetite[2] serueth I can get no meate;

Where I was fayre and amiable of face,
Now am I foule and horrible to se:
Al this I haue[3] deserued for lacke of grace,
Iustly for my sinnes God doth plague me.

My parentes did tidle me, — they were to blame, —
In-steade of correction, in yll did me maintain.
I fell to[4] naught, and shall dye with shame!
Yet all thys is not halfe of my greife and payne:

The worme of my conscience, *tha*t shall neuer dye,
Accuseth me dayly more and more.
So oft haue I sinned wilfully
That I feare to be damned for-euermore.

[*Enter Barnabas.*]

BARN. What wofull wight art thou, tell me,
That here most greuously doest lament?
Confesse the truth, and I wil comfort the
By the word of God Omnipotent.
Although your tyme ye haue mispent,
Repent and amend while ye haue space,
And God wyll restore you to health[5] and grace.

DAL. To tell you who I am, I dare not for shame;
But my filthy liuing hath brought me in this case.
Full oft for my wantonnes you dyd me blame,
Yet to take your councel I had not the grace.

[1] K. sigth.
[2] K. appetide.
[3] K. I haue I.
[4] K. no; *corr. by* Haz.
[5] K. heatlh.

To be restored to health, alas, it is past,
Disease hath brought me into suche decay!
Helpe me with your almose while my lyfe doth laste,
That, like a wretche as I am, I may go my way.
BARN. Shewe me your name, sister, I you pray,
And I wil helpe you now at your nede:
Both body and soule wyl I fede.

DAL. You[1] haue named me already, if I durst be so bold.
Your[1] sister Dalila, that wreche I am.
My wanton, nice toyes ye knew of olde, —
Alas, brother, they haue brought me to thys shame!

Whe*n* you went to scole, my brother *and* I wold play,
Sweare, chide and scolde[2] with man and woman;
To do shrewde turnes our delyte was alwaye;
Yet were we tidled, and you beaten now *and* than.

Thus our parentes let vs do what we woulde,
And you, by correction, they kept[3] vnder awe;
When we grewe bigge, we were sturdye and bolde,
By father and mother we set not a strawe.

Small matter for me, I am past!
But your brother and mine is in great[4] ieoperdy,
In daunger to come to shame at the last,
He frameth hys liuyng so wyckedly.

BARN. Well, siker,[5] I euer feared ye would be nought,
Your lewde behauiours sore greue[d][6] my hart.
To trayn you to goodnes al meanes haue I sought,
But in vaine; yet wyl I play a brotherly part,

For the[7] soul is more precyous, most derely bought
With the bloud of Christe dying therfore,

[1] Haz. *says that* K. *interchanges* You *and* Your; *my copyist wrote* Your *for* You, *but scratched out* r.
[2] K. scodle.
[3] K. kepthe; *possibly for* kept the, *which* Haz. *prints without note.*
[4] K. gread.
[5] Haz. *changes to* sister.
[6] *Corr. by* Haz.
[7] K. For ye the; Haz. *no note*

To saue it fyrst a meane must be sought
At Gods hand by Chryste, mannes onely Sauior.

Consider, Dalila, Goddes fatherly godnes,
Which for your good hath brought you in thys case,
Scourged you with hys rod, of pure loue doubtles,
That ones knowing your-self, ye might cal for grace.

Ye seme to repent, but I doubt what[h]er[1]
For your sinnes or for the misery ye be in.
Earnestly repent for your synne rather,
For these plagues be but the reward of sinne.

But so repent that ye sinne no more,
And then beleue with stedfast faith
That God wyll forgeue you for-euermore
For Chrystes sake, as the Scripture sayth.

As for your bodye, if it be curable,
I wyll cause to be healed, or[2] duryng your life
I wyl clothe you and fede[3] you as I am able.
Come, sister, go with me; ye haue nede of relief.

Thei goo.

The iuge [*Daniel*], *Iniquitie, Bayly* [*Errand*] *come in; t*[*he*] *iudge sitteth down.*[4]

DANIEL. As a iudge of the countrey here am I come,
Sent by the Kynges Maiestye iustyce to do,
Chiefly to procede in iudgement of a felon;
I tary for the verdite of the quest ere I go.
Go, baily; know whether they be all a-greed or no;
If they be so, byd them come a-way,
And bring their prisoner; I wold hear what they say.

[1] K. whater; Haz. whether.
[2] Haz. *wrongly changes to* and.
[3] K. fete; H. feed, *with no note.*
[4] Haz. *gives this after* l. 347 *in this form:* Iniquity, Baily errand, comes in; the judge sitteth down. *In* K. *it is in the margin opposite* ll. 344–347; *the words in brackets were cut away.*

[Baily.] I go, my lord, I go, to soone for one,
He is lyke to play a cast wil breake his necke-bone.
I beseche your lor[d]shyp be good to hym;
The man is come of good kynne.

He tellet[h][1] hym in hy[s][1] eare, that[2] a[ll][1] may heare.[3]

If your lordshyp would be so good to me
As for my sake to set hym free,
I could haue xx pound[4] in a purse;
Yea, and your lordshyp a right faire horse,
Well worth ten pound.
Dan.[5] Get the a-way, thou hell-hound!
If ye were well examined and tried,
Perchaunce a false knaue ye would be spyed.

Iniquitye goeth oute; the iudge sp[e]keth[1] styll.

Brybes, saith Salomon, blind *the* wise mans sight,[6]
That he can not se to geue iudgement right.
Should I be a bribar? Nay; he shall haue the law,
As I owe to God and the kyng obedience and awe.

They bring Ismael in, bound lyke a prysoner. [*The jury comes also. Iniquitie whispers to Ismael.*]

Iniq. Ye be tyed fayre ynough for runnyng away;
If ye do not after me, ye wyll be hanged, I dare say.
If thou tell no tales, but holde thy toungue,
I wyl set the at lybertye ere it be longe,
Though thou be iudged to dye anon.
[Iu]dge.[1] Come on, sirs, I pray you, come on.
Be you all agreed in one?

One of them speketh for the quest.

[Juror.] Yea, my lord, euery-chone.

[1] *Cut away.*
[2] K. the.
[3] Haz. He telleth him in the ear the rest may not hear, *which cannot have stood in the British Museum copy, as may be seen by arranging in lines.*
[4] K. pount.
[5] K. Daniel th[e] iudge.
[6] K. light; Haz. sight.

[Iu]dge.[1] Where Ismael was indited[2] by xij men
Of felony, burglary and murdre,
As thinditement declareth how, where, and when, —
Ye heard it read to you lately, in ordre, —
You, with the rest, — I trust, all true men, —
Be charged vpon your othes to gyue verdyte directly
Whether Ismael therof be gilty or not gilty.

[On]e for the [qu]est.[3]

[Juror.][4] Gilty, my lord, and most gilty.
[I]niq.[5] [*to Ismael*] Wilt thou hange, horeson noddy?[6]
[I]udge. [*to Ismael*] The Lorde haue mercy vpon the!
[I]niq. [*to Ismael*] Tusshe, holde thy tonge, and I warrant
the!

[I]udge. [*to Ismael*] Thou shalt go to the place thou camst
fro,
Tyl to-morow ix of the clocke there to remain;
To the place of execution then shalt thou go,
There be hanged to death; and after, again,
Being dead, for ensample to be hanged in a chain.
Take hym away, and se it be done,
At your perill, that may fall thereupon!

[I]sm. Though I be iudged to dye, I require respite,
For the kings aduantage in[7] thinges I can recite.
[I]niq. A-way with him, he wyll speake but of spyte.
[I]udge. Well, we will heare you say what you can;

[1] *Cut away.*

[2] K. intided; *corr. by* Haz.

[3] Haz. rest; *letters cut away.*

[4] *The assignment of the speeches here is confused in* K.; One for the quest *is opposite* l. 381; Iniquitie *opp.* 382, Iudge *opp.* 383, Iniquitie *opp.* 384, *and* Iudge *opp.* 385. Haz. *assigns* 381–383 *as I do, but assigns all after to the Judge, and transposes* 384 *and* 385. *My assignment merely supposes that, like the first, all the names were put one line too high.*

[5] *The first letter of the next ten speakers is cut away.*

[6] Haz. Wilt thou hang, my lord, [this] whoreson noddy; K. *has* my Lord, *but I regard it as an intrusion from the preceding line.*

[7] Haz. *emends to* some.

But se that ye wrongfully accuse no man.
[I]SM. I wyll be-lye no man, but thys I may say:
Here standeth he that brought me to thys waye.
[I]NIQ. My lorde, he lyeth like a dampned knaue;
The feare of death doth make hym raue.
[I]SM. His naughtye company and playe at dice
Dyd me first to stealyng entice;
He was *with* me at roberies, I say it to his face;
Yet can I say more in tyme and place.[1]
INIQ. [*aside*] Thou hast said to much, I beshrew thi horsons face! —
Hange him, my lord, out of the way;
The thief careth not what he doth say.
[*Aside*] Let me be hangman, I wil teache[2] him a sleight;
For feare of talkyng I wil strangle him streight. —
Tary here that lyst, for I wyl go.

He would go.

IUDG[E].[3] No, no, my frend, not so!
I thought alwayes ye should not be good,
And now it wil proue, I se, by the rood!
Take him and lay him in yrons stronge.
We wil talke with you more ere it be longe.

They ta[ke] him in a h[al]ter; he fig[h]teth with the[m].[3]

INIQ. He that layeth handes on me in this place,
Iche lay my brawlyng-yron on his face!
By Gogs bloud, I defye thy worst!
If thou shouldest hange me, I were a-curst.
I haue bene at as low an ebbe as this,
And quyckely a-loft again, by Gisse!
I haue mo frendes then ye thynke I haue;
I am entertained of all men lyke no slaue.
Yea, within this moneth, I may say to you,
I wyl be your seruaunt, and your maister, to, —

[1] K. space. [2] K. teathe.
[3] *The letters in brackets are cut away.*

Ye, crepe into your brest! Wyl ye haue it so?
IUDGE. A-way with them both! leade them away!
At his death, tell me what he doth say;
For then, be-lyke, he wyll not lye.
INIQ. I care not for you both; no, not a fly!

They lead them out.

IUDGE. If no man haue here more matter to say,
I must go hence some other way.

He goeth out.

[*Enter Worldly Shame.*]

WORLDLY SHAME. Hah ha! though I come in rudely, be not agast!
I must worke a feate in al the hast.
I haue caught two byrdes: I wyll set for the dame;
If I catche her in my clutche, I wyl her tame!
Of all thys while know ye not my name?
I am right worshipfull Maister Wor[l]dly Shame.
The matter that I come now about
Is euen thys, I put you out of dought:
There is one[1] Xantippe, a curst shrew, —
I thynke al the world doth her knowe, —
Suche a iade she is and so curst a quene
She would out-scold the deuils dame, I wene.
Sirs, thys fine woman had babes three:
Twayne the derest darlinges that might be, —
Ismael and faire Dalila, these two;
With the loute Barnabas I haue nothyng to do.
Al was good that these tidlynges do might, —
Sweare, lye, steale, scolde, or fight,
Carde,[2] dyce, kysse, clippe, and so furth:
All this our Mammy would take in good worth.
Now, sir[s], Dalila, my daughter, is dead of *th*e pockes,
And my son hanged[3] in chaynes and waueth his locks.

[1] K. none; *corr. by* Haz.
[2] K. Cardes.
[3] Haz. *emends to* hangeth.

These newes wil I tel her, and the matter so frame
That she shal be thyne owne, Mayster Worldly Shame.
Hah ha ha!

Xantippe commeth in.

Peace, peace! she commeth hereby.
I spoke no word of her, no, not I!

Oh Mestres Xantippe, I can tell you newes:[1]
The fayre wenche, your dere daughter Dalila,
Is dead of the pockes, taken at the stewes;
And thy sonne Ismael, that preaty boy,
Whom, I dare say, you loued very well,
Is hanged in chaynes, euer[y][2] man can tell.

Euery man saith thy daughter was a strong whore,
And thy sonne a strong thief *and* a murderer, to;
It must nedes greue you wonderous sore[3]
That they died so shamefully, both two.
Men wyl taunt you and mock you, for they say now
The cause of their death was euen verye you.

XANT. I the cause of their death!

She wold sowne.

WORLDLY SHAME. Will ye sowne? the deuyl stop thy breath!

Thou shalt die, I trow, with more shame;
I wyl get me hence out of the way;
If the whore should dye, men would me blame, —
That I killed her, knaues should say. *Exit.*

XANT. Alas, alas, and weale-away!
I may curse the time that I was borne!
Neuer woman had suche fortune, I dare say;
Alas, two of my chyldren be forlorne!

[1] K. nedes; *corr. by* Haz., *who gives reading of* K. *as* neder.
[2] *Corr. by* Haz. [3] K. sors.

My faire daughter Dalila is dead of the pockes;
My dere sonne Ismael hanged vp in chaynes, —
Alas, the wynd waueth his yelow lockes!
It sleaeth my heart and breaketh my braynes!

Why should God punish and plague me so sore,
To se my children dye so shamefully?
I wil neuer eate bread in this world more;
With this knife wyl I sley my-self by-*and*-by!

She wold stick herselfe with a knife.

[*Enter Barnabas.*]

BARN. Beware what ye do! fye, mother, fye!
Wyl ye spyl your-selfe for your own offence,
And seme for-euer to exclude Gods mercy?
God doth punysh you for your negligence;
Wherfore take his correction with pacience
And thanke him hertely that, of his godnes,
He bringeth you in knowledge of your trespas.

For when my brother *and* sister were of yonge age,
You saw they were geuen to ydlenes and play,
Would apply no learnyng but liue in outrage,
And men complayned on them euery day;
Ye winked at theyr faultes and tidled them alway;
By maintenaunce they grew to mischief and yll;
So, at last, Gods iustice did them both spill.

In that God preserued[1] me, small thanke to you!
If God had not geuen me speciall grace
To auoyd euil and do good, — this is true —
I had liued and dyed in as wretched case
As they did, for I had both suffraunce and space;
But it is an olde prouerbe,[2] — you haue herd it, I think, —
That God wyl haue se, shall not wynke.

Yet in this we may al take comfort:
They toke great repentaunce, I heard say;

[1] K. preseruerued. [2] K. prouerke.

And, as for my sister, I am able to report
She lamented for her sinnes to her dy[i]ng-day.
To repent and beleue I exhorted[1] her alway.
Before her death she beleued that God, of his mercy,
For Christes sake, would saue her eternally.

If you do euen so, ye nede not despaire,
For God will frely remitte your sinnes all.
Christe hath payed the raunsom; why shuld ye fear?
To beleue this and do well, to God for grace call;
All worldly cares let passe and fall;
And thus comfort my father, I pray you hertely!
I haue a lytle to say, I wyl come by-and-by.

Xantippe goeth out.

Right gentle audience, by thys interlude ye may se
How daungerous it is for the frailtye of youth,
Without good gouernaunce, to lyue at libertye.
Suche chaunces as these oft happen, of truth;
Many miscary, it is the more ruth,
By negligence of their elders *and* not taking payne
In tyme good learnyng *and* qualities to attayne.

Therfore exhort I[2] al parentes to be diligent
In bringing vp their children, yea,[3] to be circumspect;
Least they fall to euill, be not negligent,
But chastice them before they be sore infect;
Accept their well-doing, in yll them reiect.
A yonge plant ye may platte *and* bowe as ye wyll;
Where it groweth strong, there wyll it abyde styll:

Euen so by chyldren, — in theyr tender age
Ye may worke them like waxe[4] to your own entent;
But if ye suffer them longe to liue in outrage,
They wil be sturdy and stiffe, and will not relent.
O ye chyldren, let your tyme be well spent;

[1] K. exorthed; *the* x *broken.*
[2] K. exhortyng; *corr. by* Haz.
[3] Haz. *emends to* aye.
[4] *The* x *is broken.*

Applye your learnyng and your elders obey:
It wil be your profit an-other day.

He knele[th][1] *downe.*

Now for the Quenes[2] Royal Maiestie let vs pray,
That God, in whose handes is *the* hert of al quenes,[2]
Maye endue Her[2] Highnes *with* godly puissance alwaye,
That Her[2] Grace may long raign and prosper in al things,
In Gods word *and* iustice may giue light to al quenes.[2]
Let vs pray for the Honorable Councel *and* Nobilitie,
That they may alwayes coun*s*el in wisdo*m* *with* tra*n*quility.
God saue the Quene, the Realme, and Cominaltie!

He mak[eth][1] *curtesy an[d]*[1] *goeth out.*

FINIS.

T. R.

A Song.

[He]re ſyng[8]
[ech a]s anſwea-
[rin]g other,
[tha]t alwaies
[the] iii[5] ſtaffe
[the]y ſing[6] to-
[ge]ther.[7]

It is good to be mery.
But who can be[4] mery?
He that hath a pure conscience,
He may well be mery.

[1] *Cut away by binder.*

[2] *It is clear from the rhymes that this play was originally composed for production before a king.* [3] K. reſyng. [4] K. cam me.

[5] *Perhaps this should be* iiii, *but I take the last two lines to be meant by the third stave.* [6] K. yſing.

[7] *I supply letters cut off by the binder. The alignment is that given by my copyist;* Haz. *prints some of the words in italics, and so aligns the edges as to give a different idea of the amount missing; thus:*

resyng,
answer-
ing other
t always
staff
, *ysing to*
other.

Who hath a pure conscience? tel me!
No man, of him-self, I ensure the.
Then must it folow of necessitie
That no man can be mery.

Puritie it-selfe may purenes geue;
You must aske it of God in true beleue.
Then wyl he geue it, and none repreue;
And so we may be mery.

What is the practice of a conscience pure?
To loue and feare God, and other allure;
And, for his sake, to helpe hys neighbour, —
Then may he well be mery.

What shall he haue that can and wil do this?
After this life euerlasting blisse:
Yet not by desert, but by gyft, y-wisse.
There God make vs all mery!

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, in Paules Churche yearde at the Sygne of the Swane by John Kyng.

PART V.

THE FOURE PP.

Printed from the first edition (by Wyllyam Myddylton, London, n. d. [before 1547]). In the footnotes M. indicates this edition; A. indicates the third edition (by John Allde, London, 1569); Coll. indicates the edition by Collier, in Dodsley's "Old Plays" (London, 1825). For the readings of A. I have had to rely upon Collier, who, it must be admitted, is inaccurate. I have not pointed out the numerous instances in which his text differs from mine in final *e*'s. Hazlitt's edition seems, so far as the textual notes are concerned, mainly a reprint of Collier's; I have usually disregarded it.

The playe called the foure PP.

A newe and a very mery enterlude of

A PALMER.
A PARDONER.
A POTYCARY.
A PEDLER.

Made by John Heewood.

[*Enter Palmer.*]

PALMER. Nowe God be here, who kepeth this place!
Now, by my fayth, I crye you mercy;
Of reason I must sew for grace,
My rewdnes sheweth me no[w] [1] so homely.
Wherof your pardon axt and wonne,
I sew you,[2] as curtesy doth me bynde,
To tell thys whiche shalbe begonne
In order as may come beste in mynde.[3] 8

[1] A. not; Coll. *rejects* no.
[2] A. sue now.
[3] M. myndy.

I am a palmer, as ye [1] se,
Whiche of my lyfe much part hath [2] spent
In many a fayre and farre [3] countre,
As pylgrymes do of good intent.
At Hierusalem [4] haue I bene
Before Chrystes blessed sepulture;
The Mount of Caluery haue I [5] sene,
A holy place, ye may be sure;
To Iosophat and Olyuete
On fote, God wote, I wente ryght bare, —
Many a salt tere dyde I swete
Before thys carkes coulde [6] come there;
Yet haue I bene at Rome also,
And gone the stacions all arow,
Saynt Peters Shryne and many mo
Then, yf I tolde, all ye do know, —
Except that there be any suche
That hath ben there and diligently
Hath taken hede and marked muche,
Then can they speke as muche as I.
Then at the Rodes also I was;
And rounde about to Amyas;
At Saynt Toncomber; and Saynt Tronion;
At Saynt Bothulph; and Saynt Anne of Buckston;
On the Hylles of Armony, where I see [7] Noes arke;
With holy Iob; and Saynt George in Suthwarke;
At Waltam; and at Walsyngam;
And at the good Rood of Dagnam;
At Saynt Cornelys; at Saynt Iames in Gales;
And at Saynt Wynefrydes Well in Walles;
At Our Lady of Boston; at Saynt Edmundes-byry;
And streyght to Saynt Patrykes Purgatory;
At Rydybone; and at the Blood of Hayles,

[1] A. you, *so regularly*.
[2] Coll. A. have.
[3] A. far and faire.
[4] A. Jerusalem.
[5] A. I have.
[6] A. would.
[7] A. saw.

Where pylgrymes paynes ryght muche auayles;
At Saynt Dauys; and at Saynt Denis;
At Saynt Mathew; and Saynt Marke in Venis;
At Mayster Iohan Shorne; at Canterbury;
The Graet God of Katewade; at Kynge Henry;[1]
At Saynt Sauyours; at Our Lady of Southwell;
At Crome; at Wylsdome; and at Muswell;
At Saynt Rycharde; and at Saynt Roke;
And at Our Lady that standeth in the Oke:
To these with other many one
Deuoutly haue I prayed and gone,
Prayeng to them to pray for me
Unto the Blessed Trynyte;
By whose prayers and my dayly payne
I truste the soner to obtay[n]e[2]
For my saluacyon grace and mercy,
For be ye sure I thynke surely[3]
Who seketh sayntes for Crystes sake—
And namely suche as payne do take
On fote to punyshe their[4] frayle body—
Shall therby meryte more hyely
Then by any-thynge done by man.

[*The Pardoner has entered while the Palmer is speaking.*]

PARDONER. And when ye haue gone as farre as ye can,
For all your labour and gostely entente
Yet welcome[5] home as wyse as ye wente!
PALMER. Why, sir, dyspyse ye pylgrymage?
PARDONER. Nay, for[6] God, syr, then dyd I rage!
I thynke ye ryght well occupyed
To seke these sayntes on euery syde.
Also your payne[7] I nat disprayse it,

[1] A. Herry.
[2] *Corr. by* Coll. *from* A.
[3] A. assuredly; *here and in several other instances* Coll. *calls* A. *the second ed.;* Haz. *usually follows him.*
[4] *So* Coll. *from* A; M. *has* thy, *perhaps for* thys.
[5] A. Ye will come.
[6] Coll. A. fore.
[7] A. paynes.

But yet I discomende your wit,
And, or [1] we go, euen so shall ye,
If ye in this wyl answere me:
I pray you, shew what the cause is
Ye wente al these pylgrymages.
PALMER. Forsoth this lyfe I dyd begyn
To rydde the bondage of my syn,
For whiche these sayntes rehersed or this
I haue both sought and sene, i-wys,
Besechynge them to be [2] recorde
Of all my payne vnto the Lorde,
That gyueth all remyssyon
Upon eche mans contricyon;
And by theyr good mediacyon,
Upon myne [3] humble submyssion,
I trust to haue in very dede
For my soule helth the better spede.
PARDONAR. Nowe is your owne confessyon lyckely
To make your-selfe [4] a fole quyckely,
For I perceyue ye wolde obtayne
No nother [5] thynge for all your payne
But onely grace your soule to saue.
Nowe marke in this what wyt ye haue
To seke so farre, and helpe so nye:
Euen here at home is remedy,
For at your dore my-selfe doth dwell,
Who coulde haue saued your soule as well
As all your wyde wandrynge shall do,
Though ye wente thryes to Iericho.
Nowe, syns ye myght haue spedde at home,
What haue ye wone by ronnyng [6] at Rome?
PALMER. If this be true that ye haue moued,
Then is my wyt in-dede reproued;
But let vs here fyrste what ye are.

[1] A. ere; *so regularly.* [3] A. my. [5] Coll. A. other.
[2] Coll. bear, *no note.* [4] A. you.
[6] *So my copyist;* Coll. *gives* ronnying *as reading of this edition.*

PARDONAR. Truly I am a pardoner.
PALMER. Truely a pardoner, — that may be true;
But a true pardoner doth nat ensew!
Ryght selde is it sene or neuer
That treuth and pardoners dwell together;
For, be your pardons neuer so great,
Yet them to enlarge ye wyll nat let
With suche lyes that oftymes, Cryste wot,
Ye seme to haue that ye haue nat.
Wherfore I went my-selfe to the selfe thynge
In euery place, and, without faynynge,
Had as muche pardon there assuredly
As ye can promyse me here doutefully.
Howe-be-it I thynke ye do but scoffe;[1]
But yf ye hadde all the pardon ye speke[2] of,
And no whyt of pardon graunted
In any place where I haue haunted,
Yet of my labour I nothynge repent.
God hathe respect how eche tyme is spent,
And, as in his knowledge all is regarded,
So by his goodnes all is rewarded.
PARDONAR. By the[3] fyrste parte of this laste tale
It semeth you come late[4] from the ale;
For reason on your syde so farre doth fayle
That ye leue [re]sonyng[5] and begyn to rayle;
Wherin ye forget your owne parte clerely,
For ye be as vntrue as I;
And in one poynte ye are beyonde me,
For ye may lye by aucthoryte, —
And all that hath[6] wandred so farre
That no man can be theyr controller.
And, where ye esteme your labour so muche,
I say yet agayne my pardons be[7] suche

[1] Coll. *gives* scofte *as reading of* M.; *my copyist wrote* scofte, *but changed the* t *to* f.
[2] *So* Coll. *from* A.; M. *has* kepe.
[3] A. this.
[4] Coll. A. ye came of late.
[5] *Corr. by* Coll. *from* A.
[6] Coll. A. have.
[7] Coll. A. are; *so usually.*

That, yf there were a thousande soules on a hepe,
I wolde brynge them all to heuen as good chepe
As ye haue brought your-selfe on pylgrymage
In the leste quarter of your vyage,
Which is[1] farre a thys side heuen, by God!
There your labour and pardon is od,
With smale cost and without any payne
These pardons bryngeth[2] them to heuen playne:
Geue me but a peny or two pens,
And as sone as the soule departeth hens,
In halfe an hour, or thre quarters at moste,
The soule is in heuen with the Holy Ghost.

[*The Potycary has entered during the last speech.*]

POTYCARY. Sende ye any soules to heuen by water?
PARDONER. If we dyd,[3] syr, what is the mater?
POTYCARY. By God, I haue a drye soule shulde thyther!
I praye you let our soules go to heuen togyther.
So bysy you twayne be in soules helth,
May nat a potycary come in by stelth?
Yes, that I[4] wyll, by Saynt Antony!
And, by the leue of thys company,
Proue ye false knaues bothe, or we goo,
In parte of your sayenges, as thys, lo:[5]
Thou by thy trauayle thynkest heuen to gete;
And thou by pardons and relyques countest no lete
To sende thyne owne soule to heuen sure,
And all other whome thou lyste to procure:
If I toke an accyon, then were they blanke;
For lyke theues the knaues rob[6] away my thanke.
All soules in heuen hauynge relefe,
Shall they thanke your craftes? nay, thanke myn chefe!
No soule, ye knowe, entreth heuen gate
Tyll from the bodye he be separate;

[1] Coll *gives reading of this ed. as* as.
[2] Coll. A. bring.
[3] Coll. A. doo.
[4] A. we.
[5] *So* Coll., *without note;* M. *has* so.
[6] A. they rob.

And whome haue ye knowen dye ho[ne]stlye [1]
Without helpe of the potycary?
Nay, all that commeth to our handlynge, —
Except ye happe to come to hangynge:
That way, perchaunce, ye shall nat myster
To go to heuen without a glyster!
But, be ye sure, I wolde be wo
If [2] ye shulde chaunce [3] to begyle me so.
As good to lye with me a-nyght
As hange abrode in the mone lyght!
There is no choyse to fle my hande
But, as I sayd, into the bande.
Syns of our soules the multitude
I sende to heuen, when all is vewed,
Who shulde but I then all-togyther
Haue thanke of all theyr commynge thyther?
PARDONER. If ye kylde a thousande in an houre space,
When come they to heuen, dyenge from state of grace? [4]
POTYCARY. If a thousande pardons about your [5] neckes were teyd,
When come they to heuen yf they neuer dyed?
PALMER. Longe lyfe after good workes in-dede
Doth hynder mannes receyt of mede,
And deth before one dewty done
May make vs thynke we dye to sone;
Yet better tary a thynge, then haue it,
Then go to sone and vaynly craue it.
PARDONER. The longer ye dwell in communicacion,
The lesse shall you lyke thys ymagynacyon;
For ye may perceyue euen at the fyrst chop
Your tale is trapt in such a stop
That, at the leste, ye seme worse then we.
POTYCARY. By the masse, I holde vs nought all thre!

[1] *Corr. by* Coll. *from* A.
[2] A. That.
[3] M. chaunge; Coll. chaunce, *without note.*
[4] Coll. A. dyenge out of grace.
[5] *Qy.* their.

[*The Pedler has entered in time to hear the last speech.*]

PEDLER. By Our Lady, then haue I gone wronge;
And yet to be here I thought longe!
POTYCARY. Brother, ye haue gone wronge no w[h]yt
I prayse your fortune and your wyt,
That can dyrecte you so discretely
To plante you in this company:
Thou [a][1] palmer, and thou a pardoner,
I a potycary.
PEDLER. And I a pedler.
POTYCARY. Nowe on my fayth full well watched![2]
Were[3] the deuyll were we foure hatched?
PEDLER. That maketh no mater, syns we be matched.
I coulde be mery yf that I catchyd
Some money for parte of the ware in my packe.
POTYCARY. What the deuyll hast thou there at thy backe?
PEDLER. Why, dost thou nat knowe that every pedler[4]
In euery tryfull[5] must be a medler?
Specyally in womens tryflynges, —
Those vse we chefe[6] aboue all thynges.
Whiche thynges to se yf ye be disposed,
Beholde what ware here is disclosed.
Thys gere sheweth it-selfe in suche bewte
That eche man thynketh[7] it sayth: come, bye me!
Loke, were[8] your-selfe can lyke to be chooser,
Your-selfe shall make pryce though I be looser!
Is here[9] nothynge for my father Palmer?
Haue ye nat a wanton in a corner
For[10] your walkyng to holy places?
By Cryste, I haue herde of as straunge cases!
Who lyueth in loue or loue wolde wynne,
Euen at this packe he must begynne,

[1] *Inserted by* Coll., *without note.*
[2] *Qy.* matched.
[3] Coll. Where, *without note.*
[4] M. pedled; *corr. silently by* Coll.
[5] Coll. A. In all kind of trifles.
[6] Coll. A. cheefly.
[7] A. thinks.
[8] Coll. where, *without note.*
[9] A. there.
[10] Coll. For all, *without note.*

Where[1] is ryght many a proper token,
Of whiche by name parte shall be spoken:
Gloues, pynnes, combes, glasses vnspottyd,
Pomanders, hookes, and lasses knotted,[2]
Broches, rynges, and all maner bedes,
Lace,[3] rounde and flat, for womens hedes,
Nedyls, threde, thymbell[s],[4] shers, and all suche knackes, —
Where louers be, no suche thynges lackes, —
Sypers, swathbondes, rybandes, and sleue-laces,
Gyrdyls, knyues, purses, and pyncases.

POTYCARY. Do women bye theyr pyncases of you?

PEDLER. Ye, that they do, I make God a-vow!

POTYCARY. So mot I thryue, then for my parte,
I be-shrewe thy knaues nakyd herte
For makynge my wyfeys pyncase so wyde!
The pynnes fall out, they can nat abyde.
Great pynnes must she haue, one or other;
Yf she lese one, she wyll fynde an-other, —
Wherin I fynde cause to complayne, —
New pynnes to her pleasure and my payne!

PARDONER. Syr, ye seme well sene in womens causes:
I praye you, tell me what causeth this,
That women, after theyr arysynge,[5]
Be so longe in theyr apparelynge?

PEDLER. Forsoth, women haue many lettes,
And they be masked[6] in many nettes:[7]
As, frontlettes, fyllettes, par[t]lettes[8] and barcelettes:
And then theyr bonettes, and theyr poynettes.
By these lettes and nettes the lette is suche
That spede is small whan haste is muche.

POTYCARY. An-other cause why they come nat forwarde,

1 Coll. A. Wherin.
2 A. unknotted.
3 Coll. A. Laces.
4 A. *has the plural.*
5 A. uprising.
6 *So* Coll., *without note; the word now looks like* maiked.
7 *So* Coll., *without note; the word now looks like* frettes, *but the line is at the top of the page and the upper half of long letters has been trimmed away.*
8 Coll. partlettes, *without note.*

Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe backwarde,
And yet[1] is a thynge they can nat forbere:
The trymmynge and pynnynge vp theyr gere,
Specyally theyr fydlyng with the tayle-pyn,—
And when they wolde haue it prycke[2] in,
If it chaunce to double in the clothe
Then be they[3] wode and swereth[4] an othe.
Tyll it stande ryght, they wyll nat forsake it.
Thus, though it may nat, yet wolde they make it.
But be ye sure they do but defarre it,
For, when they wolde make it, ofte tymes marre it.
But prycke them and pynne them as myche[5] as ye wyll,
And yet wyll they loke for pynnynge styll;
So that I durste holde you a ioynt[6]
Ye shall neuer haue them at a full[7] poynt.

PEDLER. Let womens maters passe, and marke myne!
What-euer theyr poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne.
Wherfore, yf ye be wyllynge to bye,
Ley downe money! come of quyckely!

PALMER. Nay, by my trouth, we be lyke fryers:
We are but beggers, we be no byers.

PARDONER. Syr, ye maye showe your ware for your mynde,
But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde.

PEDLER. Well, though thys iourney[8] acquyte no coste,
Yet thynke I nat my labour loste;
For, by the fayth of my body,
I lyke full well thys company.
Up shall this packe, for it is playne
I came not hyther al for gayne.
Who may nat play one day in a weke,

[1] A. it.
[2] Coll. A. prickt.
[3] A. they be.
[4] Coll. A. swere.
[5] M. nyche; A. nie; Coll. *suggested* much *as the meaning;* Haz. *emends to* nice.
[6] M. toynt; Coll. with you a joynt, *without note.*
[7] Coll. A. ful(l); M. fall, *which is possible.*
[8] M. your ney; Coll. journey, *without note.*

May thynke hys thryfte is farre to seke!
Deuyse what pastyme ye thynke beste,
And make ye sure to fynde me prest.
PotyCary. Why, be ye so vnyuersall
That you can do what-so-euer ye shall? 298
Pedler. Syr, yf ye lyste to appose[1] me,
What I can do then shall ye se.
PotyCary. Then tell me thys: be ye perfyt in drynkynge?
Pedler. Perfyt in drynkynge as may be wysht by thynkyng!
PotyCary. Then after your drynkyng how fall ye to wynkyng? 303
Pedler. Syr, after drynkynge, whyle the shot is tynkynge,
Some hedes be swynking,[2] but myne wyl be synkynge,
And vpon drynkynge myne eyse wyll be pynkynge,
For wynkynge to drynkynge is alway lynkynge.
PotyCary. Then drynke and slepe ye can well do. 308
But, yf ye were desyred therto,
I pray you, tell me, can you synge?
Pedler. Syr, I haue some syght in syngynge.
PotyCary. But is your brest any-thynge swete?
Pedler. What-euer my breste be, my voyce is mete. 313
PotyCary. That answer sheweth you a ryght syngynge man.
Now what is your wyll, good father, than?
Palmer. What helpeth wyll where is no skyll?
Pardoner. And what helpeth skyll where is no wyll?[3]
PotyCary. For wyll or skyll, what helpeth it 318
Where frowarde knaues be lackynge wyt?[4]
Leue of thys curyosytie;
And who that lyste, synge after me!

[1] Coll. oppose, *without note.*
[2] A.; Coll. M. swymmyng.
[3] Coll. A. wil; M. wyt; *see next note.*
[4] Coll. A. wit; M. wyll; *see preceding note.*

Here they synge.[1]

PEDLER. Thys lyketh me well, so mot I the!
PARDONER. So helpe me God, it lyketh nat me!
Where company is met and well agreed,
Good pastyme doth ryght well in-dede;
But who can syt[2] in dalyaunce
Men syt[3] in suche a variaunce
As we were set or ye came in?
Whiche stryfe thys man dyd fyrst begynne,
Allegynge that suche men as vse
For loue of God, and nat[4] refuse,
On fot to goo from place to place
A pylgrymage, callynge for grace,
Shall in that payne with penitence
Obtayne discharge of conscyence, —
Comparynge that lyfe for the beste
Enduccyon to our endles reste.
Upon these wordes our mater grewe;
For, yf he coulde auow them true,
As good to be a gardener
As for to be a pardoner.
But, when I harde hym so farre wyde,
I then aproched and replyed,
Sayenge this: that this[5] indulgence,
Hauyng the forsayd penitence,
Dyschargeth man of all offence
With muche more profyt then this pretence.
I aske but two pens at the moste, —
I-wys, this is nat very great coste, —
And from[6] all payne, without dyspayre, —
My soule for his, — kepe euen his chayre,[7]
And when he dyeth he may be sure
To come to heuen, euen at pleasure.

[1] *The song is not given.* [2] *Qy.* fet. [3] *Qy.* set.
[4] M. nat and; Coll. A. and not.
[5] A. his, *which would be very appropriate in* l. 347.
[6] A. for. [7] A. for to keep even in his chair.

And more then heuen he can[1] nat get,
How farre so-euer he lyste to iet.
Then is hys payne more then hys wit
To wa[l]ke[2] to heuen, syns he may syt!
Syr, as we were in this contencion,
In came thys daw with hys inuencyon,
Reuelynge vs, hym-selfe auauntynge,
That all the soules to heuen assendynge
Are most bounde to the potycary,
Bycause he helpeth most men to dye;
Before whiche deth he sayeth, in-dede,
No soule in heuen can haue hys mede.
PEDLER. Why, do potycaries kyll men?
POTYCARY. By God, men say so now and then!
PEDLER. And I thought ye wolde nat haue myst
To make men[3] lyue as longe as ye lyste.
POTYCARY. As longe as we lyste? nay, longe[4] as they can!
PEDLER. So myght we lyue without you than.
POTYCARY. Ye, but yet it is[5] necessary
For to haue a potycary;
For when ye fele your conscyens redy,
I can sende you to heuen[6] quyckly.
Wherfore, concernynge our mater here,
Aboue these twayne I am best, clere;
And, yf ye[7] lyste to take me so,
I am content you and no mo
Shall be our iudge as in thys case,
Whiche of vs thre shall take the best place.
PEDLER. I neyther wyll iudge the beste nor worste;
For, be ye bleste or be ye curste,
Ye know it is no whyt my sleyght[8]
To be a iudge in maters of weyght.

[1] A. may.
[2] M. wake; Coll. A. walke.
[3] Coll. them, *without note.*
[4] Coll. as longe, *without note.*
[5] A. but it is very.
[6] A. *inserts* very.
[7] *So* Coll. A.; M. he.
[8] M. fleyght; *corr. silently by* Coll.

It behoueth no pedlers nor proctours
To take on them iudgemente as doctours.
But, yf your myndes be onely set
To worke for soule helthe, ye be well met;
For eche of you somwhat doth showe
That soules towarde heuen by you do growe;
Then, yf ye can so well agree
To contynue togyther all thre
And all you thre obey on [1] wyll,
Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll:
As, yf ye came all to one man
Who shulde goo [2] pylgrymage more then he can,
[*To Palmer*] In that ye, palmer, as debite,
May clerely dyscharge [3] hym, parde;
[*To Pardoner*] And for all other syns, ones had contryssyon,
Your pardons geueth hym full remyssyon;
[*To Potycary*] And then ye, mayster potycary,
May sende hym to heuen by-and-by.

POTYCARY. Yf he taste this boxe nye aboute the pryme,
By the masse, he is in heuen or euensonge tyme!
My craft is suche that I can ryght well
Sende my fryndes to heuen and my-selfe to hell.
But, syrs, marke this man, for he is wyse
How [4] coulde deuyse suche a deuyce;
For yf we thre may be as one,
Then be we [5] lordes euerychone, —
Betwene vs all coulde nat be myste
To saue the soules of whome we lyste.
But, for good order, at a worde,
Twayne of vs must wayte on the thyrde;
And vnto that I do agree,
For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me.

[1] Coll. *silently corrects to* one. [2] A. *inserts* on.
[3] M. dyscharde; *so* Coll., *without note.*
[4] Coll. *gives reading of* M. *as* Howe, *and corrects the spelling to* who.
[5] A. were we as.

PARDONER. What chaunce is this that suche an elfe[1]
Commaund two knaues, besyde hym-selfe?
Nay, nay, my frende, that wyll nat be;
I am to good to wayt on the!
PALMER. By Our Lady, and I wolde be loth
To wayt on the better on[2] you both!
PEDLER. Yet be ye sewer, for all thys dout,
Thys waytynge must be brought about.
Men can nat prosper, wylfully ledde;
All thynge decayeth[3] where is no hedde.
Wherfore, doutlesse, marke what I say:
To one of you thre twayne must obey;
And, synnes ye can nat agree in voyce
Who shall be hed, there is no choyse
But to deuyse some maner thynge
Wherin ye all be lyke connynge;
And in the same who can do beste,
The other twayne to make them preste
In euery thynge of hys ententé
Holly[4] to be at commaundement.
And now haue I founde one mastry
That ye can do in-dyfferently,
And is nother sellynge nor byenge,
But euyn only very lyenge;
And all ye thre can lye as well
As can the falsest deuyll in hell.
And, though afore ye harde me grudge
In greater maters to be your iudge,
Yet in lyeng I can some skyll,
And, yf I shall be iudge, I wyll;
And, be ye sure, without flatery,

[1] *Both* M. *and* A. *assign* ll. 418, 419 *to the Potycary, and have* 419: Commaunded two knaues be, besyde hym selfe; *the present text appeared in the first edition of Dodsley;* Collier *thinks* M. A. *may be correct.*

[2] Coll. *silently changes to* of.

[3] M. decayed; Coll. A. decay.

[4] *For some occult reason* Coll. *changes this to* Holy.

Where my consciens fyndeth the mastrye,
Ther shall my iudgement strayt be founde,
Though I myght wynne a thousande pounde.
PALMER. Syr, for lyeng, though I can do it,
Yet am I loth for to goo to it.
PEDLER. [*to Palmer*] Ye haue nat[1] cause to feare to be bolde,[2]
For ye may be here[3] vncontrolled.
[*To Pardoner*] And ye in this haue good auauntage,
For lyeng is your comen vsage.
[*To Potycary*] And you in lyenge be well spedde,
For all your craft doth stande in falshed.
Ye nede nat care who shall begyn,
For eche of you may hope to wyn.
Now speke, all thre, euyn as ye fynde:
Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde?
PALMER. Ye, by my trouth, I am content.
PARDONER. Now, in good fayth, and I assente.
POTYCARY. If I denyed, I were a nody,
For all is myne, by Goddes body!

Here the Potycary hoppeth.

PALMER. Here were a hopper to hop for the rynge!
But, syr,[4] thys gere goth nat by hoppynge.
POTYCARY. Syr, in this hopynge I wyll hop so well
That my tonge shall hop as well as[5] my hele;
Upon whiche hoppynge I hope, and nat doute it,
To hope[6] so that ye shall hope[6] without it.[7]
PALMER. Syr, I wyll neyther boste ne brawll,[8]
But take suche fortune as may fall;
And, yf ye wynne this maystry,
I wyll obaye you quietly.

[1] Coll. A. no.
[2] A. beholde.
[3] Coll. *gives reading of* M. *as* may here, *and that of* A. *as* may lie; *he prints* may here lie.
[4] A. sirs.
[5] M. aswell as; Coll. A. better than.
[6] Coll. A. hop.
[7] M. *omits* it.
[8] M. drawll; *corr. silently by* Coll.

And sure I thynke that quietnesse
In any man is great rychesse,
In any maner company,
To rule or [1] be ruled indifferently.
PARDONER. By that bost thou semest a begger in-dede.
What can thy quyetnesse helpe vs at nede?
Yf we shulde starue, thou hast nat, I thynke,
One peny to bye vs one potte of drynke.
Nay, yf rychesse mygh[t]e [2] rule the roste,
Beholde what cause I haue to boste!
Lo, here be [3] pardons halfe a dosyn!
For gostely ryches they haue no cosyn;
And, more-ouer, to me they brynge
Sufficient succour for my lyuynge.
And here be [3] relykes of suche a kynde
As in this worlde no man can [4] fynde.
Knele downe, all thre, and, when ye leue kyssynge,
Who lyste to offer shall haue my blyssynge!
Frendes, here shall ye se euyn anone
Of All-Hallows the blessyd iaw-bone, —
Kys it hardely, with good deuocion!
POTYCARY. This kysse shall brynge vs muche promocyon. —
Fogh! by Saynt Sauyour, I neuer kyst a wars!
Ye were as good kysse All-Hallows ars!
For, by All-Halows, me thynketh
That All-Halows breth stynkith.
PALMER. Ye iudge All-Halows breth vnknowen;
Yf any breth stynke, it is your owne.
POTYCARY. I knowe myne owne breth from All-Halows,
Or els it were tyme to kysse the galows.
PARDONER. Nay, syrs, beholde, here may ye se
The great-toe of the Trinite:
Who to thys toe any money voweth,
And ones may role it in his moueth,

[1] A. *inserts* to.
[2] M. myghe; *corr. silently by* Coll.
[3] A. are.
[4] A. may.

All hys lyfe after, I vndertake,
He shall be ryd of[1] the toth-ake.
PARDONER. I praye you torne that relyke aboute!
Other[2] the Trinite had the goute,
Or elles, bycause it is iii toes in one,
God made it muche as[3] thre toes alone.
PARDONER.[4] Well, lette that passe, and loke vpon thys;—
Here is a relyke that doth nat mys
To helpe the leste as well[5] as the moste:
This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste.
POTYCARY. By Chryste, and yet, for all your boste,
Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste!
PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke,—here is a whipper!
My friendes[6] vnfayned, here[7] is a slypper
Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure.
Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
For all these two dayes it shall so ease you
That none other sauours shall displease you.
POTYCARY. All these two dayes! nay, all thys[8] two yere!
For all the sauours that may come here
Can be no worse; for, at a worde,
One of the Seuen Slepers trode in a torde.
PEDLER. Syr, me thynketh your deuocion is but smal.
PARDONER. Small? mary, me thynketh he hath none at all!
POTYCARY. What the deuyll care I what ye thynke?
Shall I prayse relykes when they stynke?
PARDONER. Here is an eye-toth of the Great Turke:
Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of worke
May happely lese parte of his eye-syght,
But nat all[9] tyll he be blynde out-ryght.

[1] Coll. A. shall never be vext with.
[2] Coll. A. either.
[3] Coll. A. as much(e) as.
[4] M. Potycary.
[5] M. aswell.
[6] A. freend.
[7] A. this.
[8] Coll. A. these.
[9] Coll. *omits* all, *without note.*

POTYCARY. What-so-euer any other man seeth,
I haue no deuocion[1] to[2] Turkes teeth ;
For, all-though I neuer sawe a greter,
Yet me thynketh I haue sene many better.
PARDONER. Here is a box full of humble-bees
That stonge Eue as she sat on her knees
Tastynge the frute to her forbydden :
Who kysseth the bees within this hydden
Shall haue as muche pardon, of ryght,
As for any relyke he kyst thys nyght.
PALMER. Syr, I wyll kysse them, with all my herte.
POTYCARY. Kysse them agayne, and take my parte,
For I am nat worthy, — nay, lette be,
Those bees that stonge Eue shall nat stynge me!
PARDONER. Good frendes, I haue ye[s]t[e] here in[3] thys glas,
Whiche on the drynke at the weddynge was
Of Adam and Eue vndoutedly ;
If ye honor this relyke deuoutly,
All-though ye thurste no whyt the lesse,
Yet shall ye drynke the more doutlesse, —
After whiche drynkynge ye shall be as mete
To stande on your hede as on your fete.
POTYCARY. Ye, mary, now I can[4] ye[5] thanke ;
In presents of thys the reste be blanke.
Wolde God this relyke had come rather!
Kysse that relyke well, good father!
Suche is the payne that ye palmers take
To kysse the pardon-bowle for the drynke sake.
O holy yeste, that loketh full sowr and stale,
For Goddes body helpe me to a cuppe of ale!
The more I be-holde[6] the, the more I thurste ;
The oftener I kysse the, more lyke to burste!
But syns I kysse the so deuoutely,
Hyre me, and helpe me with drynke till I dye!

[1] M. devacion ; Coll. devocyon, *without note.*
[2] Coll. A. unto.
[3] A. *omits* here.
[4] Coll. A. con.
[5] Coll. you, *without note.*
[6] A. see.

What, so muche prayenge and so lytell spede?
PARDONER. Ye, for God knoweth whan it is nede
To sende folkes drynke; but, by Saynt Antony,
I wene he hath sent you to muche all-redy.
POTYCARY. If I haue neuer the more for the,
Then be the relykes no ryches to me,
Nor to thy-selfe, excepte they be
More benefycyall then I can se.
Rycher is one boxe of [t]his[1] tryacle
Then all thy relykes that do no myrakell.
If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me
As I haue prayed to thy relykes and the,
Nothynge concernynge myne occupacion
But streyght shulde haue wrought in[2] operacyon.
And, as in value, I pas you an ace.
Here[3] lyeth muche rychesse in lytell space, —
I haue a boxe of rebarb here,
Whiche is as deynty as it is dere.
So[4] helpe me God and hollydam,
Of this I wolde nat geue a dram[5]
To the beste frende I haue in Englandes grounde
Though he wolde geue me xx pounde;
For, though the stomake do it abhor,
It pourget[h] you clene from the color,
And maketh your stomake sore to walter,
That ye shall neuer come to the halter.
PEDLER. Then is that medycyn a souerayn thynge
To preserue a man from hangynge.
POTYCARY. If ye wyll taste but thys crome that ye se,
If euer ye be hanged, neuer truste me!

[1] M. his; Coll. this, *without note.*
[2] Coll. A. one.
[3] Coll. So here, *without note, cf.* l. 594.
[4] *In* Coll. So *is marked as "addition," upon which* Collier *himself remarks that his predecessors are mistaken, as the word is found in both the old copies; of course, it is really* l. 591 *to which* so *was added (in consequence of failure to understand the construction).*
[5] M. deam; *corr. silently by* Coll.

Here haue I diapompholicus, —
A speciall oyntement, as doctours discuse, —
For a fistela or a [1] canker
Thys oyntement is euen shot-anker,
For this medecyn [2] helpeth one and other,
Or bryngeth them in case that they nede no other.
Here is [3] syrapus de Byzansis, —
A lytell thynge is i-nough of this,
For euen the weyght of one scryppull [4]
Shall [5] make you stronge as [6] a cryppull.
Here be [7] other: as, diosfialios,
Diagalanga, and sticados,
Blanka manna, diospoliticon,
Mercury sublyme, and metridaticon,
Pelitory, [8] and arsefetita,
Cassy, and colloquintita.
These be [9] the thynges that breke all stryfe
Betwene mannes sycknes and his lyfe;
From all payne these shall you deleuer,
And set you euen at reste for-euer.
Here is a medecyn — no mo lyke the same! —
Whiche comenly is called thus by name:
Alikakabus or alkakengy, —
A goodly thynge for dogges that be [10] mangy.
Suche be these medycynes that I can
Helpe a dogge as well as a man.
Nat one thynge here partycularly
But worketh vniuersally,
For it doth me as muche good when I sell it
As all the byers that taste it or smell it.
Now, syns my medycyns be so specyall,
And in [11] operacion so generall,

[1] Coll. or for a, *without note.*
[2] A. oyntment.
[3] Coll. is a, *without note.*
[4] Coll. scryppall.
[5] A. Wil.
[6] Coll. as stronge as, *without note.*
[7] Coll. are, *without note.*
[8] Coll. Pellitory, *without note.*
[9] A. are.
[10] A. are.
[11] Coll. in one, *without note.*

And redy to worke when-so-euer they shall,
So that in ryches I am principall,
If any rewarde may entreat ye,
I besech your mashyp [1] be good to [2] me,
And ye shall haue a boxe of marmelade
So fyne that ye may dyg it with a spade.
PEDLER. Syr, I thanke you, but your rewarde
Is nat the thynge that I regarde;
I muste and wyll be indifferent:
Wherfore procede in your intente.
POTYCARY. Nowe, yf I wyst thys wysh no synne,
I wolde to God I myght begynne!
PARDONER. I am content that thou lye fyrste.
PALMER. Euen so am I; and [3] say thy worste!
Now let vs here of all thy lyes
The greatest lye thou mayst deuyse,
And in the fewyst wordes thou can.
POTYCARY. Forsoth, ye be [4] an honest man.
PALMER.[5] There sayde ye muche, but yet no lye.
PARDONER. Now lye ye bothe, by Our Lady!
Thou lyest in bost of hys honestie,
And he hath lyed in affyrmynge the.
POTYCARY. Yf we both lye and ye say true,
Then of these lyes your parte adew!
And yf ye wyn, make none auaunt;
For ye [6] are sure of one yll seruaunte.
[*To Palmer*] Ye [6] may perceyue by the wordes he gaue
He taketh your mashyp but for a knaue. —
But who tolde true [7] or lyed in-dede,
That wyll I knowe or [8] we procede:
Syr, after that I fyrste began
To prayse you for an honest man,

[1] Coll. masshyp.
[2] A. unto.
[3] Coll. A. now.
[4] A. you are.
[5] Coll., *followed by* Haz., *silently transfers this speech to the Pedler; but* ll. 669–674 *confirm* M.
[6] Coll. you, *without note.*
[7] Coll. A. truthe.
[8] A. ere.

When ye affyrmed it for no lye, —[1]
Now, by our[2] fayth, speke euen truely, —
Thought ye your affyrmacion true?
PALMER. Ye, mary, I![3] for I wolde ye knewe
I thynke my-selfe an honest man.
POTYCARY. What thought ye in the contrary than?
PARDONER. In that I sayde the contrary,
I thynke from trouth I dyd nat vary.
POTYCARY. And what of my wordes?
PARDONER. I thought ye lyed.
POTYCARY. And so thought I, by God that dyed!
Nowe haue you twayne eche for hym-selfe layde
That none[4] hath lyed ou[gh]t[5] but both truesayd;
And of vs twayne none hath denyed,
But both affyrmed, that I haue lyed:
Now syns [ye] both your[6] trouth confes,
And that we both my lye so witnes
That twayne of vs thre in one agree, —[7]
And that the lyer the wynner must be, —
Who coulde prouyde suche euydens
As I haue done in this pretens?
Me thynketh this mater sufficient
To cause you to gyue iudgement
And to giue me the mastrye,
For ye perceyue these knaues can nat lye.
PALMER. Though nother[8] of vs as yet had lyed,
Yet what we can do is vntryed;
For yet[9] we haue deuysed nothynge,

[1] Collier's *note is confused, but I infer that* A. *has* for to lye.
[2] Coll. A. your; *but* our *is possible.*
[3] Coll. *omits* I, *without note.*
[4] A. one.
[5] M. out, *which is silently omitted by* Coll.
[6] Coll. A. ye the.
[7] Coll. A. (*apparently through failure to follow the argument*):

How that I lyed, doo bear witnes.
That twain of us may soon agree,

[8] Coll. A. neyther.
[9] Coll. For as yet, *without note.*

But answered you and geuen [1] hyrynge.
PEDLER. Therfore I haue deuysed one waye
Wherby all thre your myndes may saye :
For eche of you one tale shall tell,
And whiche of you telleth most meruell
And most vnlyke [2] to be true,
Shall most preuayle, what-euer ensew.
POTYCARY. If ye be set in [3] mervalynge,
Then shall ye here a meruaylouse thynge,
And though, in-dede, all be nat true,
Yet suer the most parte shall be new.
I dyd a cure no lenger [4] a-go
But [5] *Anno Domini millesimo*
On a woman yonge and so fayre
That neuer haue I sene a gayre.
God saue all women from [6] that lyknes!
This wanton had the fallen-syknes, —
Whiche by dissent came lynyally,
For her mother had it naturally ;
Wherfore, this woman to recure
It was more harde ye may be sure.
But, though I boste my crafte is suche
That in suche thynges I can do muche,
How ofte she fell were muche to reporte ;
But her hed so gydy and her helys so shorte
That, with the twynglynge of an eye,
Downe wolde she falle euyn by-and-by.
But, or [7] she wolde aryse agayne,
I shewed muche practyse muche to my payne ;
For the tallest man within this towne
Shulde [8] nat with ease haue broken her sowne. [9]
All-though for lyfe I dyd nat doute her,
Yet dyd I take more payne [10] about her

[1] Coll. geven you; *without note.*
[2] Coll. A. unlikest.
[3] Coll. on, *without note.*
[4] Coll. longer, *without note.*
[5] Coll. But in, *without note.*
[6] Coll. A. of.
[7] A. ere.
[8] Coll. A. Could.
[9] Coll. swowne, *without note.*
[10] Coll. A. paines.

Then I wolde take with my owne syster.
Syr, at the last I gaue her a glyster, —
I thrust a tampyon[1] in her tewell
And bad her kepe it for a iewell.
But I knewe[2] it so heuy[3] to cary
That I was sure[4] it wolde nat tary;
For where gonpouder is ones fyerd
The tampyon[5] wyll no lenger be hyerd, —
Whiche was well sene in tyme of thys chaunce,
For, when I had charged this ordynaunce,
Sodeynly as it had thonderd,
Euen at a clap losed her bumberd.
Now marke, for here begynneth the reuell:
This tampion[6] flew x longe myle leuell.
To a fayre castell of lyme and stone, —
For strength I knowe nat suche a one, —
Whiche stode vpon an[7] hyll full hye
At fote wherof a ryuer ranne bye,
So depe, tyll chaunce had it forbyden,
Well myght the Regent there haue ryden.
But when this tampyon[8] on this castell lyght,[9]
It put the castels[10] so farre[11] to flyght
That downe they came eche vpon other,
No stone lefte standynge, by Goddes Mother!
But rolled downe so faste the hyll
In suche a nomber and so dyd fyll
From botom to bryme, from shore to shore,
Thys forsayd ryuer, so depe before,
That who lyste nowe to walke therto,
May wade it ouer and wet no shoo.
So was thys castell layd wyde open
That euery man myght se the token.

[1] M. Coll. thampyon.
[2] Coll. *inserts* there *from* A.
[3] Coll. it was to heevy, *without note.*
[4] Coll. sure was.
[5] Coll. Thampyon, *without note.*
[6] M. tampton; Coll. thampion, *without note.*
[7] Coll. a, *without note.*
[8] Coll. thampyon, *without note.*
[9] Coll. A. at this castle did lyght.
[10] Coll. castel, *without note.*
[11] *Qy. read* stones *for* so farre.

But — in a good houre maye these wordes[1] be spoken! —
After the tampyon on the walles was wroken,
And pece by pece in peces broken,
And she delyuered, with suche violens,
Of all her inconueniens,
I left her in good helth and luste;
And so she doth contynew, I truste!
PEDLER. Syr, in your cure I can nothynge tell,
But to our[2] purpose ye haue sayd well.
PARDONER. Well, syr, then marke what I can say:
I haue ben a pardoner many a day,
And done greater[3] cures gostely
Then euer he dyd bodely, —
Namely thys one whiche ye shall here,
Of one departed within thys seuen yere, —
A frende of myne, and lykewyse I
To her agayne was as frendly, —
Who fell so syke so sodeynly
That dede she was euen by-and-by,
And neuer spake with preste nor clerke,
Nor had no whyt of thys holy warke.
For I was thens, it coulde nat be;
Yet harde I say she asked for me.
But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced,
And that I haue to heuen auaunced
So many soules to me but straungers
And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers,
But she to dy so daungerously,
For her soule helth especyally, —
That was the thynge that greued me soo
That nothynge coulde release my woo
Tyll I had tryed euen out of hande
In what estate her soule dyd stande;
For whiche tryall, shorte tale to make,

[1] *It is impossible to tell from the note in* Coll. *whether* A. *has* this wordes *or* this word, — *apparently the former.*
[2] Coll. A. your. [3] A. more.

I toke thys iourney for her sake, —
Geue eare, for here begynneth the story, —
From hens I went to purgatory,
And toke with me thys gere in my fyste,
Wherby I may do there what I lyste.
I knocked and was let in quyckly,
But, Lorde, how lowe the soules made curtesy!
And I to euery soule agayne
Dyd gyue a beck them to retayne,
And axed them thys question than:
Yf that the soule of suche a woman
Dyd late amonge them there appere.
Wherto they sayd she came nat here.
Then ferd I muche it was nat well;
Alas, thought I, she is in hell!
For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted
That sure I thought she was nat saynted.
With thys it chaunced[1] me to snese;
"Christe helpe!" quoth a soule that ley for his fees.
"Those wordes," quoth I, "thou shalt nat lees!"
Then with these pardons of all degrees
I payed hys tole, and set hym so quyght
That strayt to heuen he toke his flyght.
And I from thens to hell that nyght,
To help this woman yf I myght,
Nat as who sayth by authorite,
But by the waye of entreate.
And fyrst [to][2] the deuyll that kept the gate
I came, and spake after this rate:
"All hayle, syr deuyll!" and made lowe curtesy.
"Welcome!" quoth he thys[3] smillyngly.
He knew me well; and I at laste
Remembred hym syns longe tyme paste,
For, as good happe wolde haue it chaunce,

[1] *Misprinted* channced *in* M.
[2] Coll. *inserts* to, *without note.*
[3] Coll. A. thus.

Thys deuyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce,
For oft in the play of Corpus Cristi
He had played the deuyll at Couentry.
By his acqueyntaunce and my behauoure
He shewed to me ryght frendly fauoure.
And, to make my returne the shorter,
I sayd to this deuyll: "Good mayster porter,
For all olde loue, yf it lye in your power,
Helpe me to speke with my lorde and your."
"Be sure," quoth he, "no tongue can tell
What tyme thou coudest haue come so well,
For [1] thys daye Lucyfer fell, —
Whiche is our festyuall in hell.
Nothynge vnreasonable craued thys day
That shall in hell haue any nay.
But yet be-ware thou come nat in
Tyll tyme thou may [2] thy pasporte wyn;
Wherfore stande styll, and I wyll wyt
If I can get thy saue-condyt."
He taryed nat, but shortely gat it,
Under seale and the deuyls hande at it,
In ample wyse, as ye shall here, —
Thus it began: "Lucyfere,
By the power of God chyefe deuyll of hell,
To all the deuyls that there do dwell,
And euery of them, we sende gretynge,
Under streyght [3] charge and commaundynge,
That they aydynge and assystent be
To suche a pardoner, — and named [4] me, —
So that he may at lybertie
Passe saue without hys [5] ieopardy
Tyll that he be from vs extyncte
And clerely out of helles precincte;
And, hys pardons to kepe sauegarde, [6]

[1] Coll. A. For as on.
[2] A. maist.
[3] M. streygyt; *corr. silently by* Coll.
[4] M. maned, *silently corr. by* Coll.
[5] Coll. A. any.
[6] Coll. in savegarde, *without note.*

We wyll they lye in the porters warde.
Geuyn in the fornes of our palys,
In our hye courte of maters of malys,
Suche a day and yere of our reyne."
"God saue the deuyll!" quoth I, "for, for playne,[1]
I truste thys wrytynge to be sure."
"Then put thy truste," quoth he, "in euer,[2]
Syns thou art sure to take no harme."
Thys deuyll and I walket arme in arme
So farre tyll he had brought me thyther
Where all the deuyls of hell togyther
Stode in a-ray in suche apparell
As for that day there metely fell:
Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,
Theyr taylles well kempt, and, as I wene,
With sothery butter theyr bodyes anoynted, —
I neuer sawe deuyls so well appoynted.
The mayster deuyll sat in his iacket,
And all the soules were playnge at racket.
None other rackettes they hadde in hande
Saue euery soule a good fyre-brande;
Wherwith they played so pretely
That Lucyfer laughed merely,
And all the resedew of the fendes[3]
Dyd laugh full well togytther[4] lyke frendes.
But of my frende I sawe no whyt,
Nor durst nat axe for her as yet.
Anone all this rout was brought in silens,
And I by an vsher brought in presens.
Then to Lucyfer low as I coude[5]
I knelyd; which he so well alowde

[1] Coll. *follows* A. *in reading* quoth I amain, *and gives reading of* M. *as* quoth I for playne.

[2] A. cure, *possibly a misprint of* eure (= ure), *but perhaps a substitute for it.*

[3] M. frendes; *corr. by* Coll., *from* A.

[4] Coll. A. thereat ful wel.

[5] Coll. A.: in presens Of Lucyfer: then lowe, as well as I could.

That thus he beckte and, by Saynt Antony,
He smyled on me well-fauoredly,
Bendynge hys browes, as brode as barne-durres,
Shakynge hys eares, as ruged as burres,
Rolynge hys yes, as rounde as two bushels,
Flastynge[1] the fyre out of his nose-thryls,
Gnashynge hys teeth so vayngloriously
That me thought tyme to fall to flatery.
Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tell:
"O plesant pycture! O prince of hell,
Feurred[2] in fashyon abominable!
And syns that is inestimable
For me to prayse the worthyly,
I leue of prays, vnworthy[3]
To geue the prays, besechynge the
To heare my sewte and then to be
So good to graunt the thynge I craue;
And, to be shorte, thys wolde I haue, —
The soule of one whiche hyther is flytted
Deliuered[4] hens and to me remitted.
And in thys doynge, though al be nat quyt,
Yet some[5] parte I shall[6] deserue it;
As thus, — I am a pardoner
And ouer soules as a controller,
Thorough-out the erth my power doth stande,
Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,
That spede in maters as I vse them,
As I receyue them or refuse them;
Wherby, what tyme thy pleasure is,
Ye shall requyre[7] any part of thys, —
The leste deuyll here that can come thyther

[1] *Qy.* Fnastynge, *or* Flashynge.
[2] Coll. Feutred, *without note.*
[3] Coll. as unworthy, *without note.*
[4] A. Deliver.
[5] Coll. Yet in some, *without note.*
[6] A. wil.
[7] M. I shall requyre; Coll., I shall requyte, *with a note implying that his text contains* Ye, *but that he himself prefers* I. *He has no textual note on* requyte. Any part of this *seems to support my emendation rather than* Collier's.

Shall chose a soule and brynge hym hyther."
"Nowe,"[1] quoth the deuyll, "we are well pleased.
What is hys name thou woldest haue eased?"
"Nay," quoth I, "be it good or euyll,
My comynge is for a she-deuyll."
"What calste her?" quoth he, "thou horson!"[2]
"Forsoth," quoth I, "Margery Coorson."
"Now, by our honour," sayd Lucyfer,
"No deuyll in hell shall witholde her;
And yf thou woldest haue twenty mo,
Were[3] nat for iustyce, they shulde goo,
For all we[4] deuyls within thys den
Haue more to do with two women
Then with all the charge we haue besyde.
Wherfore, yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,
Aply thy pardons to women so
That vnto vs there come no mo."
To do my beste I promysed by othe;
Whiche I haue kepte, for, as the fayth goth,
At these dayes[5] to heuen I do procure
Ten women to one man, be sure.
Then of Lucyfer my leue I toke,
And streyght vnto the mayster coke;
I was hadde into the kechyn,
For Margaryes[6] offyce was ther-in.
All thynge[7] handled there discretely, —
For euery soule bereth offyce metely, —
Whiche[8] myght be sene to se her syt,
So bysely turnynge of the spyt;
For many a spyt here hath she turned,
And many a good spyt hath she burned,
And many a spyt full hot[9] hath tosted[10]

[1] Coll. A. Ho, ho.
[2] M. horyson; Coll. A. whoorson.
[3] Coll. Wert, *without note.*
[4] A. the.
[5] M. thys dayes; Coll. A. this day.
[6] Coll. Margerie's, *without note.*
[7] Coll. thyngs, *without note.*
[8] *Misprinted* woiche *in* Coll.
[9] M. Coll. hoth.
[10] Coll. rosted, *without note.*

Before the meat coulde be halfe rosted;
And, or [1] the meate were halfe rosted in-dede,
I toke her then fro the spyt for [2] spede.
But when she sawe thys brought to pas,
To tell the ioy wherin she was,
And of all the deuyls, for ioy how they
Dyd rore at her delyuery,
And how the cheynes in hell dyd rynge,
And how all the soules therin dyd synge,
And how we were brought to the gate,
And how we toke our leue therat, —
Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat
To reherse the xx parte of that;
Wherfore, thys tale to conclude breuely,
Thys woman thanked me chyefly
That she was ryd of thys endles deth;
And so we departed on New-Market Heth.
And yf that any man do mynde her,
Who lyste to seke her there shall he fynde her!

PEDLER. Syr, ye haue sought her wonders [3] well,
And, where ye founde her, as ye tell,
To here the chaunce ye founde [4] in hell,
I fynde ye were in great parell.[5]

PALMER. His tale is all muche parellous,[6]
But parte is muche more meruaylous;
As where he sayde the deuyls complayne
That women put them to suche payne
By [7] theyr condicions so croked and crabbed,
Frowardly fashonde, so waywarde and wrabbed,[8]
So farre in deuision, and sturrynge suche stryfe,
That all the deuyls be wery of theyr lyfe.

[1] A. ere.
[2] Coll. with, *without note.*
[3] Coll. A. wunderous.
[4] Coll. A. had.
[5] Coll. A. peril.
[6] Coll. A. perilous.
[7] Coll. Be, *without note, though he entirely changes the construction of the passage.*
[8] *There is no occasion to correct the spelling to* rabid.

This[1] in effect he tolde for[2] trueth;
Wherby muche maruell[3] to me ensueth,
That women in hell suche shrewes can be
And here so gentyll, as farre as I se.
Yet haue I sene many a myle
And many a woman in the whyle, —
Nat one good cytye, towne, nor borough
In Cristendom but I haue ben th[o]rough, —
And this I wolde ye shulde vnderstande:
I haue sene women v hundred thousande
. . . . . .
And oft with them haue longe tyme taryed,[4]
Yet in all places where I haue ben,
Of all the women that I haue sene,
I neuer sawe nor knewe, in my consyens,
Any one woman out of paciens.

POTYCARY. By the masse, there is a great lye![5]

PARDONER. I neuer harde a greater, by Our Lady!

PEDLER. A greater? nay, knowe ye any so great?

PALMER. Syr, whether that I lose or get,
For my parte iudgement shall be prayed.

PARDONER. And I desyer as he hath sayd.

POTYCARY. Procede, and ye shall be obeyed.

PEDLER. Then shall nat iudgement be delayd:
Of all these thre, yf eche mannes tale
In Poules[6] Churche-yarde were set on sale
In some mannes hande that hath the sleyghte,
He shulde sure sell these tales by weyght;
For, as they wey, so be they worth.
But whiche weyth beste, — to that now forth!
Syr, all the tale that ye dyd tell
I bere in mynde; and yours as well;

[1] A. thus. [2] A. of.

[3] *Misprinted* muruell *in* M.

[4] M. maryed (*or* matyed); Coll. A. taried; *a line has, as* Collier *suggests, probably been lost, — perhaps:* Wives and widows, maids and married.

[5] M. greatlye, *corr. silently by* Coll. [6] Coll. Poole's, *without note.*

And, as ye sawe the mater metely,
So lyed ye bothe well and discretely.
Yet were your lyes with the lest, truste me;
[*To Potycary*] For, yf ye had sayd ye had made fle
Ten tampyons out of ten womens tayles
Ten tymes ten myle to ten castels or iayles[1]
And fyll[2] ten ryuers ten tymes so depe
As ten of that whiche your castell stones dyde kepe,[3] —
[*To Pardoner*] Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely
Fet ten soules out of purgatory,
And ten tymes so many out of hell, —
Yet, by these ten bonnes, I could ryght well
Ten tymes sonner all that haue beleued
Then the tenth parte of that he hath meued.
POTYCARY. Two knaues before i lacketh ii knaues of fyue;
Then one, and then one, and bothe knaues a-lyue;
Then two, and then two, and thre at a cast;
Thou knaue, and thou knaue, and thou knaue, at laste!
Nay, knaue, yf ye try me by nomber,
I wyll as knauyshly you accomber.
Your mynde is all on your pryuy tythe,
For all in ten me thynketh your wit lythe.
Now ten tymes I beseche Hym that hye syttes
Thy wyfes x co*m*mau*n*dementes may serch thy v wittes;
Then ten of my tordes in ten of thy teth,
And ten of[4] thy nose, whiche euery man seth,
And twenty tymes ten this wyshe I wolde, —
That thou haddest ben hanged at ten yere olde,
For thou goest about to make me a slaue, —
I wyll thou knowe yf I am a gentylman,[5] knaue!
And here is an other shall take my parte.
PARDONER. Nay, fyrste I be-shrew your knaues herte
Or I take parte in your knauery!

[1] M. tayles; Coll. jayles, *without note.*
[2] Coll. fild, *without note.*
[3] *These two words are cut off at the top.*
[4] Coll. on, *without note.*
[5] A. gentle.

I wyll speke fayre, by Our[1] Lady!
Syr, I beseche your mashyp to be
As good as ye can[2] be to me.
PEDLER. I wolde be glade to do you good
And hym also, be he neuer so wood;
But dout you nat I wyll now do
The thynge my consciens ledeth me to.
Both your tales I take farre impossyble[3]
Yet take I his fa[r]ther[4] incredyble.
Nat only the thynge it-selfe alloweth it,
But also the boldenes therof auoweth it,
I knowe nat where your tale to trye,[5]
Nor yours but in hell or purgatorye;
But hys boldnes hath faced a lye
That may be tryed euyn in thys companye:
As, yf ye lyste, to take thys order, —
Amonge the women in thys border,
Take thre of the yongest and thre of the oldest,
Thre of the hotest and thre of the coldest,
Thre of the wysest and thre of the shrewdest,
Thre of the chastest and thre of the lewdest,[6]
Thre of the lowest and thre of the hyest,
Thre of the farthest and thre of the nyest,
Thre of the fayrest and thre of the maddest,
Thre of the fowlest and thre of the saddest, —
And when all these threes be had a-sonder,
Of eche thre two iustly by nomber
Shall be founde shrewes, excepte thys fall,
That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all.
Hym-selfe for trouth all this doth knowe,
And oft hath tryed some of thys rowe;
And yet he swereth by his consciens
He neuer saw woman breke paciens.[7]

[1] Coll. A.; M. one.
[2] A. you may.
[3] Coll. unpossyble, *without note.*
[4] *Corr. by* Coll., *without note.*
[5] M. crye; *corr. silently by* Coll.
[6] *This line supp. by* Coll. *from* A.
[7] Coll. patiens, *without note.*

Wherfore, consydered with true entente
Hys lye to be so euident,
And to appere so euydently
That both you affyrmed it a ly,
And that my consciens so depely
So depe hath sought thys thynge to try,
And tryed it with mynde indyfferent,
Thus I awarde, by way of iudgement,
Of all the lyes ye all haue spent
Hys lye to be most excellent.

PALMER. Syr, though ye[1] were bounde of equyte
To do as ye haue done to me,
Yet do I thanke you of your payne,
And wyll requyte some parte agayne.

PARDONER. Mary, syr, ye can no les do
But thanke hym as muche as it cometh to;
And so wyll I do for my parte:
Now a vengeaunce on thy knaues harte!
I neuer knewe pedler a iudge before
Nor neuer wyll truste pedlynge-knaue more!

[*He sees the Potycary curtesying about the Palmer.*]

What doest thou there, thou horson nody?

POTYCARY. By the masse, lerne to make curtesy!
Curtesy before, and curtesy behynde hym,
And then on eche syde, the deuyll blynde hym!
Nay, when I[2] haue it perfytly,
Ye shall haue the deuyll and all of curtesy!
But it is nat sone lerned, brother,[3]
One knaue to make curtesy to another;
Yet, when I am angry, that is the worste,
I shall call my mayster knaue at the fyrste.

PALMER. Then wolde some mayster perhappes clowt ye,
But as for me ye nede nat doute ye;
For I had leuer[4] be without ye

[1] M. we; *corr. silently by* Coll.
[2] Coll. A. ye.
[3] Coll. A. gentle brother.
[4] A. rather.

Then haue suche besynesse aboute ye.
PARDONER. So helpe me God, so were ye better!
What shulde a begger be a ietter?
It were no whyt your honestie
To haue vs twayne iet after ye.
POTYCARY. Syr, be ye sure he telleth you true;
Yf we shulde wayte, thys wolde ensew:
It wolde be sayd, truste me at a worde,
Two knaues made[1] curtesy to a[2] thyrde.
PEDLER. Now, by my trouth, to speke my mynde, —
Syns, they be so loth to be assyned,[3]
To let them lose I thynke it beste,
And so shall ye lyue beste[4] in rest.
PALMER. Syr, I am nat on them so fonde
To compell them to kepe theyr bonde;
And, syns ye lyste nat to wayte on me,
I clerely of waytynge dyscharge ye.
PARDONER. Mary, syr, I hertely thanke you.
POTYCARY. And I lyke-wyse, I make God auowe.[5]
PEDLER. Now be ye all euyn as ye begoon;
No man hath loste nor no man hath woon.
Yet in the debate wherwith ye began,
By waye of aduyse I wyll speke as I can:
[*To Palmer*] I do perceyue that pylgrymage
Is chyefe[6] the thynge ye haue in vsage;
Wherto, in effecte, for loue of Chryst
Ye haue, or shulde haue, bene entyst;
And who so doth with suche entent,
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent;
[*To Pardoner*] And so do ye in your pretence,
If ye procure thus[7] indulgence
Unto your neyghbours charytably
For loue of them in God onely. —

[1] A. make.
[2] Coll. the, *without note.*
[3] Steevens *suggests* affyned, *but, as* Collier *points out,* assyned *is correct.*
[4] Coll. A. the better.
[5] Coll. A. And likewise I, to God I vow.
[6] A. cheefest.
[7] A. this.

All thys may be ryght well applyed
To shew[1] you both well occupyed:
For, though ye walke nat bothe one waye,
Yet, walkynge thus, thys dare I saye:
That bothe your walkes come to one[2] ende.
And so for all that do pretende,
By ayde of Goddes grace, to ensewe
Any maner kynde of vertue:
As, some great almyse for to gyue,
Some in wyllfull pouertie to lyue,
Some to make hye-wayes and suche other[3] warkes,
And some to mayntayne prestes and clarkes
To synge and praye for soule[s] departed, —
These, with all other vertues well marked,
All-though they be of sondry kyndes,
Yet be they nat vsed with sondry myndes;
But, as God only doth all those moue,
So euery man, onely for his loue,
With loue and dred obediently
Worketh in these vertues vnyformely.
Thus euery vertue, yf we lyste to scan,
Is pleasaunt to God and thankfull to man;
And who that by grace of the Holy Goste
To any one vertue is moued moste, —
That man, by that grace, that one apply,
And therin serue God most plentyfully![4]
Yet nat that one so farre wyde to wreste,
So lykynge the same to myslyke the reste;
For who so wresteth hys worke is in vayne.
And euen in that case I perceyue you twayne, —
Lykynge your vertue in suche wyse
That eche others vertue you do dyspyse.
Who walketh thys way for God wolde fynde hym,
The farther they seke hym, the farther behynde hym.
One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another

[1] M. shewell; *corr. by* Coll. *from* A.
[2] A. on.
[3] Coll. A. lyke.
[4] A. plenteously.

Is lyke as the syster myght hange the brother.
POTYCARY. For fere lest suche parels to me myght fall,
I thanke God I vse no vertue at all!
PEDLER. That is of all the very worste waye;
For more harde it is, as I haue harde saye,
To begynne vertue where none is pretendyd
Then, where it is begonne, the abuse to be mended.
How-be-it, ye be[1] nat all to begynne;
One syne of vertue ye are entred in:
As thys, I suppose ye dyd saye true,
In that ye sayd ye vse no vertue;
In the whiche wordes I dare well reporte,
Ye are well be-loued[2] of all thys sorte,
By your raylynge here openly
At pardons and relyques so leudly.
POTYCARY. In that I thynke my faute nat great,
For all that he hath I knowe conterfete.[3]
PEDLER. For his and all other that ye knowe fayned
Ye be nother[4] counceled nor constrayned
To any suche thynge in any suche case
To gyue any reuerence in any suche place;
But where ye dout the truthe, nat knowynge,
Beleuynge the beste, good may be growynge, —
In iudgynge the beste, no harme at the leste,
In iudgynge the worste, no good at the beste.
But beste in these thynges it semeth to me
To take[5] no iudgement vpon ye;
But, as the Churche doth iudge or take them,
So do ye receyue or forsake them;
And so, be sure,[6] ye can nat erre,
But may be a frutfull folower.
POTYCARY. Go ye before and, as I am true man,
I wyll folow as faste as I can.

[1] A. are.
[2] Kittredge *suggests* beleued.
[3] Coll. counterfete, *without note.*
[4] Coll. A. not.
[5] M. Coll. make.
[6] Coll. be you sure, *without note.*

PARDONER. And so wyll I, for he hath sayd so well,
Reason[1] wolde we shulde folowe hys counsell. 1222

PALMER. Then to our reason God gyue vs his grace,
That we may folowe with fayth so fermely
His commaundementes, that we may purchace
Hys loue, and so consequently
To byleue hys Churche faste and faythfully;
So that we may, accordynge to his promyse,
Be kepte out of errour in any wyse. 1229

And all that hath scapet[2] vs here by neglygence,
We clerely reuoke and forsake it.
To passe the tyme in thys without offence,
Was the cause why the maker dyd make it;
And so we humbly beseche you take[3] it;
Besechynge Our Lorde to prosper you all
In the fayth of hys Churche Vniuersall! 1236

[1] *Smudged over in* M. [2] A. escapte. [3] Coll. you to take.

FINIS.

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PART VI.

KYNGE JOHAN.

By JOHN BALE.

Printed from the edition by J. P. Collier (Camden Society, 1838). Punctuation, capitals, and arrangement of lines are, as usual, mine; all other changes are indicated in the footnotes. The statements in regard to the readings of the MS. are, of course, derived from Collier's introduction and notes. Several additions to the play in Bale's own hand are pointed out as they occur, but it must be added that he seems to have corrected the whole play, cf. p. 530, n. 1. For an account of the play, see vol. III. of this book.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

Kynge Johan.	Pryvat Welth.
Ynglond.	Dissimulacyon.
Clargy.	Raymundus.
Sedycyon.	Symon of Swynsett.
Cyvyle Order.	Usurpyd Power.
Stevyn Langton.	The Pope.
Commynalte.	Interpretour.
Nobylyte.	Treason.
Cardynall Pandulphus.	Veryte.

Imperyall Majestye.]

[*Enter Kynge Johan alone.*]

K. Johan.[1] To declare the powres and their force to enlarge,
The Scripture of God doth flow in most abowndaunce;
And of sophysters the cauteles to dyscharge,
Bothe Peter and Pawle makyth plenteosse utterauns;
How that all pepell shuld shew there trew alegyauns

[1] *I have not followed* C. *in the abbreviation of the names of speakers.*

To ther lawfull kyng, Christ Jesu dothe consent,
Whych to the hygh powres was ever obedyent.

To shew what I am, I thynke yt convenyent:
Johan, Kyng of Ynglond, the cronyclys doth me call.
My granfather was an emp[er]owr excelent,
My father a kyng by successyon lyneall,
A kyng my brother, lyke as to hym ded fall,
Rychard Curdelyon they callyd hym in Fraunce,
Whych had over enymyes most fortynable chaunce.

By the wyll of God and his hygh ordynaunce,
In Yerlond and Walys, in Angoye and Normandye,
In Ynglond also, I have had the governaunce;
I have worne the crowne and wrowght vyctoryouslye,
And now do purpose by practyse and by stodye
To reforme the lawes and sett men in good order,
That trew justyce may be had in every border.

[Enter] Ynglond vidua.

[YNGL.] Than I trust yowr Grace wyll waye a poore wedowes cause,
Ungodly usyd, as ye shall know in short clause.

K. JOHAN. Yea, that I wyll swere, yf yt be trew and just.

YNGL. Lyke as yt beryth trewth, so lett yt be dyscust.

K. JOHAN. Than, gentyll wydowe, tell me what the mater ys.

YNGL. Alas, yowr clargy hath done very sore amys
In mysusyng me ageynst all ryght and justyce,
And for my more greffe therto they other intyce.

K. JOHAN. Whom do they intyce for to do the injurye?

YNGL. Soch as hath enterd by false hypocrysye,
Moch worse frutes havyng than hathe the thornes unplesaunt,
For they are the trees that God dyd never plant,
And, as Christ dothe saye, blynd leaders of the blynd.

K. JOHAN. Tell me whom thou menyst, to satysfy my mynd.

YNGL. Suche lubbers as hath dysgysed heads in their hoodes,
Whych in ydelnes do lyve by other menns goodes, —
Monkes, chanons and nones, in dyvers coloure and shappe,
Bothe whyght, blacke and pyed, God send ther increase yll happe!

K. JOHAN. Lete me know thy name or I go ferther with the.

YNGL. Ynglond, syr, Ynglond my name is; ye may trust me.

K. JOHAN. I mervell ryght sore how thow commyst chaungyd thus.

[*Enter*] *Sedwsyon.*

[SED.] What, yow ij alone? I wyll tell tales, by Jesus!
And saye that I se yow fall here to bycherye.

K. JOHAN. Avoyd, lewde person, for thy wordes are ungodlye.

SED. I crye you mercy, sur, pray yow be not angrye;
Be me fayth and trowth, I came hyther to be merye.

K. JOHAN. Thou canst with thy myrth in no wysse dyscontent me,
So that thow powder yt with wysdome and honeste.

SED. I am no spycer, by the messe! ye may beleve me.

K. JOHAN. I speke of no spyce, but of cyvyle honeste.

SED. Ye spake of powder, by the Holy Trynyte!

K. JOHAN. Not as thow takyst yt, of a grosse capasyte,
But as Seynt Pawle meanyth unto the Collossyans[1] playne:
"So seasyne yowr speche, that yt be withowt disdayne."
Now, Ynglond, to the: go thow forth with thy tale,
And showe the cawse why thow lokyst so wan and pale.

YNGL. I told yow before the faulte was in the clergye
That I, a wedow, apere to yow so barelye.

SED. Ye are a Wylly Wat, and wander here full warelye!

K. JOHAN. Why in the clargye? do me to understande!

YNGL. For they take from me my cattell, howse and land,
My wods and pasturs, with other commodyteys,

[1] C. Collessyans.

Lyke as Christ ded saye to the wyckyd Pharyseys:
"Pore wydowys howsys ye grosse up by long prayers," —
In syde cotys wandryng lyke most dysgysed players.
SED. They are well at ese that hath soch soth-sayers!
K. JOHAN. They are thy chylderne, thou owghtest to say then[1] good.
YNGL. Nay, bastardes they are, unnaturall, by the rood!
Sens ther begynnyng they ware never good to me.
The wyld bore of Rome, — God let hym never to thee! —
Lyke pygges they folow in fantysyes, dreames and lyes,
And ever are fed with hys vyle cerymonyes.
SED. Nay, sumtyme they eate bothe flawnes and pygynpyes.
K. JOHAN. By the bore of Rome, I trow, thou menyst the Pope.
YNGL. I mene non other but hym, God geve hym a rope!
K. JOHAN. And why dost thow thus compare hym to a swyne?
YNGL. For that he and hys to such bestlynes inclyne;
They forsake Gods word, whych is most puer and cleane,
And unto the lawys of synfull men they leane;
Lyke as the vyle swyne the most vyle metes dessyer
And hath gret plesure to walowe them-selvys in myre,
So hath this wyld bore with his Church Unyversall,
His sowe with hyr pygys, and monstres[2] bestyall,
Dylyght in mennys draffe and covytus lucre all;
Yea, *aper de sylva* the prophet dyd hym call.
SED. Hold yowr peace, ye whore, or ellys, by masse, I trowe,
I shall cawse the Pope to curse the as blacke as a crowe.
K. JOHAN. What art thow, felow, that seme so braggyng bolde?
SED. I am Sedycyon, that with the Pope wyll hold
So long as I have a hole within my breche.
YNGL. Command this felow to avoyd, I you beseche,
For dowghtles he hath done me great injury.

[1] *Qy.* them. [2] C. monstros.

K. JOHAN. A-voyd, lewd felow, or thou shalt rewe yt truly!

SED. I wyll not a-waye for that same wedred wytche;
She shall rather kysse where-as it doth not ytche.
Quodcunque ligaveris, I trow, wyll playe soch a parte,
That I shall abyde in Ynglond, magry yowr harte.
Tushe, the Pope ableth me to subdewe bothe kyng and keyser.

K. JOHAN. Off that thow and I wyll common more at leyser.

YNGL. Trwly of the devyll they are that do ony thyng
To the subdewyng of any Christen kyng;
For, be he good or bade, he is of Godes apoyntyng;
The good for the good, the badde ys for yll doyng.

K. JOHAN. Of that we shall talke here-after: say forth thy mynd now,
And show me how thou art thus be-cum a wedowe.

YNGL. Thes vyle popych swyne hath clene exyled my hosband.

K. JOHAN. Who ys thy husbond? Tel me,[1] good gentyll Ynglond.

YNGL. For soth, God hym-selfe, the spowse of every sort
That seke hym in fayth to the sowlys helth and comfort.

SED. He is scant honest that so many wyfes wyll have.

K. JOHAN. I saye, hold yowr peace, and stand asyde lyke a knave!
Ys God exylyd owt of this regyon? Tell me.

YNGL. Yea, that he is, ser, yt is the much more pete.

K. JOHAN. How commyth yt to passe that he is thus abusyd?

YNGL. Ye know he abydyth not where his word ys refusyd;
For God is his word, lyke as Seynt John dothe tell
In the begynnyng of his moste blyssyd gospell.
The Popys pyggys may not abyd this word to be hard,
Nor knowyn of pepyll, or had in anye regard:

[1] C. telme.

Ther eyes are so sore they may not abyd the lyght,
And that bred so hard ther gald gummes may yt not byght.
I, knowyng yowr Grace to have here the governance
By the gyft of God, do knowlege my allegeance,
Desyeryng yowr Grace to waye suche injuryes
As I daylye suffer by thes same subtyll spyes,
And lett me have ryght, as ye are a ryghtfull kyng
Apoyntyd of God to have such mater in doyng;
For God wyllyth yow to helpe the pore wydowes cause,
As he by Esaye protesteth in this same clause:
Querite judicium, subvenite oppresso,
Judicate pupillo, defendite viduam:
Seke ryght to poore,[1] to the weake and fat[h]erlesse,
Defende the wydowe whan she is in dystresse.

SED. I tell ye, the woman ys in great hevynes.

K. JOHAN. I may not in nowyse leve thi ryght undyscuste,
For God hath sett me by his apoyntment just
To further thy cause, to mayntayne thi ryght,
And therfor I wyll supporte the daye and nyght;
So long as my symple lyffe shall here indewer
I wyll se the haue no wrong, be fast and swer.
I wyll fyrst of all call my nobylyte,
Dwkis, erlyes and lords, yche one in ther degre;
Next them the clargy, or fathers spirituall,
Archebysshopes, bysshoppes, abbottes, and pryers all;
Than the great juges and lawers every-chone,
So opyny[n]g to them thi cause and petyfull mone,
By the meanys wherof I shall their myndes vnderstande.
Yf they helpe the not, my-selfe wyll take yt in hande,
And sett such a waye as shall be to thi comforte.

YNGL. Than, for an answere I wyll shortly ageyne resort.

K. JOHAN. Do, Ynglond, hardly, and thow shalt have remedy.

YNGL. God reward yowr Grace, I beseche hym hartely,
And send yow longe dayes to governe this realme in peace!

[1] C. *suggests* procure, *but remarks that* Bale *did not make the change, although he inserted* a *in* weake *in the same line.*

K. JOHAN. Gramercy, Ynglond! and send the plentyus increse!

Go owt Ynglond, and drese for Clargy.

SED. Of bablyng-matters, I trow, yt is tyme to cease.
K. JOHAN. Why dost thow call them bablyng-maters? Tell me.
SED. For they are not worth the shakyng of a per-tre[1]
Whan the peres are gone; they are but dyble-dable.
I marvell ye can abyd suche byble-bable.
K. JOHAN. Thow semyst to be a man of symple dys-crescyon.
SED. Alas, that ye are not á pryst to here confessyon!
K. JOHAN. Why for confessyon? Lett me know thi fantasye.
SED. Becawse that ye are a man so full of mercye,
Namely to women, that wepe with a hevy harte
Whan they in the churche hath lett but a lytyl farte.
K. JOHAN. I perseyve well now thow speakyst all this in mockage,
Becawse I take parte with Englandes ryghtfull herytage.
Say thu what thow wylt, her maters shall not peryshe.
SED. Yt is joye of hym that women so can cheryshe.
K. JOHAN. God hathe me ordeynned in this same princely estate,
For that I shuld helpe such as be desolate.
SED. Yt is as great pyte to se a woman wepe
As yt is to se a sely dodman crepe,
Or, as ye wold say, a sely goose go barefote.
K. JOHAN. Thou semyste by thy wordes to have no more wytt than a coote.
I mervell thou arte to Englond so unnaturall,
Beyng her owne chyld: thou art worse than a best brutall.
SED. I am not her chyld! I defye hyr, by the messe!
I her sone, quoth he? I had rather she were hedlesse.
Thowgh I sumtyme be in Englond for my pastaunce,

[1] C. pertre.

Yet was I neyther borne here, in Spayne, nor in Fraunce,
But under the Pope in the holy cyte of Rome,
And there wyll I dwell unto the daye of dome.
K. JOHAN. But what is thy name? Tell me yett onys agayne.
SED. As I sayd afore, I am Sedycyon playne:
In euery relygyon and munkysh secte I rayne,
Havyng yow prynces in scorne, hate and dysdayne.
K. JOHAN. I pray the, good frynd, tell me what ys thy facyon.
SED. Serche and ye shall fynd in euery congregacyon
That long to the Pope, for they are to me full swer,
And wyll be so long as they last and endwer.
K. JOHAN. Yff thow be a cloysterer, tell of what order thow art.
SED. In euery estate of the clargye I playe a part:
Sumtyme I can be a monke in a long syd cowle;
Sumtyme I can be a none and loke lyke an owle;
Sumtyme a chanon in a syrples fayer and whyght;
A chapterhowse monke sumtyme I apere in syght;
I am ower Syre John sumtyme, with a new-shaven crowne;
Sumtyme the person, and swepe the stretes with a syd gowne;
Sumtyme the bysshoppe with a myter and a cope;
A graye fryer sumtyme with cutt shoes and a rope;
Sumtyme I can playe the whyght monke, sumtyme the fryer,
The purgatory prist, and euery mans wyffe desyer.
This cumpany hath provyded for me morttmayne,
For that I myght ever among ther sort remayne.
Yea, to go farder, sumtyme I am a cardynall;
Yea, sumtyme a pope and than am I lord over all,
Bothe in hevyn and erthe and also in purgatory,
And do weare iij crownes whan I am in my glorye.
K. JOHAN. But what doeste thow here in England? Tell me shortlye.
SED. I hold upp the Pope, as in other places many,
For his ambassador I am contynwally,
In Sycell, in Naples, in Venys and Ytalye,

In Pole, Spruse, and Berne, in Denmarke and Lumbardye,
In Aragon, in Spayne, in Fraunce and in Germanye,
In Ynglond, in Scotlond, and in other regyons elles;
For his holy cawse I mayntayne traytors and rebelles,
That no prince can have his peples obedyence
Except yt doth stond with the Popes prehemynence.

K. JOHAN. Gett the hence, thow knave, and moste presumptuows wreche,
Or, as I am trew kyng, thow shalt an halter streche!
We wyll thow know yt, owr power ys of God,
And therfore we wyll so execute the rod
That no lewde pryst shall be able to mayneteyne the.
I se now they be at to mych lyberte;
We wyll short ther hornys, yf God send tyme and space!

SED. Than I in Englond am lyke to have no place?

K. JOHAN. No, that thow arte not, and therfor avoyd apace!

SED. By the holy masse, I must lawgh to here yowr Grace!
Ye suppose and thynke that ye cowd me subdewe;
Ye shall never fynd yowr supposycyon trewe,
Thowgh ye wer as strong as Hector and Diomedes,
Or as valyant as ever was Achylles.
Ye are well content that bysshoppes contynew styll?

K. JOHAN. We are so, in-dede, yf they ther dewte fullfyll.

SED. Nay than, good inowgh! Yowr awtoryte and power
Shall passe as they wyll; they have sawce bothe swet and sower.

K. JOHAN. What menyst thow by that? shew me thy intente this hower.

SED. They are Godes vycars, they can both save and lose.

K. JOHAN. Ah, thy meening ys that they maye a prynce depose.

SED. By the rood, they may, and that wyll appere by yow!

K. JOHAN. Be the helpe of God, we shall se to that well inow.

SED. Nay, ye can not, thowgh ye had Argus eyes,
In abbeyes they haue so many suttyll spyes;
For ones in the yere they have secret vysytacyons,
And yf ony prynce reforme ther ungodly facyons,
Than ij of the monkes must forthe to Rome by-and-by
With secrett letters to avenge ther injury.
For a thowsand pownd they shrynke not in soch matter,
And yet for the tyme the prynce to his face they flater.
I am ever-more ther gyde and ther advocate.

K. JOHAN. Than with the bysshoppes and monkes thu art checke-mate?

SED. I dwell among them and am one of ther sorte.

K. JOHAN. For thy sake they shall of me have but small comforte.
Loke, wher I fynd the, that place wyll I put downe.

SED. What yf ye do chance to fynd me in euery towne
Where-as is fownded any sect monastycall?

K. JOHAN. I pray God I synke yf I dystroye them not all!

SED. Well, yf ye so do, yett know I where to dwell.

K. JOHAN. Thow art not skoymose thy fantasy for to tell.

SED. Gesse! At a venture ye may chance the marke to hytt.

K. JOHAN. Thy falssed to shew, no man than thy selfe more fytt.

SED. Mary, in confessyon under-nethe *benedicite.*

K. JOHAN. Nay, tell yt agayne, that I may understond the.

SED. I say I can dwell, whan all other placys fayle me,
In ere-confessyon undernethe *benedicite;*
And whan I am there, the pryst may not bewray me.

K. JOHAN. Why, wyll ere-confesshon soch a secret traytor be?

SED. Whan all other fayle, he is so sure as stele.
Offend Holy Churche, and I warrant ye shall yt fele;
For by confessyon the Holy Father knoweth
Throw-owt all Christendom what to his Holynes growyth.

K. JOHAN. Oh, where ys Nobylyte, that he myght knowe thys falshed?

SED. Nay, he is becum a mayntener of owr godhed.
I know that he wyll do Holy Chyrche no wronge,
For I am his gostly father and techear amonge.
He belevyth nothyng but as Holy Chyrch doth tell.
K. JOHAN. Why, geveth he no credence to Cristes holy gospell?
SED. No, ser, by the messe, but he callyth them here-tyckes
That preche the gospell, and sedycyows scysmatyckes,
He tache them, vex them, from prison to prison he turne them,
He indygth them, juge them, and, in conclusyon, he burne them.
K. JOHAN. We rewe to here this of owr nobylyte.
But in this be-halfe what seyst of the spretuallte?
SED. Of this I am swer to them to be no stranger,
And spesyally, whan ther honor ys in dawnger.
K. JOHAN. We trust owr lawers have no such wyckyd myndes.
SED. Yes, they many tymys are my most secrett fryndes.
With faythfull prechers they can play leger-demayne,
And with falcȝe colores procure them to be slayne.
K. JOHAN. I perseyve this worlde is full of iniquite.
As God wold have yt, here cummyth Nobylyte.
SED. Doth he so in-dede? By Owr Lord, than wyll I hence!
K. JOHAN. Thow saydest thu woldyst dwell where he kepyth resydence.
SED. Yea, but fyrst of all I must chaunge myn apparell
Unto a bysshoppe, to maynetayene with my quarell,
To a monke or pryst, or to sum holy fryer;
I shuld never elles accomplych my dysyre.
K. JOHAN. Why, art thow goyng? Naye, brother, thow shalte not hence.
SED. I wold not be sene as I am for fortye pence.
Whan I am relygyouse, I wyll returne agayne.
K. JOHAN. Thow shalt tary here, or I must put the to payne.

SED. I have a great mynd to be a lecherous man —
A wengonce take yt! I wold saye, a relygyous man.
I wyll go and cum so fast as evyr I can.
K. JOHAN. Tush, dally not with me! I saye thow shalt abyde.
SED. Wene yow to hold me that I shall not slyppe asyde?
K. JOHAN. Make no more prattyng, for I saye thu shalt abyde.
SED. Stoppe not my passage, I must over see at the next tyde!
K. JOHAN. I will ordeyne so, I trowe, thow shalt not over.
SED. Tush, tush, I am sewer of redy passage at Dover.
K. JOHAN. The devyll go with hym! The unthryftye knave is gone.

Her go owt Sedwsion and drese for Syvyll Order. [*Enter Nobelyte.*]

NOB. Troble not yowr-sylfe with no such dyssolute persone;
For ye knowe full well very lyttell honeste
Ys gote at ther handes in every commynnalte.
K. JOHAN. This is but dallyaunce; ye do not speke as ye thynke.
NOB. By my trowthe, I do, or elles I wold I shuld synke!
K. JOHAN. Than must I marvell at yow of all men lyvynge.
NOB. Why mervell at me? tell me yowr very menyng.
K. JOHAN. For no man levynge is in more famylyerite
With that wycked wrech, yf it be trew that he told me.
NOB. What wrech speke ye of? For Jesus love, intymate!
K. JOHAN. Of that presumtous wrech that was with me here of late,
Whom yow wyllyd not to vexe my-selfe with-all.
NOB. I know hym not, I, by the waye that my sowll to shall!
K. JOHAN. Make yt not so strange, for ye know hym wyll inow.

NOB. Beleve me yff ye wyll! I know hym not, I assuer yow.

K. JOHAN. Ware ye never yett aquantyd with Sedission?

NOB. Syns I was a chyld, both hym and his condycyon I ever hated for his iniquite.

[*Enter Clargy.*]

K. JOHAN. A clere tokyn that is of trew nobelyte;
But I pray to God we fynde yt not other-wyse.
Yt was never well syns the clargy wrowght by practyse,
And left the Scripture for mens ymagynacyons,
Dyvydyng them-selvys in so many congrygacyons
Of monkes, chanons and fryers, of dyvers colors and facyons.

THE CLARGY. I do trust yowr Grace wyll be as lovyng now
As yowr predysessowrs have bene to us before yow.

K. JOHAN. I wyll, suer, wey my love with yowr be-havers:
Lyke as ye deserve, so wyll I bere yow favers.
Clargy, marke yt well, I have more to yow to say
Than, as the sayeng is, the prest dyd speke a Sonday.

CLARGY. Ye wyll do us no wrong, I hope, nor injurye.

K. JOHAN. No, I wyll do you ryght in seyng yow do yowr dewtye.
We know the cawtelles of yowr sotyll companye.

CLARGY. Yf ye do us wrong, we shall seke remedy.

K. JOHAN. Yea, that is the cast of all yowr company.
Whan kynges correcte yow for yowr actes most ungodly,
To the Pope, syttyng in the chayer of pestoolens,
Ye ronne to remayne in yowr concupysens.
Thus sett ye at nowght all princely prehemynens,
Subdewyng the order of dew obedyens.
But with-in a whyle I shall so abate yowr pryde
That to yowr Pope ye shall noyther runne nor ryde,
But ye shall be glad to seke to me, yowr prynce,
For all such maters as shall be with-in this provynce,
Lyke as God wyllyth yow by his Scripture evydente.

NOB. To the Church, I trust, ye wyll be obedyent.

K. JOHAN. No mater to yow whether I be so or no.
NOB. Yes, mary, is yt, for I am sworne therunto.
I toke a great othe whan I was dubbyd a knyght
Ever to defend the Holy Churches ryght.
CLARGY. Yea, and in her quarell ye owght onto deth to fyght.
K. JOHAN. Lyke backes, in the darke ye always take yowr flyght,
Flytteryng in fanseys, and ever abhorre the lyght.
I rew yt in hart that yow, Nobelyte,
Shuld thus bynd yowr-selfe to the grett captyvyte
Of blody Babulon, the grownd and mother of whordom,
The Romych Churche I meane, more vyle than ever was Sodom,
And, to say the trewth, a mete spowse for the fynd.

[*Enter Syvyll Order.*]

CLARGY. Yowr Grace is fare gonne; God send yow a better mynd!
K. JOHAN. Hold yowr peace, I say! ye are a lytyll to fatte;
In a whyle, I hope, ye shall be lener sumwhatte!
We shall loke to yow and to Sivyll Order also;
Ye walke not so secrett but we know wher-a-bowght ye goo.
S. ORDER. Why, yowr Grace hath no cawse with me to be dysplesyd.
K. JOHAN. All thyngs consyderyd, we have small cause to be plesyd.
S. ORDER. I besech yowr Grace to graunt me a word or too.
K. JOHAN. Speke on yowr pleasure, and yowr hole mynd also.

S. ORDER. Ye know very well, to set all thynges in order
I have moche ado, and many thynges passe fro me,
For yowr common-welth, and that in euery border
For offyces, for londes, for lawe and for lyberte,
And for transgressors I appoynt the penalte;

That cytes and townes maye stand in quiotose peace,
That all theft and murder, with other vyce, maye seace.

Yff I have chaunsed, for want of cyrcumspeccyon,
To passe the lymytes of ryght and equite,
I submyte my-selfe unto yowr Graces correccyon,
Desyryng pardon of yowr benygnyte.
I wot I maye fall throwgh my fragylyte;
Therfore I praye yow tell me what the mater ys,
And amends shall be where-as I have done amyse.

K. JOHAN. Aganste amendement no resonnable man can be.

NOB. That sentence rysyth owt of an hygh charyte.

K. JOHAN. Now that ye are here assembled all to-gether,
Amongeste other thynges ye shall fyrst of all consyder
That my dysplesure rebounyth [1] on-to yow all.

CLARGY. To yow non of us ys prejudycyall.

K. JOHAN. I shall prove yt. Yes! how have ye usyd Englond?

NOB. But as yt becommyth us, so fare as I understond.

K. JOHAN. Yes! the pore woman complayneth her grevosly,
And not with-owt a cawse, for she hath great injurye.
I must se to yt, — ther ys no remedy, —
For it ys a charge gevyn me from God All-myghtye.
How saye ye, Clargye? Apperyth it not so to yow?

CLARGY. Yf it lykyth yowr Grace, all we know that well ynow.

K. JOHAN. Than yow, Nobelyte, wyll affyrme yt, I am suer.

NOB. Ye, that I wyll, sur, so long as my lyfe endure.

K. JOHAN. And yow, Cyvyll Order, I thynke wyll graunte the same!

S. ORDER. Ondowghted, sir; yea, elles ware yt to me gret shame.

[1] C. rebonnyth; Kittredge *suggests* redounyth, *but* rebounyth *is possible.*

K. JOHAN. Than for Englondes cawse I wyll be sumewhat playne.
Yt is yow, Clargy, that hathe her in dysdayne:
With yowr Latyne howrs, serymonyes, and popetly playes,
In her more and more Gods holy worde decayes;
And them to maynteyn, unresonable ys the spoyle
Of her londs, her goods, and of her pore chylders toyle.
Rekyn fyrst yowr tythis, yowr devocyons and yowr offrynges,
Mortuaryes, pardons, bequests and other thynges,
Besydes that ye cache for halowed belles and purgatorye,
For juelles, for relyckes, confessyon and cowrts of baudrye,
For legacyes, trentalls, with Scalacely messys,
Wherby ye have made the people very assys;
And over all this ye have browght in a rabyll
Of Latyne mummers and sects desseyvabyll,
Evyn to dewore her and eat her upp attonnys.
CLARGY. Yow wold have no Churche, I wene, by thes sacred bones!
K. JOHAN. Yes, I wold have a Churche, not of dysgysyd shavelynges,
But of faythfull hartes and charytable doynges;
For whan Christes Chyrch was in her hyeste glory,
She knew neyther thes sectes nor their ipocrysy.
CLARGY. Yes, I wyll prove yt by David substancyally:
Astitit Regina a dextris tuis in vestitu
Deaurato, circumdata varietate:
A quene, sayth Davyd, on thy ryght hand, Lord, I se
Apparrellyd with golde and compassyd with dyversyte.
K. JOHAN. What ys yowr meanyng by that same Scripture? Tell me.
CLARGY. This quene ys the Chyrch, which thorow all Cristen regions
Ys beawtyfull, dectyd[1] with many holy relygyons:
Munks, chanons and fryers, most excellent dyvynis,
As Grandy Montensers and other Benedictyns,
Primostratensers, Bernards and Gylbertynys,

[1] Kittredge *suggests* deccyd.

Jacobytes, Mynors, Whyght Carmes and Augustynis,
Sanbenets, Cluniackes, with holy Carthusyans,
Heremytes and ancors, with most myghty Rodyans,
Crucifers, Lucifers, Brigettis, Ambrosyanes,
Stellifers, Ensifers, with Purgatoryanes,
Sophyanes, Indianes and Camaldulensers,
Clarynes and Columbynes, Templers, Newe Ninivytes,
Rufyanes, Tercyanes, Lorytes and Lazarytes,
Hungaryes, Teutonykes, Hospitelers, Honofrynes,
Basyles and Bonhams, Solanons and Celestynes,
Paulynes, Hieronymytes, and Monkes of Josaphathes Valleye,
Fulygynes, Flamynes, with Bretherne of the Black Alleye,
Donates and Dimysynes, with Canons of S. Marke,
Vestals and monyals, a worlde to heare them barke,
Abbotts and doctors, with bysshoppes and cardynales,
Archedecons and pristes, as to ther fortune falles.

S. ORDER. Me thynkyth yowr fyrst text stondeth nothyng with yowr reson,
For in Davydes tyme wer no such sects of relygyon.

K. JOHAN. Davyd meanyth vertuys by the same diversyte,
As in the sayd psalme yt is evydent to se,
And not munkysh sects; but it is ever yowr cast
For yowr advauncement the Scripturs for to wrast.

CLARGY. Of owr Holy Father in this I take my grownd,
Which hathe awtoryte the Scripturs to expond.

K. JOHAN. Nay, he presumyth the Scripturs to confownd.
Nowther thow nor the Pope shall do pore Englond wronge,
I beyng governor and kyng her peple amonge.
Whyle yow for lucre sett forth yowr popysh lawys
Yowr-selvys to advaunce, ye wold make us pycke strawes.
Nay, ipocryts, nay! We wyll not be scornyd soo
Of a sort of knavys; we shall loke yow otherwyse too!

NOB. Sur, yowr sprytes are movyd, I persayve by yowr langage.

K. JOHAN. I wonder that yow for such veyne popych baggage
Can suffyr Englond to be impoveryshyd

And mad a begger; yow are very yll advysyd.
NOB. I marvell grettly that ye say thus to me.
K. JOHAN. For dowghtles ye do not as becummyth Nobelyte;
Ye spare nouther lands nor goods, but all ye geve
To thes cormerants; yt wold any good man greve
To se yowr madnes, as I wold God shuld save me!
NOB. Sur, I suppose yt good to bylde a perpetuite
For me and my frendes to be prayed for evermore.
K. JOHAN. Tush, yt is madnes all to dyspayre in God so sore,
And to thynke Christs deth to be unsufficient!
NOB. Sur, that I have don was of a good intent.
K. JOHAN. The intente ys nowght whych hath no sewer grounde.
CLARGY. Yff yow continue, ye wyll Holy Chyrch confunde.
K. JOHAN. Nay, no Holy Chyrch, nor feythfull congregacyon,
But an hepe of adders of Antechrists generacyon.
S. ORDER. Yt pyttyth me moche that ye are to them so harde.
K. JOHAN. Yt petyeth me more that ye them so mych regarde.
They dystroye mennys sowlls with damnable supersticyon,
And decaye all realmys by meyntenaunce of sedycyon.
Ye wold wonder to know what profe I have of this.
NOB. Well, amenment shalbe wher anythyng is amysse;
For, undowtted, God doth open soche thyngs to prynces
As to none other men in the Crystyen provynces,
And therfor we wyll not in this with yowr Grace contend.
S. ORDER. No, but with Gods grace we shall owr mysededes amend.
CLARGY. For all such forfets as yowr pryncely Mageste
For yowr owne person or realme can prove by me
I submytte my-selfe to yow, bothe body and goods.

Knele.

K. JOHAN. We pety yow now, consyderyng yowr repentante modes,
And owr gracyous pardone we grawnte yow upon amendment.
CLARGY. God preserve yowr Grace and Mageste excelent!
K. JOHAN. Aryse, Clargy, aryse, and ever be obedyent,
And, as God commandeth yow, take us for yowr governer.
CLARGY. By the grace of God, the Pope shall be my ruler!
K. JOHAN. What saye ye, Clargy? who ys yowr governer?
CLARGY. Ha! ded I stomble? I sayd my prynce ys my ruler.
K. JOHAN. I pray to owr Lord this obedyence maye indewre.
CLARGY. I wyll not breke yt, ye may be fast and suer.
K. JOHAN. Than cum hether all thre; ye shall know more of my mynde.
CLARGY. Owr kyng to obeye, the Scriptur doth us bynde.
K. JOHAN. Ye shall fyrst be sworne to God and to the Crowne
To be trew and juste in every cetye and towne;
And this to performe set hand and kysse the bocke!
S. ORDER. With the wyffe of Loth we wyll not backeward locke,
Nor turne from owr oth, but ever obeye yowr Grace.
K. JOHAN. Than wyll I gyve yow yowr chargys her in place,
And accepte yow all to be of owr hyghe councell.
ALL THREE. To be faythfull, than, ye us more streytly compell.
K. JOHAN. For the love of God, loke to the state of Englond!
Leate non enemy holde her in myserable bond;
Se yow defend her as yt becummyth Nobilite;
Se yow instructe[1] her acordyng to yowr degre;
Fournysh her yow with a cyvyle honeste:
Thus shall she florysh in honor and grett plente.
With godly wysdom yowr matters so conveye

[1] C. instrutte.

That the commynnalte the powers maye obeye,
And ever be ware of that false thefe Sedycyon,
Whych poysenneth all realmes and bryng them to perdycyon.
NOB. Sur, for soche wrecches we wyll be so circumspecte
That neyther ther falsed nor gylle shall us infecte.
CLARGY. I warrant yow, sur, no, and that shall well apere.
S. ORDER. We wyll so provyde, yff anye of them cum here
To dysturbe the realme, they shall be full glad to fle.
K. JOHAN. Well, yowr promyse includeth no small dyffyculte;
But I put the case that this false thefe Sedycyon
Shuld cum to yow thre and call hym-selfe Relygyon,
Myght he not under the pretence of holynes
Cawse yow to consent to myche ungodlynes?
NOB. He shall never be able to do yt, veryly.
K. JOHAN. God graunt ye be not deceyvyd by hypocresye!
I say no more, I; in shepes aparell sum walke
And seme relygeyose that deceyvably can calke.
Be ware of soche hypocrites as the kyngdom of hevyn fro man
Do hyde for a-wantage, for they deceyve now and than.
Well, I leve yow here; yche man consyder his dewtye!
NOB. With Gods leve, no faute shall be in this companye!
K. JOHAN. Cum, Cyvyle Order, ye shall go hence with me.
S. ORDER. At your commandmente! I wyll gladlye wayte upon ye.

Here Kyng Johan and Sivile Order go owt, and Syvile Order drese hym for Sedwsyon.

NOB. Me thynke the kyng is a man of a wonderfull wytt.
CLARGY. Naye, saye that he is of a vengeable craftye wytt,
Than shall ye be sure the trewth of the thyng to hytt.
Hard ye not how he of the Holy Church dyd rayle?
His extreme thretynyngs shall lytyll hym avayle:
I wyll worke soch wayes that he shall of his purpose fayle.
NOB. Yt is meet a prince to saye sumwhat for his plesure.

CLARGY. Yea, but yt is to moch to rayle so withowt mesure.

NOB. Well, lett every man speke lyke as he hathe a cawse.

CLARGY. Why, do ye say so? Yt is tyme for me, than, to pawse.

NOB. This wyll I saye, sur, that he ys so noble a prynce
As this day raygneth in ony Cristyen provynce.

CLARGY. Mary, yt apereth well by that he wonne in Fraunce!

NOB. Well, he lost not there so moche by martyall chaunce
But he gate moche more in Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

CLARGY. Yea, God sped us well, Crystmes songes are mery tales!

NOB. Ye dysdayne soche mater as ye know full evydent.
Are not both Ireland and Wales to hym obedyent?
Yes, he holdyth them bothe in pessable possessyon,
And—by-cause I wyll not from yowr tall make degressyon,—
For his lond in Fraunce he gyveth but lytell forsse,
Havyng to Englond all his love and remorse;
And Angoye he gave to Artur his nevy in chaunge.

CLARGY. Our changes are soche that an abbeye turneth to a graunge.
We are so handled we have scarce eyther horse or male.

NOB. He that dothe hate me the worse wyll tell my tale![1]
Yt is yowr fassyon soche kyngs to dyscommend
As yowr abuses reforme or reprehend.
You pristes are the cawse that chronycles doth defame
So many prynces, and men of notable name,
For yow take upon yow to wryght them evermore;
And therfore Kyng Johan ys lyke to rewe yt sore,
Whan ye wryte his tyme, for vexyng of the Clargy.

CLARGY. I mervell ye take his parte so ernestlye.

NOB. Yt be-comyth Nobelyte his prynces fame to preserve.

CLARGY. Yf he contynew, we are lyke in a whyle to starve:

[1] C. *suggests that this line belongs to Clergy.*

He demaundeth of us the tenth parte of owr lyvyng.
NOB. I thynke yt is then for sum nessessary thyng.
CLARGY. Mary, to recover that he hath lost in Fraunce,
As Normandy dewkedom, and his land beyond Orleaunce.
NOB. And thynke ye not that a mater nessesary?
CLARGY. No, sur, by my trowth, he takyng yt of the Clergy.
NOB. Ye cowde be content that he shuld take yt of us.
CLARGY. Yea, so that he wold spare the Clargy, by swet Jesus!
This takyng of us myght sone growe to a custom,
And than Holy Churche myght so be browght to thraldom,
Whych hath ben ever from temporall prynces free,
As towchyng trybute or other captyvyte.
NOB. He that defendeth yow owght to have parte of yowr goodes.
CLARGY. He hath the prayers of all them that hathe hoodes.
NOB. Why, ys that inowgh to helpe hym in his warre?
CLARGY. The Churche he may not of lyberte debarre.
NOB. Ded not Crist hym-selfe pay trybutt unto Ceser?
Yf he payd trybute, so owght his holy vycar.
CLARGY. To here ye reson so ondyscretlye, I wonder.
Ye must consyder that Crist that tyme was under,
But his vycar now ys above the prynces all;
Therfor be ware ye do not to herysy fall.
Ye owght to beleve as Holy Chyrche doth teche yow,
And not to reason in soche hygh maters now.
NOB. I am vnlernyd; my wytts are sone confowndyd.
CLARGY. Than leve soch maters to men more depely growndyd.
NOB. But how wyll ye do for the othe that ye have take?
CLARGY. The keyes of the Church can all soche maters of-shake.
NOB. What call ye those keyes? I pray yow hartly, tell me!
CLARGY. Owr Holy Fathers power and hys hygh autoryte.

NOB. Well, I can no more say; ye are to well lernyd for me.
My bysynes ys soche that here now I must leve ye.
CLARGY. I must hence also so fast as ever maye be,
To sewe vn-to Rome for the Churches lyberte.

Go owt Nobylyte and Clargy. Here Sedycyon cummyth in.

SED. Haue in onys a-geyne, in spyght of all my enymyes!
For they cannot dryve me from all mennys companyes;
And, thowgh yt were so that all men wold forsake me,
Yet dowght I yt not but sume good women wold take me.
I loke for felowys that here shuld make sum sporte:
I mervell yt is so longe ere they hether resorte.
By the messe, I wene the knaves are in the bryers,
Or ells they are fallen into sum order of fryers!
Naye, shall I gesse ryght? they are gon into the stues;
I holde ye my necke, anon we shall here newes.

[*He hears Dyssymulacyon*] *seyng the Leteny.*[1]

Lyst, for Gods passyon! I trow her cummeth sum hoggherd
Callyng for his pygges. Such a noyse I neuer herd!

Here cum Dyssymulacyon syngyng of the letany.

DYS. (*syng*) *Sancte Dominice, ora pro nobis!*
SED. (*syng*) Sancte pyld monache, I be-shrow *vobis!*
DYS. (*syng*) *Sancte Francisse, ora pro nobis!*
SED. Here ye not? Cocks sowle, what meaneth this ypocrite knaue?
DYS. *Pater noster*, I pray God bryng hym sone to his grave,
Qui es in celis, with an vengeable *sanctificetur*,
Or elles Holy Chyrche shall neuer thryve, by Saynt Peter!
SED. Tell me, good felowe, makyste thu this prayer for me?
DYS. Ye are as ferce as thowgh ye had broke yowr nose at the buttre.

[1] C. *has only* Seyng the leteny.

I medyll not with the, but here to good sayntes I praye
Agenst soch enmyes as wyll Holy Chyrche decaye.

Here syng this:

A Johanne Rege iniquo, libera nos, Domine!

SED. Leve, I saye! or, by messe, I wyll make yow grone!

DYS. Yff thow be jentyll, I pray the leate me alone,
For with-in a whyle my devocyon wyll be gone.

SED. And wherfor dost thou praye here so bytterly,
Momblyng thy pater noster and chauntyng the letany?

DYS. For that Holy Chyrch myght save hyr patrymonye,
And to haue of Kyng Johan a tryumphant vyctorye.

SED. And why of Kyng Johan? doth he vexe yow so sore?

DYS. Both chyrchys and abbeys he oppressyth more and more
And take of the clergye, yt is onresonable to tell.

SED. Owte with the Popys bulles than, and cursse hym downe to hell!

DYS. Tushe! man, we haue done so, but all wyll not helpe:
He regardyth no more the Pope than he dothe a whelpe.

SED. Well, lett hym alone; for that wyll I geve hym a scelpe.
But what arte thu callyd of thyn owne munkych nacyon?

DYS. Kepe yt in counsell: Dane Davy Dyssymulacyon.

SED. What, Dyssymulacyon? Coks sowle, myn old aquentence!

Par me faye, mon amye, je [*suis*] [1] *tote ad voutre plesaunce.*

DYS. Gramercyes, good frend, with all my very hert!
I trust we shall talke more frely or we deperte.

SED. Why, vylayn horson, knowyst not thi cosyn Sedycyon?

DYS. I have ever loved both the and thy condycyon.

SED. Thow must nedes, I trowe, for we cum of ij bretherne;

[1] *Supplied by* C.

Yf thu reme*m*ber, owr fathers were on mans chylderne,—
Thow comyst of Falsed and I of Prevy Treason.
DYS. Than Infydelyte owr granfather ys by reason.
SED. Mary, that ys trewe, and his begynner Antycrist,
The great Pope of Rome, or fyrst veyne popysh prist.
DYS. Now welcum, cosyn, by the waye that my sowle shall to!
SED. Gramercy, cosyn, by the holy bysshope Benno!
Thow kepyst thi old wont, thow art styll an abbe-man.
DYS. To hold all thynges vp I play my part now and than.
SED. Why, what manere of offyce hast thu with-in the abbey?
DYS. Of all relygyons I kepe the chyrch-dore keye.
SED. Than of a lykelyhod thow art ther generall porter?
DYS. Nay, of munks and chanons I am the suttyll sorter.
Whyle sum talke with Besse, the resydewe kepe sylence;
Thowgh we playe the knavys, we must shew a good pretence;
Where-so-ever sum eate, a serten kepe the froyter;[1]
Where-so-ever sum slepe, sum must nedes kepe the dorter.
Dedyst thu never know the maner of owr senyes?
SED. I was never with them aqueynted, by seynt Denyes.
DYS. Than never knewyst thu the knavery of owr menyes.
Yf I shuld tell all, I cowd saye more than that.
SED. Now, of good felowshyppe, I beseche the shew me what.
DYS. The profytable lucre cummyth ever in by me.
SED. But by what meane? tell me, I hartely pray the.
DYS. To wynne the peple, I appoynt yche man his place:
Sum to syng Latyn, and sum to ducke at grace;
Sum to go mummyng, and sum to beare the crosse;
Sum to stowpe downeward as the[r] heades ware stopt with mosse;
Sum rede the epystle and gospell at hygh masse;
Sum syng at the lectorne with long eares lyke an asse;
The pawment of the chyrche the aunchent faders tredes,
Sum-tyme with a portas, sumtyme with a payre of bedes.

[1] *Qy.* freyter.

And this exedyngly drawt peple to devoycyone,
Specyally whan they do se so good relygeone.
Than have we imagys of Seynt Spryte and Seynt Savyer;
Moche is the sekynge of them to gett ther faver;
Yong whomen berfote, and olde men seke them brecheles.
The myracles wrought there I can in no wyse expresse.
We lacke neyther golde nor sylwer, gyrdles nor rynges,
Candelles nor taperes, nor other customyd offerynges.
Thowgh I seme a shepe, I can play the suttle fox;
I can make Latten to bryng this gere to the boxe.
Tushe! Latten is alone to bryng soche mater to passe,
There ys no Englyche that can soche slyghtes compasse;
And therfor we wyll no servyce to be songe,
Gospell nor pystell, but all in Latten tonge.
Of owr suttell dryftes many more poyntes are behynde;
Yf I tolde you all, we shuld never have an ende.

SED. *In nomine Patris*, of all that ever I hard
Thow art alone yet of soche a dremyng bussard!

DYS. Nay, dowst thu not se how I in my colours jette?
To blynd the peple I have yet a farther fette:
This is for Bernard, and this is for Benet,
This is for Gylbard, and this is for Jhenet,
For Frauncys this is, and this is for Domynyke,
For Awsten and Elen, and this is for Seynt Partryk.
We haue many rewlles, but never one we kepe;
Whan we syng full lowde our harts be fast aslepe.
We resemble sayntes in gray, whyte, blacke, and blewe,
Yet vnto prynces not one of owr nomber trewe, —
And that shall Kyng Johan prove shortly, by the rode!

SED. But in the meane-tyme yowr-selves gett lytyll good;
Yowr abbeys go downe, I heresaye, every-where.

DYS. Yea, frynd Sedysyon, but thow must se to that gere.

SED. Than must I have helpe, by swete Saynt Benetts cuppe!

DYS. Thow shalt have a chylde of myn owne bryngyng uppe.

SED. Of thy bryngyng uppe? Coks sowle, what knave is that?

DYS. Mary, Pryvat Welth; now hayve I tolde the what.
I made hym a monke and a perfytt cloysterer,
And in the abbeye he began fyrst celerer,
Than pryor, than abbote of a thowsand pownd land, no wors,
Now he is a bysshoppe and rydeth with an hondryd hors,
And, as I here say, he is lyke to be a Cardynall.

SED. Ys he so in-dede? By the masse, than have att all!

DYS. Nay, fyrst Pryvat Welth shall bryng in Usurpyd Power
With hys autoryte, and than the gam ys ower.

SED. Tush, Usurpyd Power dothe faver me of all men,
For in his trobles I ease his hart now and then.
Whan prynces rebell agenste hys autoryte,
I make ther commons agenst them for to be.
Twenty Md men are but a mornyng breckefast
To be slayne for hym, he takyng his repast.

DYS. Thow hast, I persayve, a very suttyll cast.

SED. I am for the Pope, as for the shyppe the mast.

DYS. Than helpe, Sedycyon, I may styll in Englond be!
Kyng John hath thretned that I shall ouer see.

SED. Well, yf thow wylte of me have remedy this ower,
Go seche Pryvat Welth and also Usurpyd Power.

DYS. I can bryng but one, be Mary, Jesus mother!

SED. Bryng thow in the one, and let hym bryng in the other.

Here cum in Usurpyd Power and Private Welth, syngyng on after another.

Usurpyd Power syng this:

Super flumina Babilonis suspendimus organa nostra.

Private Welth syng this:

Quomodo cantabimus canticum bonum in terra aliena?

SED. By the mas, me thynke they are syngyng of *placebo!*

DYS. Peace, for with my spectables *vadam et videbo!*
Coks sowll, yt is they! At the last I have smellyd them owt.

Her go and bryng them.

SED. Thow mayst be a sowe, yf thou hast so good a snowt.

Surs, marke well this gere, for now yt begynnyth to worke:
False Dyssymulacion doth bryng in Privat Welth;
And Usurpyd Power, which is more ferce than a Turke,
Cummeth in by hym to decaye all spyrytuall helth;
Than I by them bothe, as clere experyence telth;
We iiij by owr crafts Kyng Johan wyll so subdwe,
That for iij C yers all Englond shall yt rewe.

DYS. Of the clergy, frynds, report lyke as ye se,
That ther Privat Welth cummyth ever in by me.
SED. But by whom commyst thu? By the messe, evyn by the devyll,
For the grownd thow art of the Cristen peplys evyll!
DYS. And what are yow, ser? I pray yow say good by me.
SED. By my trowth, I cum by the and thy affynyte.
DYS. Feche thow in thy felow so fast as ever thow can.
PR. WELTH. I trow thow shalt se me now playe the praty man.
Of me, Privat Welth, cam fyrst Usurpyd Power:
Ye may perseyve yt in pagent here this hower.
SED. Now welcum, felowys, by all thes bonys and naylys!
US. POWER. Among companyons good felyshyp never faylys.
SED. Nay, Usurpid Power, thu must go backe ageyne,
For I must also put the to a lytyll payne.
US. POWER. Why, fellaue Sedysyon, what wylt thu have me do?
SED. To bare me on thi backe and bryng me in also,
That yt may be sayde that, fyrst, Dyssymulacion
Browght in Privat Welth to every Cristen nacion,
And that Privat Welth browght in Usurpid Power,
And he Sedycyon, in cytye, towne and tower;
That sum man may know the feche of all owr sorte.
US. POWER. Cum on thy wayes than, that thou mayst make the fort.

DYS. Nay, Usurped Power, we shall bare hym all thre,
Thy-selfe, he and I, yf ye wyll be rewlyd by me,
For ther is non of us but in hym hath a stroke.
PR. WELTH. The horson knave wayeth and yt were a croked oke.

Here they shall bare hym in, and Sedycyon saythe:

SED. Yea, thus it shuld be, mary, now thu art[1] alofte!
I wyll be-shyte yow all yf ye sett me not downe softe.
In my opynyon, by swete Saynt Antony,
Here is now gatheryd a full honest company:
Here is nowther Awsten, Ambrose, Hierom nor Gregory,
But here is a sorte of companyons moch more mery.
They of the Chirch than were fower holy doctors,
We of the Chirch now are the iiij generall proctors.
Here ys, fyrst of all, good father Dyssymulacion,
The fyrst begynner of this same congregacion;
Here is Privat Welthe, which hath the Chyrch infecte
With all abusyons, and brought yt to a synfull secte;
Here ys Usurpid Power that all kyngs doth subdwe
With such autoryte as is neyther good ner trewe;
And I last of all am evyn, sance pere, Sedycyon.
US. POWER. Under hevyn ys not a more knave in condycyon.
Wher-as thu dost cum, that commonwelth cannot thryve.
By owr Lord, I marvell that thou art yet alyve.
PR. WELTH. Wher herbes are pluckte upp, the wedes many tymes remayne.
DYS. No man can utter an evydence more playn.
SED. Yea, ye thynke so, yow? Now Gods blyssyng breke yowr heade!
I can do but lawgh to here yow, by thys breade!
I am so mery that we are mett, by Saynt John,
I fele not the ground that I do go uppon.
For the love of God, lett us have sum mery songe.

[1] C. *suggests* I am; Kittredge *suggests assigning the line to Dyssymulacion.*

Us. Power. Begyne thy-self than, and we shall lepe in amonge. *Here syng.*

Sed. I wold ever dwell here, to have such mery sporte.

Pr. Welth. Thow mayst have yt, man, yf thow wylt hether resorte,
For the Holy Father ys as good a felowe as we.

Dys. The Holy Father? Why, pray the, whych is he?

Pr. Welth. Usurped Power here, which, thowgh he apparaunt be
In this apparell, yet hathe he autoryte
Bothe in hevyn and erth, in purgatory and in hell.

Us. Power. Marke well his saynges, for a trew tale he doth tell.

Sed. What, Usurpid Power? Cocks sowle, ye are owr Pope?
Where is yowr thre crounnys, yowr crosse keys, and your cope?
What meanyth this mater? Me thynke ye walke astraye.

Us. Power. Thow knowest I must have sum dalyaunce and playe,
For I am a man lyke as an-other ys;
Sumtyme I must hunt, sumtyme I must Alyson kys.
I am bold of yow, I take ye for no straungers;
We are as spirituall, I dowght in yow no daungers.

Dys. I owght to conseder yowr Holy Father-hode,
From my fyrst infancy ye have ben to me so good.
For Godes sake, wytsave to geve me yowr blyssing here
A pena et culpa, that I may stand this day clere.
Knele.

Sed. From makyng cuckoldes? mary, that were no mery chere!

Dys. *A pena et culpa*: I trow thow canst not here.

Sed. Yea, with a cuckoldes wyff ye have dronke dobyll bere.

Dys. I pray the, Sedycyon, my pacyens no more stere.
A pena et culpa I desire to be clere,
And than all the devylles of hell I wold not fere.

Us. Power. But tell me one thyng: dost thu not preche the gospell?
Dys. No, I promyse yow, I defye yt to the devyll of hell.
Us. Power. Yf I knewe thow dydest, thu shuldest have non absolucyon.
Dys. Yf I do, abjure me or put me to execucyon.
Pr. Welth. I dare say he brekyth no popyshe constytucyon.
Us. Power. Soche men are worthy to have owr contrybucyon.
I assoyle the here, behynde and also beforne!
Now art thu as clere as that daye thow wert borne.
Ryse, Dyssymulacion, and stond uppe lyke a bold knyght;
Dowght not of my power, thowgh my aparell be lyght!
Sed. A man, be the masse, can not know yow from a knave,
Ye loke so lyke hym, as I wold God shuld me save!
Pr. Welth. Thow art very lewde owr father so to deprave.
Thowgh he for his plesure soche lyght apparell have,
Yt is now sommer and the heate ys withowt mesure,
And among us he may go lyght at his owne plesure.
Felow Sedycyon, thowgh thu dost mocke and scoffe,
We have other materes than this to be commyned of.
Frynd Dyssymulacion, why dost thu not thy massage,
And show owt of Englond the causse of thi farre passage?
Tush, blemysh not, whoreson, for I shall ever assyst the.
Sed. The knave ys whyght-leveryd, by the Holy Trynyte!
Us. Power. Why so, Privat Welth, what ys the mater? Tell me.
Pr. Welth. Dyssymulacion ys a massanger for the Clargy;
I must speke for hym, there ys no remedy.
The Clargy of Ynglond, which ys yowr specyall frynde,
And of a long tyme hath borne yow very good mynde,
Fyllyng yowr coffers with many a thowsande pownde,
Yf ye sett not to hand, he ys lyke to fall to the grownde.

I do promyse yow truly his hart ys in his hose;
Kyng Johan so usyth hym that he reconnyth all to lose.
Us. Power. Tell, Dyssymulacion, why art thow so asshamed
To shewe thy massage? Thow art moche to be blamed.
Late me se those wrytyngs; tush! man, I pray the cum nere.
Dys. Yowr Horryble Holynes putth me in wonderfull fere.
Us. Power. Tush! lett me se them, I pray the hartely.

Here Dissimulacyon shall delever the wrytynges to Usurpyd Power.

I perseyve yt well, thow wylt lose no ceremony.
Sed. Yet is he no lesse than a false knave veryly.
I wold thow haddyst kyst hys ars, for that is holy.
Pr. Welth. How dost thow prove me that his arse ys holy now?
Sed. For yt hath an hole, evyn fytt for the nose of yow.
Pr. Welth. Yowr parte ys not elles but for to playe the knave,
And so ye must styll contynew to yowr grave.
Us. Power. I saye, leve yowr gawdes, and attend to me this hower.
The bysshoppes writeth here to me, Usurped Power,
Desyryng assystence of myne auctoryte
To save and support the Chyrches lyberte.
They report Kyng Johan to them to be very harde,
And to have the Church in no pryce nor regarde.
In his parliament he demaundeth of the Clargy
For his warres the tent of the Chyrches patrymony.
Pr. Welth. Ye wyll not consent to that, I trow, by Saynt Mary!
Sed. No; drawe to yow styll, but lett none from yow cary!
Us. Power. Ye know yt is cleane agenst owr holy decrees
That princes shuld thus contempne owr lybertees.
He taketh uppon hym to reforme the tythes and offrynges,
And intermedleth with other spyrytuall thynges.

PR. WELTH. Ye must sequester hym, or elles that wyll mare all.

US. POWER. Naye, besydes all this, before juges temporall
He conventeth clarkes of cawses crymynall.

PR. WELTH. Yf ye se not to that, the Churche wyll haue a fall.

SED. By the masse, than pristes are lyke to have a pange;
For treson, murder and thefte they are lyke to hange!
By Cocks sowle, than I am lyke to walke for treasone,
Yf I be taken; loke to yt therfore in seasone!

PR. WELTH. Mary, God forbyd that ever yowr holy anoynted
For tresone or thefte shuld be hanged, racked or joynted,
Lyke the rascall sorte of the prophane layete.

US. POWER. Naye, I shall otherwyse loke to yt, ye may trust me.
Before hym-selfe also the bysshopps he doth convent,
To the derogacyon of ther dygnyte excelent,
And wyll suffer non to the court of Rome to appele.

DYS. No; he contemnyth yowr autoryte and seale,
And sayth in his lond he wyll be lord and kyng,
No prist so hardy to enterpryse any-thyng.
For the whych of late with hym ware at veryaunce
Fower of the bysshopps, and, in maner, at defyaunce,
Wyllyam of London, and Eustace bysshope of Hely,
Water of Wynchester, and Gylys of Hartford, trewly.
Be yowr autoryte they have hym excommunycate.

US. POWER. Than have they done well; for he is a reprobate;
To that I admytt he ys alwayes contrary:
I made this fellow here the arche-bysshope of Canterbery,
And he wyll agree therto in no condycion.

PR. WELTH. Than hath he knowlege that his name ys Sedycyon.

DYS. Dowtles he hath so, and that drownnyth his opynyon.

US. POWER. Why do ye not saye his name ys Stevyn Langton?

Dys. Tush! we haue done so, but that helpyth not the mater;
The bysshope of Norwych for that cawse doth hym flater.
Us. Power. Styke thow to yt fast, we have onys admytted the.
Sed. I wyll not one jote from my admyssyon fle;
The best of them all shall know that I am he.
Naye, in suche maters lett men be ware of me.

Us. Power. The monkes of Canterbery ded more at my request
Than they wold at his concernyng that eleccyon.
They chase Sedycyon, as yt is now manyfest,
In spytt of his harte; than he for ther rebellyon
Exyled them all, and toke ther hole possessyon
In-to his owne hands, them sendyng over see
Ther lyvyngs to seke in extreme poverte.

This custum also he hath, as it is told me:
Whan prelates depart, — yea, bysshope, abbott, or curate, —
He entreth theyr lands with-owt my lyberte,
Takyng the profyghts tyll the nexte be consecrate,
Instytute, stallyd, inducte or intronyzate,
And of the Pyed Monkes he entendeth to take a dyme.
All wyll be marryd yf I loke not to yt in tyme.

Dys. Yt is takyn, ser; the some ys unresonnable,
A nynne thowsand marke; to lyve they are not able.
His suggesteon was to subdew the Yrysh men.
Pr. Welth. Yea that same peple doth ease the Church, now and then;
For that enterpryse they wold be lokyd uppon.
Us. Power. They gett no mony, but they shall have clene remyssion,
For those Yrysh men are ever good to the Church:
Whan kynges dysobeye yt, than they begynne to worch.
Pr. Welth. And all that they do ys for indulgence and pardon.

SED. By the messe, and that is not worth a rottyn wardon!
US. POWER. What care we for that? to them yt is venyson.
PR. WELTH. Than lett them haue yt, a Gods dere benyson!
US. POWER. Now, how shall we do for this same wycked kyng?
SED. Suspend hym and curse hym, both with yowr word and wrytyng.
Yf that wyll not helpe,[1] than interdyght his lond
With extreme cruellnes; and yf that wyll not stond,
Cawse other prynces to revenge the Churchys wronge,
Yt wyll profytte yow to sett them aworke amonge.
For clene remyssyon, one kyng wyll subdew a-nother,
Yea, the chyld sumtyme wyll sle both father and mother.
US. POWER. This cownsell ys good; I wyll now folow yt playne.
Tary thow styll here tyll we returne agayne.

Here go owt Usurpid Power and Privat Welth and Sedycyon: Usurpyd Power shall drese for the Pope; Privat Welth for a Cardynall; and Sedycyon for a Monke. The Cardynall shall bryng in the crose, and Stevyn Launton the booke, bell, and candell.

DYS. This Usurpid Power, whych now is gon from hence,
For the Holy Church wyll make such ordynance
That all men shall be under his obedyens,
Yea, kyngs wyll be glad to geve hym their alegyance,
And than shall we pristes lyve here withowt dysturbans;
As Godes owne vyker anon ye shall se hym sytt,
His flocke to avaunse by his most polytyke wytt.

He shall make prelates, both byshopp and cardynall,[2]
Doctours and prebendes with furdewhodes and syde gownes;
He wyll also create the orders monastycall,
Monkes, chanons, and fryers with graye coates and shaven crownes,

[1] C. holpe.
[2] *Lines* 990–1010 *are an insertion in* Bale's *hand.*

And buylde them places to corrupt cyties and townes;
The dead sayntes shall shewe both visyons and myracles;
With ymages and rellyckes he shall wurke sterracles.

He wyll make mattens, houres, masse and evensonge,
To drowne the Scriptures for doubte of heresye;
He wyll sende pardons to save mennys sowles amonge,
Latyne devocyons with the holye rosarye;
He wyll apoynt fastynges, and plucke downe matrimonye;
Holy water and bredde shall dryve awaye the devyll;
Blessynges with blacke bedes wyll helpe in every evyll.

Kynge Johan of Englande, bycause he hath rebelled
Agaynst Holy Churche, usynge it wurse than a stable,
To gyve up his crowne shall shortly be compelled,
And the Albygeanes, lyke heretykes detestable,
Shall be brent bycause agaynst our father they babble.
Through Domynyckes preachynge an xviij thousande are slayne,
To teache them how they shall Holye Churche disdayne.

All this to performe he wyll cawse a generall cowncell
Of all Cristendom to the church of Laternense.
His intent shall be for to suppress the gospell,
Yet wyll he glose yt with a very good pretens,
To subdwe the Turkes by a Cristen vyolens.
Under this coloure he shall grownd ther many thynges,
Which wyll at the last be Cristen mennys undoynges.

The Popys power shall be abowe the powers all,
And eare-confessyon a matere nessessary;
Ceremonys wyll be the ryghtes ecclesyastycall;
He shall sett up there both pardowns and purgatory;
The gospell prechyng wyll be an heresy.
Be this provyssyon, and be soch other kyndes,
We shall be full suere allwaye to have owr myndes.

[*Enter Usurped Power as the Pope with Privat Welth as a Cardinal and Sedycyon as a Monk.*]

POPE. Ah, ye are a blabbe! I perseyve ye wyll tell all;
I lefte ye not here to be so lyberall.
DYS. *Mea culpa, mea culpa, gravissima mea culpa!*
Geve me yowr blyssyng *pro Deo et sancta Maria!*
Knele and knoke on the bryst.
POPE. Thou hast my blyssyng. Aryse now, and stond a-syde.
DYS. My skyn ys so thyke, yt wyll not throw glyde.
POPE. Late us goo abowght owr other materes now.

Say this all thre:

[ALL.] We wayte her upon the greate holynes of yow.
POPE. For as moch as Kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell and candle:
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace;
As this boke doth speare by my worke mannuall,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all;
As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght;
I take hym from Crist, and, after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell;
I take from hym baptym, with the other sacramentes
And sufferages of the Churche, bothe amber-dayes and lentes;
Here I take from hym bothe penonce and confessyon,
Masse of the v wondes, with sensyng and processyon;
Here I take from hym holy water and holy brede,
And never wyll them to stande hym in any sted.
This thyng to publyshe I constytute yow thre,
Gevyng yow my power and my full autoryte.

Say this all thre:

[ALL.] With the grace of God, we shall performe yt than.
POPE. Than gett yow foreward so fast as ever ye can
Uppon a bone vyage; yet late us syng meryly.
SED. Than begyne the song, and we shall folow gladly.
Here they shall syng.[1]

[1] *The song is not given.*

POPE. To colour this thyng thow shalte be callyd Pandulphus;
Thow Stevyn Langton; thy name shall be Raymundus.
Fyrst, thou, Pandolphus, shall opynly hym suspend
With boke, bell and candle; yff he wyll not so amend,
Interdycte his lande, and the churches all up-speare.
PR. WELTH. I have my massage: to do yt I wyll not feare.

Here go owt and drese for Nobylyte.

POPE. And thow, Stevyn Langton, cummand the bysshoppes all
So many to curse as are to hym benefycyall,
Dwkes, erles and lords, wherby they may forsake hym.
SED. Sur, I wyll do yt, and that, I trow, shall shake hym.
POPE. Raymundus, go thow forth to the Crysten princes all:
Byd them in my name that they uppon hym fall
Bothe with fyre and sword, that the Churche may hym conquarre.
DYS. Yowr plesur I wyll no longar tyme defarre.
POPE. Saye this to them also: Pope Innocent the Thred
Remyssyon of synnes to so many men hath granted
As wyll do ther best to slee hym yf they may.
DYS. Sur, yt shall be don with-owt ony lenger delay.
POPE. In the meane season I shall soch gere avaunce,
As wyll be to us a perpetuall furderaunce:
Fyrst, eare-confessyon, than pardons, than purgatory,
Sayntes-worchyppyng than, than sekyng of ymagery,
Than Laten servyce, with the cerymonyes many,
Wherby owr bysshoppes and abbottes shall gett mony.
I wyll make a law to burne all herytykes,
And kyngs to depose whan they are sysmatykes.
I wyll all-so reyse up the fower beggyng orders,
That they may preche lyes in all the Cristen borders.
For this and other, I wyll call a generall cownsell
To ratyfye them in lyke strength with the gospell.

THE INTERPRETOUR.[1]

In thys present acte we have to yow declared,
As in a myrrour, the begynnynge of Kynge Johan,
How he was of God a magistrate appoynted
To the governaunce of thys same noble regyon,
To see mayntayned the true faythe and relygyon:
But Satan the Devyll, whych that tyme was at large,
Had so great a swaye that he coulde it not discharge.

Upon a good zele he attempted very farre
For welthe of thys realme to provyde reformacyon
In the Churche therof, but they ded hym debarre
Of that good purpose; for, by excommunycacyon,
The space of vij yeares they interdyct thy[s] nacyon.
These bloudsuppers thus, of crueltie and spyght,
Subdued thys good kynge for executynge ryght.

In the second acte thys wyll apeare more playne,
Wherin Pandulphus shall hym excommunycate
Within thys hys lande, and depose hym from hys reigne.
All other princes they shall move hym to hate,
And to persecute after most cruell rate.
They wyll hym poyson in their malygnyte,
And cause yll report of hym alwayes to be.

This noble Kynge Johan, as a faythfull Moyses,
Withstode proude Pharo for hys poore Israel,
Myndynge to brynge yt owt of the lande of darkenesse,
But the Egyptyanes did agaynst hym so rebell
That hys poore people ded styll in the desart dwell,
Tyll that duke Josue, whych was our late Kynge Henrye,
Clerely brought us in-to the lande of mylke and honye.

As a strong David, at the voyce of Verytie,
Great Golye, the Pope, he strake downe with hys slynge,
Restorynge agayne to a Christen lybertie

[1] *Lines* 1085–1119 *are an insertion in* Bale's *hand.*

Hys lande and people, lyke a most vyctoryouse kynge;
To hir first bewtye intendynge the Churche to brynge,
From ceremonyes dead to the lyvynge wurde of the Lorde.
Thys the seconde acte wyll plenteously recorde.

Finit Actus Primus.

[*Incipit Actus Secundus.*]

Here the Pope[1] *go owt, and Sedycyon*[2] *and Nobylyte cum in and say:*

NOB. It petyeth my hart to se the controvercye
That now-a-dayes reygnethe betwyn the kyng and the clargy.
All Cantorbery monks are now the realme exyled,
The prysts and bysshopps contyneally[3] revyled,
The Cystean monkes are in soche perplexyte
That owt of Englond they reken all to flee.
I lament the chaunce, as I wold God shuld me save.

SED. Yt is gracyously sayd; Godes blyssyng myght ye have!
Blyssyd is that man that wyll graunte or condyssend
To helpe relygyon, or Holy Churche defend.

NOB. For ther mayntenance I have gevyn londes full fayer,
I have dysheryted many a laufull ayer.

SED. Well, yt is yowr owne good; God shall reward yow for ytt,
And in hevyn full hyghe for soch good workes shall ye sytt.

NOB. Yowr habyte showyth ye to be a man of relygeon.

SED. I am no worse, sur; my name is Good Perfectyon.

NOB. I am the more glad to be aquented with ye.

SED. Ye show yowr-selfe here lyke a noble-man, as ye be.
I perseyve ryght well yowr name ys Nobelyte.

NOB. Yowr servont and Umfrey! of trewthe, father, I am he.

[1] *Apparently the* Pope *went out after* l. 1084.
[2] MS. Dyssymulatyon; *corr. by* C.
[3] C. contymeally.

SED. From Innocent, the Pope, I am cum from Rome evyn now.
A thowsand tymes, I wene, he commendyth hym unto yow,
And sent yow clene remyssyon to take the Chyrches parte.
NOB. I thanke his Holynes, I shall do yt with all my harte.
Yf ye wold take paynes for heryng my confessyon,
I wold owt of hand resayve this cleane remyssyon.
SED. Mary, with all my hart, I wyll be full glad to do ytt.
NOB. Put on yowr stolle then, and, I pray yow in Godes name, sytt.

Here sett downe, and Nobelyte shall say benedycyte.

NOB. *Benedicite.*
SED. *D*[o]*m*[i]*n*[u]*s: In nomine Domini Pape, amen!*
Say forth yowr mynd, in Godes name.
NOB. I have synnyd a-gaynst God; I knowlege myselfe to blame:
In the vij dedly synnys I have offendyd sore;
Godes ten commandyments I have brokyn ever-more;
My v boddyly wytes I have ongodly kepte;
The workes of charyte in maner I have owt-slepte.
SED. I trust ye beleve as Holy Chyrch doth teache ye,
And from the new lernyng ye are wyllyng for to fle.
NOB. From the new lernyng! mary, God of hevyn save me!
I never lovyd yt of a chyld, so mote I the!
SED. Ye can say yowr crede, and yowr Laten Ave Mary?
NOB. Yea, and dyrge also, with sevyn psalmes and letteny.
SED. Do ye not beleve in purgatory and holy bred?
NOB. Yes, and that good prayers shall stand my soule in stede.
SED. Well than, good enowgh; I warant my soulle for yowr!
NOB. Than execute on me the Holy Fatheres power.
SED. Naye, whyll I have yow here underneth *benedicite*,
In the Popes behalfe I must move other thynges to ye.

NOB. In the name of God, saye here what ye wyll to me.

SED. Ye know that Kyng Johan ys a very wycked man,
And to Holy Chyrch a contynuall adversary.
The Pope wyllyth yow to do the best ye canne
To his subduyng for his cruell tyranny;
And for that purpose this privylege gracyously
Of clene remyssyon he hath sent yow this tyme,
Clene to relesse yow of all yowr synne and cryme.

NOB. Yt is clene agenst the nature of Nobelyte
To subdew his kyng with-owt Godes autoryte;
For his princely estate and power ys of God.
I wold gladly do ytt, but I fere his ryghtfull rode.
SED. Godes holy vycare gave me his whole autoryte:
Loo! yt is here, man; beleve yt, I beseche the,
Or elles thow wylte faulle in danger of damnacyon.
NOB. Than I submyt me to the Chyrches reformacyon.
SED. I assoyle the here from the kynges obedyence
By the auctoryte of the Popys Magnifycence:
Auctoritate Roma in pontyficis ego absolvo te
[*Aside*] From all possessyons gevyn to the spiritualte,
In nomine Domini Pape, amen!
Kepe all thynges secrett, I pray yow hartely. *Go owt Nobelyte.*
NOB. Yes, that I wyll, sur, and cum agayne hether shortly.

Here enter Clargy and Cyvyll Order[1] *together, and Sedysyon shall go up and down a praty whyle.*

CLARGY. Ys not yowr Fatherhod Archbysshope of Canterbery?
SED. I am Stevyn Langton. Why make ye here inquyry?
Knele and say both:
[CLARGY AND C. ORDER.] Ye are ryght welcum to this same regyon trewly.

[1] *I shall mark the speeches of* CIVIL ORDER *with* S. ORDER *or* C. ORDER *according as* MS. *has* Syvyll or Cyvyll.

SED. Stond up, I pray yow. I trow, thu art the Clargy.
CLARGY. I am the same, sur; and this is Cyvyle Order.
SED. Yf a man myght axe yow, what make yow in this border?
CLARGY. I herd tell yester-daye ye were cum in-to the land;
I thowght for to se yow, sum newes to understand.
SED. In fayth thow art welcum; ys Cyvyll Order thy frynd?
CLARGY. He is a good man, and beryth the Chyrch good vnd.
C. ORDER. Ryght sory I am of the great controvarsy
Betwyn hym and the kyng, yf I myght yt remedy.
SED. Well, Cyvyll Order, for thy good wyll gramercy!
That mater wyll be of an other facyon shortly.
Fyrst, to begyne with, we shall interdyte the lond.
C. ORDER. Mary, God forbyde we shuld be in soche bond!
But who shall do yt, I pray yow hartyly?
SED. Pandulphus and I; we have yt in owr legacy.
He went to the kyng for that cawse yester-daye,
And I wyll folow so fast as ever I maye.
Lo, here ys the bull of myn auctoryte!
CLARGY. I pray God to save the Popes Holy Maieste.
SED. Sytt downe on yowr kneys, and ye shall have absolucion
A pena et culpa, with a thowsand dayes of pardon.
Here ys fyrst a bone of the Blyssyd Trynyte;
A dram of the tord of swete Seynt Barnabe;
Here ys a fedder of good Seynt Myhelles wyng;
A toth of Seynt Twyde; a pece of Davyds harpe-stryng;
The good blood of Haylys; and Owr Blyssyd Ladys mylke;
A lowse of Seynt Frauncis in this same crymsen sylke;
A scabbe of Seynt Job; a nayle of Adams too;
A maggot of Moyses; with a fart of Saynt Fandigo;
Here is a fygge-leafe and a grape of Noes vyneyearde;
A bede of Saynt Blythe; with the bracelet of a berewarde;

The devyll that was hatcht in Maistre Johan Shornes bote.
That the tree of Jesse did plucke up by the roote;
Here ys the lachett of swett Seynt Thomas shewe;
A rybbe of Seynt Rabart; with the huckyll-bone of a Jewe;
Here ys a joynt of Darvell Gathyron;
Besydes other bonys and relyckes many one.
In nomine Domini Pape, amen!
Aryse now lyke men, and stande uppon yowr fete,
For here ye have caught an holy and a blyssyd hete.
Ye are now as clene as that day ye were borne,
And lyke to have increase of chylderne, catell and corne.
C. ORDER. Chyldryn he can have non, for he ys not of that loade.
SED. Tushe, thowgh he hath non at home, he may have sume abroade!
Now, Clargy, my frynd, this must thow do for the Pope,
And for Holy Chyrch: thow must mennys conscyence grope,
And as thow felyst them, so cause them for to wurke:
Leat them show Kyng Johan no more faver than a Turke;
Every-wher sture them to make an insurreccyon.[1]
CLARGY. All that shall I do; and, to provoke them more,
This interdyccyon I wyll lament very sore
In all my prechyngs, and saye throwgh his occasyon
All we are under the danger of dampnacyon.
And this wyll move peple to helpe to put hym downe,
Or elles compell hym to geve up septur and crowne.
Yea, and that wyll make those kynges that shall succede
Of the Holy Chyrche to stond evermore in drede.
And, by-sydes all this, the chyrch-dores I wyll up-seale,
And closse up the bells that they ryng never a pele;
I wyll spere up the chalyce, crysmatory, crosse, and all,
That masse they shall have non, baptym nor beryall,
And thys, I know well, wyll make the peple madde.
SED. Mary, that yt wyll; soche sauce he never had.

[1] *There is nothing to indicate that a line rhyming with this has been lost, and it seems better to suppose that the line never had a mate than to emend* insurreccyon *to* uproar.

And what wylte thow do for Holy Chyrche, Cyvyll Order?
S. ORDER. For the Clargyes sake, I wyll in every border
Provoke the gret men to take the commonys parte.
With cautyllys of the lawe I wyll so tyckle ther hart,
They shall thynke all good that they shall passe upon,
And so shall we cum to ower full intent anon;
For yf the Church thryve, than do we lawers thryve,
And yf they decay, ower welth ys not alyve.
Therfore we must helpe yowr state, masters, to uphold,
Or elles owr profyttes wyll cache a wynter colde.
I never knew lawer whych had ony crafty lernyng
That ever escapte yow with-owt a plentyows levyng;
Therfore we may not leve Holy Chyrchys quarell,
But ever helpe yt, for ther fall ys owr parell.
SED. Gods blyssyng have ye! this gere than wyll worke, I trust.
S. ORDER. Or elles sum of us are lyke to lye in the dust.
SED. Let us all avoyde; be the messe, the kyng cummyth here!
CLARGY. I wold hyde my-selfe for a tyme, yf I wyst where.
S. ORDER. Gow we hence apace, for I have spyed a corner.

Here go owt all, and Kyng Johan cummyth in.

K. JOHAN. For non other cawse God hath kyngs constytute
And gevyn them the sword but forto correct all vyce.
I have attempted this thyng to execute
Uppon transgressers accordyng unto justyce;
And be-cawse I wyll not be parcyall in myn offyce
For theft and murder to persones spirytuall,
I have ageynst me the pristes and the bysshoppes all.

A lyke dysplesure in my fathers tyme ded fall,
Forty yeres ago, for ponyshment of a clarke;
No cunsell myght them to reformacyon call,
In ther openyon they were so stordy and starke,
But ageynst ther prynce to the Pope they dyd so barke

That here in Ynglond in every cyte and towne
Excommunycacyons as thonder-bolts cam downe.

For this ther captayn had a ster-apared crowne,
And dyed upon yt with-owt the kynges consent.
Than interdiccyons were sent from the Popes Renowne,
Whych never left hym tyll he was penytent,
And fully agreed unto the Popes apoyntment,
In Ynglond to stand with the Chyrches lyberte,
And suffer the pristes to Rome for appeles to flee.

They bownd hym also to helpe Jerusalem cyte
With ij hundrid men the space of a yere and more,
And thre yere after to maynteyne battell free
Ageynst the Sarazens whych vext the Spanyards sore.
Synce my fathers tyme I have borne them groge therfore,
Consyderyng the pryde and the capcyose dysdayne
That they have to kyngs whych oughte over them to rayne.

Privat Welth cum in lyke a Cardynall.

God save you, sur Kyng, in yowr pryncly mageste!

K. JOHAN. Frynd, ye be welcum; what is yowr plesure with me?

PR. WELTH. From the Holy Father, Pope Innocent the Thred,
As a massanger I am to yow dyrectyd,
To reforme the peace betwyn Holy Chyrch and yow,
And in his behalfe I avertyce yow here now
Of the Chyrchys goods to make full restytucyon,
And to accepte also the Popes holy [1] constytucyon
For Stevyn Langton, archebysshop of Canturbery,
And so admytt hym to his state and primacy;
The monkes exilyd ye shall restore agayne
To ther placys and londes, and nothyng of thers retayne.
Owr Holy Fatheres mynde ys that ye shall agayne restore
All that ye have ravyshyd from Holy Chyrche with the more.

[1] C. hely.

K. JOHAN. I reken yowr father wyll never be so harde
But he wyll my cawse as well as theres regarde.
I have done nothyng but that I may do well,
And as for ther taxe I have for me the gospell.
PR. WELTH. Tushe, gospell or no, ye must make a recompens!
K. JOHAN. Yowr father is sharpe and very quycke in sentence,
Yf he wayeth the word of God no more than so;
But I shall tell yow in this what Y shall do:
I am well content to receyve the monkes agayne
Upon amendement; but as for Stevyn Langton, playne,
He shall not cum here, for I know his dysposycyon,
He is moche inclyned to sturdynesse and sedycyon.
There shall no man rewle in the lond where I am kyng
With-owt my consent, for no mannys plesure lyvyng.
Never-the-lesse, yet, upon a newe behaver,
At the Popys request here-after I may hym faver,
And graunt hym to have sum other benyfyce.
PR. WELTH. By thys I perseyve ye bare hym groge and malyce.
Well, thys wyll I say by-cause ye are so blunte:
A prelate to dyscharge, Holy Chyrche was never wont,
But her custome ys to mynyster ponyshment
To kynges and princes beyng dyssobedyent.
K. JOHAN. Avant, pevysh prist! What! dost thow thretten me?
I defye the worst both of thi Pope and the!
The power of princys ys gevyn from God above,
And, as sayth Salomon, ther harts the Lord doth move;
God spekyth in ther lyppes whan they geve jugement;
The lawys that they make are by the Lordes appoyntment.
Christ wylled not his[1] the princes to correcte,
But to ther precepptes rether to be subjecte.
The offyce of yow ys not to bere the sword,
But to geve cownsell accordyng to Gods word.

[1] *One would be inclined to insert* apostles *but for* l. 1349.

He never tawght his to weare nowther sword ne sallett,
But to preche abrode with-owt staffe, scrypp or walett;
Yet are ye becum soche myghty lordes this hower
That ye are able to subdewe all princes power.
I can not perseyve but ye are becum Belles prystes,
Lyvyng by ydolls, yea, the very Antychrysts.

PR. WELTH. Ye have sayd yowr mynd, now wyll I say myn also.

Here I cursse yow for the wrongs that ye have do
Unto Holy Churche, with crosse, bocke, bell and candell;
And, by-sydes all thys, I must yow other-wyse handell:
Of contumacy the Pope hath yow convyt;
From this day forward yowr lond stond interdytt.
The bysshope of Norwyche and the bysshope of Wynchester,
Hath full autoryte to spred it in Ynglond here;
The bysshope of Salysbery and the bysshope of Rochester
Shall execute yt in Scotland every-where;
The bysshope of Landaffe, Seynt Assys and Seynt Davy
In Walles and in Erlond shall puplyshe yt openly;
Throwgh-owt all Crystyndom the bysshopps shall suspend
All soche as to yow any mayntenance pretend;
And I cursse all them that geve to yow ther harte,
Dewks, erlls and lordes, so many as take yowr parte;
And I assoyle yowr peple from yowr obedyence,
That they shall owe yow noyther fewte[1] nor reverence;
By the Popys awctoryte I charge them yow to fyght
As with a tyrant agenst Holy Chyrchys ryght;
And by the Popes auctoryte I geve them absolucyon
A pena et culpa, and also clene remyssyon.

SED. (*extra locum*) Alarum! Alarum! tro ro ro ro ro! tro ro ro ro ro! tro ro ro ro ro!
Thomp, thomp, thomp! downe, downe, downe! to go, to go, to go!

K. JOHAN. What a noyse is thys that without the dore is made?

[1] C. sewte.

PR. WELTH. Suche enmyes are up as wyll your realme invade.

K. JOHAN. Ye cowde do no more and ye cam from the devyll of hell
Than ye go abowt here to worke by yowr wyckyd cownsell!
Ys this the charyte of that ye call the Churche?
God graunt Cristen men not after yowr wayes to worche!
I sett not by yowr curssys the shakyng of a rod,
For I know they are of the devyll and not of God.
Yowr curssys we have that we never yet demaundyd,
But we can not have that God hath yow commandyd.

PR. WELTH. What ye mene by that I wold ye shuld opynly tell.

K. JOHAN. Why, know ye it not? the prechyng of the gospell.
Take to ye yowr traysh, yowr ryngyng, syn[g]y[n]g, pypyng,
So that we may have the Scryptures openyng;
But that we can not have, yt stondyth not with yowr avantage.

PR. WELTH. Ahe! now I tell[1] yow, for this heretycall langage,
I thynke noyther yow nor ony of yowres, iwys, —
We wyll so provyd, — shall ware the crowne after this.

Go owt and drese for Nobylyte.

K. JOHAN. Yt becum not the, Godes secret workes to deme.
Gett the hence, or elles we shall teche the to blaspheme!
Oh Lord, how wycked ys that same generacyon
That never wyll cum to a godly reformacyon!
The prystes report me to be a wyckyd tyrant,
Be-cause I correct ther actes and lyfe unplesant.
Of thy prince, sayth God, thow shalt report non yll,
But thy-selfe applye his plesur to fulfyll.
The byrdes of the ayer shall speke to ther gret shame,
As sayth Ecclesyastes, that wyll a prince dyffame.
The powers are of God, — I wot Powle hath soch sentence, —

[1] C. fell.

He that resyst them, agenst God maketh resystence.
Mary and Joseph at Cyryns[1] appoyntment
In the descripcyon to Cesar were obedyent.
Crist ded paye trybute for hymselfe and Peter, to,
For a lawe prescrybyng the same unto pristes also.
To prophane princes he obeyed unto dethe;
So ded John Baptyst so longe as he had brethe.
Peter, John and Powle, with the other apostles all,
Ded never withstand the powers imperyall.

[*Enter Syvyll Order.*]

Prystes are so wycked they wyll obeye no power,
But seke to subdewe ther prynces day and hower,
As they wold do me; but I shall make them smart,
Yf that Nobelyte and Law wyll take my parte.

S. ORDER. Dowghtles we can not tyll ye be reconsylyd
Unto Holy Chyrche, for ye are a man defylyd.

K. JOHAN. How am I defylyd? Tel me,[2] good gentyll mate!

S. ORDER. By the Popes hye power ye are excomynycate.

K. JOHAN. By the word of God, I pray the, what power hath he?

S. ORDER. I spake not with hym, and therfore I cannot tell ye.

K. JOHAN. With whom spake ye not? late me know yowr intent.

S. ORDER. Mary, not with God sens the latter weeke of Lent.

[*Enter Clargy.*]

K. JOHAN. Oh mercyfull God, what an unwyse clawse ys this,
Of hym that shuld se that nothyng ware amys!
That sentence or curse that Scriptur doth not dyrect
In my opynyon shall be of non effecte.

CLARGY. Ys that yowr beleve? Mary, God save me from yow!

[1] C. Cyryus.

[2] C. telme.

K. JOHAN. Prove yt by Scriptur, and than wyll I yt alowe.
But this know I well, whan Baalam gave the curse
Uppon Godes peple they ware never a whyt the worse.
CLARGY. I passe not on the Scriptur; that is i-now for me
Whyche the Holy Father approvyth by his auctoryte.
K. JOHAN. Now, alas, alas! what wreched peple ye are
And how ygnorant, yowr owne wordes doth declare.
Woo ys that peple whych hath so wycked techeres!
CLARGY. Naye, wo ys that peple that hathe so cruell rewlars!
Owr Holy Father, I trow, cowd do no lesse,
Consyderyng the factes of yowr owtragyosnes.

[*Enter Nobelyte.*]

NOB. Com awaye, for shame, and make no more ado!
Ye are in gret danger for commynyng with hym so;
He is accursyd, I mervell ye do not waye yt.
CLARGY. I here by his wordes that he wyll not obeye yt.
NOB. Whether he wyll or no, I wyll not with hym talke
Tell he be assoyllyd. Com on, my frynds, wyll ye walke?
K. JOHAN. Oh, this is no tokyn of trew Nobelyte,
To flee from yowr kyng in his extremyte.
NOB. I shall dyssyer yow as now to pardone me;
I had moche rather do agaynst God, veryly,
Than to Holy Chyrche to do any injurye.
K. JOHAN. What blyndnes is this? On this peple, Lord, have mercy!
Ye speke of defylyng, but ye are corrupted all
With pestylent doctryne or leven pharesyacall.
Good and[1] faythfull Susan sayd that yt was moche better
To fall in daunger of men than do the gretter,
As, to leve[2] Godes lawe, whych ys his word most pure.

[1] C. to; amend. by Kittredge.
[2] C. love.

CLARGY. Ye have nothyng, *th*ow[gh],[1] to allege to us but Scripture:
Ye shall fare the worse for that, ye may be sure.
K. JOHAN. What shulde I allege elles, thu wycked Pharyse?
To yowr false lernyng no faythfull man wyll agree.
Dothe not the Lord say, *nunc, reges, intelligite:*[2]
The kyngs of the erthe that worldly cawses juge,
Seke to the Scriptur, late that be yowr refuge?
S. ORDER. Have ye nothyng elles but this? than God be with ye!
K. JOHAN. One questyon more yet ere ye departe from me
I wyll fyrst demaund of yow, Nobelyte:
Why leve ye yowr prince and cleave to the Pope so sore?
NOB. For I toke an othe to defend the Chyrche evermore.
K. JOHAN. Clergy, I am sure than yowr quarell ys not small.
CLARGY. I am professyd to the ryghtes ecclesyastycall.
K. JOHAN. And yow, Cyvyle Order, oweth her sum offyce of dewtye.
S. ORDER. I am hyr feed man; who shuld defend her but I?
K. JOHAN. Of all thre partyes yt is spoken resonably:
Ye may not obeye becawse of the othe ye mad;
Yowr strong professyon maketh yow of that same trad;
Yowr fee provokyth yow to do as thes men do;—
Grett thyngs to cawse men from God to the devyll to go!
Yowr othe is growndyd fyrst uppon folyshenes;
And yowr professyon uppon moche pevyshenes;
Yowr fee, last of all, ryseth owt of covetusnes;—
And thes are the cawses of yowr rebellyosnes!
CLARGY. Cum, Cyvill Order, lett us departe from hence!
K. JOHAN. Than are ye at a poynt for yowr obedyence?
S. ORDER. We wyll in no wysse be partakers of yowr yll.

[1] C. yow. [2] C. intellege.

Here go owt Clargy and dresse for Ynglond, and Cyvyll Order for Commynalte.

K. JOHAN. As ye have bene ever, so ye wyll contynew styll.

Thowgh they be gone, tarye yow with me a-whyle;
The presence of a prynce to yow shuld never be vyle.

NOB. Sur, nothyng grevyth me but yowr excomynycacion.

K. JOHAN. That ys but a fantasy in yowr ymagynacyon.
The Lord refuse not soch as hath his great cursse,
But call them to grace, and faver them never the worsse.
Saynt Pawle wyllyth you, whan ye are among soch sort,
Not to abhore them, but geve them words of comfort.
Why shuld ye than flee from me yowr lawfull kyng,
For plesure of soch as owght to do no suche thyng?
The Chyrches abusyons, as holy Seynt Powle do saye,
By the princes power owght for to be takyn awaye:
"He baryth not the sword withowt a cawse," sayth he.
In this neyther bysshope nor spirituall man is free;
Offendyng the lawe they are under the powers all.

NOB. How wyll ye prove me that the fathers sprytuall
Were under the princes ever contynewally?

K. JOHAN. By the actes of kynges I wyll prove yt by-and-by:
David and Salomon the pristes ded constitute,
Commandyng the offyces that they shuld execute;
Josaphat, the kyng, the mynysters ded appoynt,
So ded kyng Ezechias, whom God hymselfe ded anoynt;
Dyverse of the princes for the pristes ded make decrees,
Lyke as yt is pleyn in the fyrst of Machabees.
Owr prists are rysyn throwgh lyberte of kyngs
By ryches to pryd and other unlawfull doynges;
And that is the cawse that they so oft dysobeye.

NOB. Good Lord, what a craft have you thes thynges to convaye!

K. JOHAN. Now, alas, that the false pretence of super-stycyon
Shuld cawse yow to be a mayntener of Sedycyon!

Sum thynkyth Nobelyte in natur to consyst
Or in parentage; ther thowght is but a myst;[1]
Wher habundance is of vertu, faith and grace,
With knowlage of the Lord, Nobelyte is ther in place,
And not wher-as is[2] the wylfull contempte of thyngs
Pertaynyng to God in the obedyence of kynges.
Beware ye synke not with Dathan and Abiron
For dysobeyng the power and domynyon.

NOB. Nay, byd me be aware I do not synke with yow here;

Beyng acurssyd, of trowth, ye put me in fere.

K. JOHAN. Why, are ye gone hence and wyll ye no longar tarrye?

NOB. No-wher as yow are in place, by swete Seynt Marye!

Here Nobelyte go owt and dresse for the Cardynall. Here enter Ynglond and Commynalte

K. JOHAN. Blessed Lord of Heaven, what is the wretchednesse
Of thys wycked worlde! An evyll of all evyls, doubtlesse!
Perceyve ye not here how the Clergye hath rejecte
Their true allegeaunce, to maynteyne the popysh secte?
See ye not how lyghte the lawyers sett the poure,
Whanne God commandyth them to obeye yche daye and howre?
Nobylyte also, whych ought hys prynce to assyste,
Is vanyshed awaye as it we[re][3] a wynter myste.
All they are from me; I am now left alone,
And,[4] God wote, knowe not to whome to make my mone.
Oh, yet wolde I fayne knowe the mynde of my Commynalte,
Whether he wyll go with them or abyde with me.

YNGL. He is here at hond, a symple creature as may be.

K. JOHAN. Cum hether, my frynde; stand nere! ys thyselfe he?

COM. Yf it lyke yowr grace, I am yowr pore Commynalte.

[1] C. amyst.
[2] C. in; *emend. by* Kittredge.
[3] *Corr. by* C.
[4] C. Knd.

K. JOHAN. Thou art poore inowgh; yf that be, good God[1] helpe the.
Me thynke thow art blynd; tell me, frynde, canst thu not see?
YNGL. He is blynd in-dede, yt is the more rewth and pytte.
K. JOHAN. How cummyst thow so blynd? I pray the, good fellow, tell me.
COM. For want of knowlage in Christes lyvely veryte.
YNGL. This spirituall blyndnes bryngeth men owt of the waye,
And cause them oft-tymes ther kynges to dyssobaye.
K. JOHAN. How sayst thow, Commynalte? wylt not thu take my parte?
COM. To that I cowd be contented with all my hart;
But, alas, in me are two great impedymentes!
K. JOHAN. I pray the, shew me what are those impedymentes.
COM. The fyrst is blyndnes, wherby I myght take with the Pope
Soner than with yow; for, alas! I can but grope,
And ye know full well ther are many nowghty gydes.
The nexte is poverte, whych cleve so hard to my sydes
And ponych me so sore that my power ys lytyll or non.
K. JOHAN. In Godes name, tell me! how cummyth thi substance gone?
COM. By pristes, channons, and monkes, which do but fyll ther bely
With my swett and labour for ther popych purgatory.
YNGL. Yowr Grace promysed me that I shuld have remedy
In that same mater whan I was last here, trewly.
K. JOHAN. Dowghtles I ded so, but, alas, yt wyll not be!
In hart I lament this great infelycyte.
YNGL. Late me have my spowse and my londes at lyberte,
And I promyse you my sonne here, your Commynallte,

[1] Kittredge *suggests:* yf that be thow, God helpe the.

I wyll make able to do ye dewtyfull servyce.
K. JOHAN. I wold I ware able to do to the that offyce;
But alas, I am not! for-why my Nobelyte,
My Lawers, and Clargy hath cowardly forsake me,
And now last of all, to my most anguysh of mynd,
My Commynalte here I fynd both poore and blynde.
YNGL. Rest upon this, ser, for my governor ye shall be
So long as ye lyve; God hath so apoynted me.
His owtward blyndnes ys but a sygnyficacion
Of blyndnes in sowle for lacke of informacyon
In the word of God, which is the orygynall grownd
Of dyssobedyence, which all realmes doth confund.
Yf yowr Grace wold cawse Godes word to be tawght syncerly,
And subdew those pristes that wyll not preche yt trewly,
The peple shuld know to ther prynce ther lawfull dewty;
But, yf ye permytt contynuance of ypocresye
In monkes, chanons and pristes, and mynysters of the clargy,
Yowr realme shall never be with-owt moch traytery.
K. JOHAN. All that I perseyve, and therfore I kepe owt fryers,
Lest they shuld bryng the moch farder into the bryers.
They have mad labur to inhabytt this same regyon;
They shall for my tyme not enter into domynyon.
We have to many of soch vayne lowghtes all-redy;
I beshrew ther harts, they have made you ij full nedy!

Here enter Pandulphus, the Cardynall, and sayth:

PAND. What, Commynalte, ys this the counaunt[1] kepyng?
Thow toldyst me thu woldest take hym no more for thi kyng.
COM. *Peccavi, mea culpa!* I submyt me to yowr Holynes.
PAND. Gett the hence than shortly, and go abowt thi besynes!
Wayet on thy capttaynes, Nobelyte and the Clargy,

[1] C. connaunt.

With Cyvyll Order, and the other company;
Blow owt yowr tromppettes and sett forth manfully;
The Frenche kyng, Phelype, by sea doth hether apply
With the power of Fraunce to subdew this herytyke.
K. JOHAN. I defy both hym and the, lewde scysmatyke!
Why wylt thu forsake thy prince or thi prince leve the?
COM. I must nedes obbay whan Holy Chirch commandyth me.

Go owt Commynalte.

YNGL. Yf thow leve thy kyng, take me never for thy mother.
PAND. Tush, care not thu for that, I shall provyd the another!
Yt ware fytter for yow to be in another place.
YNGL. Yt shall becum me to wayte upon his Grace,
And do hym servyce where-as he ys resydente,
For I was gevyn hym of the Lord Omnypotente.
PAND.[1] Thow mayst not abyde here, for-whye we have hym curssyd.
YNGL. I be-shrow yowr hartes, so have ye me onpursed!
Yf he be acurssed, than are we a mete cuppell,
For I am interdyct; no salve that sore can suppell.
PAND. I say, gett the hence, and make me no more pratyng.
YNGL. I wyll not a-waye from myn owne lawfull kyng,
Appoynted of God, tyll deth shall us departe.
PAND. Wyll ye not, in-dede? Well than, ye are lyke to smarte.
YNGL. I smarte all-redy throw yowr most suttell practyse,
And am clene ondone by yowr false merchandyce,
Yowr pardons, yowr bulles, yowr purgatory-pyckepurse,
Yowr Lent-fastes, yowr schryftes, that I pray God geve yow his cursse!
PAND. Thu shalt smart better or we have done with the,
For we have this howr great navyes upon the see

[1] *This and the next two speeches of Pandulphus are in* C. *assigned to* C., *which must be intended as an abbreviation of* Cardynall.

In every quarter, with this Loller here to fyght,
And to conquarre hym for the Holy Chyrchis ryght:
We have on the northe Alexander, the kyng of Scotts,
With an armye of men that for their townnes cast lottes;
On the sowthe syde we have the French kyng with his power,
Which wyll sle and burne tyll he cum to London Tower;
In the west parts we have Kyng Alphonso with the Spanyards,
With sheppes full of gonepowder now cummyng hether towards;
And on the est syde we have Esterlynges, Danes and Norways,
With soch power landynge as can be resystyd nowayes.

K. JOHAN. All that is not true that yow have here expressed.[1]

PAND. By the masse, so true as I have now confessed!

K. JOHAN. And what do ye meane by such an hurlyburlye?

PAND. For the Churches ryght to subdue ye ma[n]fullye.[2]

SED. To all that wyll fyght I proclame a Jubyle
Of cleane remyssyon, thys tyrant here to slee.
Destroye hys people, burne up both cytie and towne,
That the Pope of Rome maye have hys scepture and crowne!
In the Churches cawse to dye, thys daye be bolde;
Your sowles shall to heaven ere your fleshe and bones be colde!

K. JOHAN. Most mercyfull God, as my trust is in the,
So comforte me now in this extremyte!
As thow helpyst[3] David in his most hevynes,
So helpe me this hour, of thy grace, mercye and goodnes!

PAND. This owtward remorse that ye show here evydent
Ys a grett lykelyhod and token of amendment.
How say ye, Kyng Johan, can ye fynd now in yowr hart
To obaye Holy Chyrch and geve ower yowr froward part?

[1] *Lines* 1639–1648 *are an insertion in* Bale's *hand.*
[2] *Corr. by* C.
[3] *Read* helpedst, *or* holpyst.

K. JOHAN. Were yt so possyble to hold thes enmyes backe,
That my swete Ynglond perysh not in this sheppewracke?[1]
PAND. "Possyble," quoth he? yea, they shuld go bake in-dede,
And ther gret armyse to some other quarters leade,
Or elles they have not so many good blyssyngs now,
But as many cursyngs they shall have, I make God avowe.
I promyse yow, sur, ye shall have specyall faver
Yf ye wyll submyt yowr-sylfe to Holy Chyrch here.
K. JOHAN. I trust than ye wyll graunt some delyberacyon
To have an answere of thys your protestacyon.
SED. Tush, gyve upp the crowne, and make no more a-do!
K. JOHAN. Your spirytuall charyte wyll be better to me than so.
The crowne of a realme is a matter of great wayght;
In gyvynge it upp we maye not be to slayght.
SED. I saye, gyve it up; let us have no more a-do.
PAND. Yea, and in our warres we wyll no farder go.
K. JOHAN. Ye wyll gyve me leave to talke first with my Clergye?
SED. With them ye nede not; they are at a poynt alreadye.
K. JOHAN. Than with my lawers, to heare what they wyll tell.
SED. Ye shall ever have them as the Clergye gyve them counsell.
K. JOHAN. Then wyll I commen with my Nobylyte.
SED. We have hym so jugled he wyll not to yow agree.

[1] *Besides the insertions noted above, the* MS. *contains three additions in* Bale's *hand, marked with the reference-letters A, B, C.* Collier *says that only for that marked A is the place of insertion indicated. This insertion he made, but without stating precisely where; it is, however, certain that the inserted passage begins between* l. 1658 *and* l. 1683; *for reasons for thinking that it begins with* l. 1665 *and ends with* l. 1727, *see Notes.*

K. JOHAN. Yet shall I be content to do as he counsell me.

PAND. Than be not to longe from hence, I wyll advyse ye. [*Exeunt Kynge Johan and Ynglond.*]

SED. Is not thys a sport? By the messe, it is, I trowe!
What welthe and pleasure wyll now to owr kyngedom growe!
Englande is our owne, whych is the most plesaunte grounde
In all the rounde worlde! Now may we realmes confounde.
Our Holye Father maye now lyve at hys pleasure,
And have habundaunce of wenches, wynes and treasure.
He is now able to kepe downe Christe and his gospell,
True fayth to exyle, and all vertues to expell.
Now shall we ruffle it in velvetts, gold and sylke,
With shaven crownes, syde gownes, and rochettes whyte as mylke.
By the messe, Pandulphus, now may we synge *cantate*,
And crowe *confitebor* with a joyfull *jubilate!*
Holde me, or els for laughynge I must burste.

PAND. Holde thy peace, whorson; I wene thu art accurst!
Kepe a sadde countenaunce, a very vengeaunce take the!

SED. I can not do it, by the messe, and thu shuldest hange me.
If Solon were here, I recken that he woulde laugh
Whych never laught yet; yea, lyke a whelpe he would waugh.
Ha, ha, ha! "Laugh," quoth he? yea, laugh and laugh agayne:
We had never cause to laugh more free, I am playne.

PAND. I pray the, no more, for here come the kynge agayne! [*Enter Kynge Johan and Ynglond.*]

K. JOHAN. If I shoulde not graunt, here woulde be a wondrefull spoyle,[1]
Every-where the enemyes woulde ruffle and turmoyle;
The losse of [the] people stycketh most unto my harte.

ENGL. Do as ye thynke best, yche waye is to my smarte.

[1] Lines 1702–1705 *are the second of the additions mentioned*, p. 583, n. 1. *That they belong here is certain; they end in* MS. *with a repetition of the first half of* l. 1706: PAND. Are ye at a poynt.

PAND. Are ye[1] at a poynt wherto ye intende to stande?
SED. Yea, hardely, sir: gyve up the crowne of Englande.
K. JOHAN. I have cast in my mynde the great displeasures of warre,
The daungers, the losses, the decayes both nere and farre;
The burnynge of townes, the throwynge downe of buyldynges,
Destructyon of corne and cattell, with other thynges;
Defylynge of maydes, and shedynge of Christen blood,
With suche lyke outrages, neythar honest, true nor good:
These thynges consydered, I am compelled thys houre
To resigne up here both crowne and regall poure.
ENGL. For the love of God, yet take some better advysement.
SED. Holde your tunge, ye whore, or, by the messe, ye shall repent!
Downe on yowr marry-bones, and make no more a-do.
ENGL. If ye love me sir, for Gods sake, do never so!
K. JOHAN. O Englande, Englande! showe now thyselfe a mother,
Thy people wyll els be slayne here without nomber.
As God shall judge me, I do not thys of cowardnesse,
But of compassyon in thys extreme heavynesse.
Shall my people shedde their bloude in suche habundaunce?
Naye, I shall rather gyve upp my whole governaunce.
SED. Come of apace, than, and make an ende of it shortly!
ENGL. The most pytiefull chaunce that hath bene hytherto, surely.
K. JOHAN. Here I submyt me to Pope Innocent the Thred,
Dyssyering mercy of hys Holy Fatherhed.[2]
PAND. Geve up the crowne than, yt shalbe the better for ye;
He wyll unto yow the more favorable be.

[1] C. Ye are; *but cf.* p. 584, n. 1.
[2] *See below*, p. 587, n. 1.

Here the Kyng delevyr the crowne to the Cardynall.

K. JOHAN. To hym I resygne here the septer and the crowne
Of Ynglond and Yrelond with the power and renowne,
And put me wholly to his mercyfull ordynance.
PAND. I may say this day the Chyrch hath a full gret chaunce.
This v dayes I wyll kepe this crowne in myn owne hande,
In the Popes behalfe upseasyng Ynglond and Yerlond.
In the meane season ye shall make an oblygacyon
For yow and yowr ayers in this synyficacyon:
To resayve yowr crowne of the Pope for-ever-more
In maner of fefarme; and, for a tokyn therfore,
Ye shall every yere paye hym a thowsand marke
With the Peter-pens, and not agenst yt barke.
Ye shall also geve to the bysshoppe of Cantorbery
A thre thowsand marke for his gret injury.
To the Chyrch besydes, for the great scathe ye have done,
Forty thowsand marke ye shall delyver sone.
K. JOHAN. Ser, the taxe that I had of the hole realme of Ynglond
Amownted to no more but unto xxx^{ti} thowsand;
Why shuld I then paye so moche unto the clargy?
PAND. Ye shall geve yt them; ther is no remedy.
K. JOHAN. Shall they pay no tribute yf the realme stond in rerage?
PAND. Sir, they shall pay none; we wyll have no soch bondage.
K. JOHAN. The Pope had at once thre hundred thowsand marke.
PAND. What is that to you? Ah, styll ye wyll be starke?
Ye shall pay yt, sur; ther is no remedy.
K. JOHAN. Yt shall be performed as ye wyll have yt, trewly.
ENGL. So noble a realme to stande tributarye, alas,
To the devylls vycar! suche fortune never was!

SED. Out with thys harlot! Cocks sowle, she hath lete a fart!

ENGL. Lyke a wretche thu lyest. Thy report is lyke as thu art.

PAND. Ye shall suffer the monks and chanons to make reentry
In-to ther abbayes and to dwell ther peaceably;
Ye shall se also to my great labur and charge;
For other thyngs elles we shall commen more at large.

K. JOHAN. Ser, in every poynt I shall fulfyll yowr plesur.

PAND. Than plye yt apace, and lett us have the tresur.

YNGL. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . offended.[1]

SED. And I am full gladde ye are so welle amended.
Unto Holy Churche ye are now an obedyent chylde,
Where ye were afore with heresye muche defyelde.

ENGL. Sir, yonder is a clarke whych is condempned for treason.
The shryves woulde fayne knowe what to do with hym thys season.

K. JOHAN. Come hyther, fellawe. What! me thynke thu art a pryste!

[*Enter Treason.*]

TREASON. He hath ofter gessed that of the truthe have myste!

K. JOHAN. A pryste and a traytour? how, maye that wele agree?

TREASON. Yes, yes, wele ynough, underneth *benedicite*.
Myself hath played it, and therfore I knowe it the better.
Amonge craftye coyners[2] there hath not bene a gretter.

[1] *From here to the end is the third addition* (*cf.* p. 583, n. 1). *It seems likely that* Bale *cancelled the original ending of the play and replaced it with these lines, which, perhaps, should also replace* ll. 1729–1768, *thus:* Dyssyring mercy of that I have offended, *etc.* Collier *does not state whether* l. 1768 *comes at the end of a leaf of the* MS. *or not.*

[2] C. cloyners.

K. JOHAN. Tell some of thy feates; thu mayest the better escape.

SED. Hem! not to bolde yet; for a mowse the catte wyll gape.

TREASON. Twenty thousande traytour[s] I have made in my tyme,

Undre *benedicite*, betwyn hygh masse and pryme.

I have made Nobylyte to be obedyent

To the Church of Rome, whych most kynges maye repent.

I have so convayed that neyther priest nor lawer

Wyll obeye Gods wurde, nor yet the gospell faver.

In the place of Christe I have sett up supersticyons:

For preachynges, ceremonyes; for Gods wurde, mennys tradicyons.

Come to the temple and there Christe hath no place,

Moyses and the paganes doth utterly hym deface.

ENGL. Marke wele, sir; tell what we have of Moyses.

TREASON. All your ceremonyes, your copes and your sensers, doubtlesse,

Your fyers, your waters, your oyles, your aulters, your ashes,

Your candlestyckes, your cruettes, your salte, with suche lyke trashes;

Ye lacke but the bloude of a goate, or els a calfe.

ENGL. Lete us heare sumwhat also in the paganes behalfe.

TREASON. Of the paganes ye have your gylded ymages all,

In your necessytees upon them for to call,

With crowchynges, with kyssynges, and settynge up of lyghtes,

Bearynge them in processyon, and fastynges upon their nyghtes;

Some for the tothe-ake, some for the pestylence and poxe;

With ymages of waxe to brynge moneye to the boxe.

ENGL. What have they of Christe in the Churche? I praye the tell.

TREASON. Marry, nothynge at all, but the epystle and the gospell,
And that is in Latyne, that no man shoulde it knowe.
SED. Peace, noughty whoreson, peace! Thu playest the knave, I trowe.
K. JOHAN. Has thu knowne suche wayes, and sought no reformacyon?
[TREASON.][1] It is the lyvynge of my whole congregacyon.
If supersticyons and ceremonyes from us fall,
Farwele monke and chanon, priest, fryer, byshopp, and all!
My conveyaunce is suche that we haue both moneye and ware.
SED. Our occupacyon thu wylt marre, God gyve the care!
ENGL. Very fewe of ye wyll Peters offyce take.
TREASON. Yes, the more part of us our Maistre hath forsake.
ENGL. I meane for preachynge,--I pray God thu be curste!
TREASON. No, no, with Judas we love wele to be purste.
We selle owr Maker so sone as we have hym made,
And, as for preachynge, we meddle not with that trade,
Least Annas, Cayphas and the lawers shulde us blame,
Callyng us to reckenynge for preachynge in that name.
K. JOHAN. But tell to me, person, whie wert thu cast in preson?
[TREASON.][1] For no great matter; but a lyttle petye treason:
For conjurynge, calkynge, and coynynge of newe grotes,
For clippynge of nobles, with suche lyke pratye motes.
ENGL. Thys is hygh treason, and hath bene evermor.
K. JOHAN. It is suche treason as he shall sure hange for.
TREASON. I have holy orders; by the messe, I defye your wurst!
Ye can not towche me but ye must be accurst.
K. JOHAN. We wyll not towche the, the halter shall do yt alone;

[1] Supplied by C.

Curse the rope therfor whan thu begynnest to grone.
TREASON. And sett ye no more by the holy ordre of prestehode?
Ye wyll prove your-selfe an heretyke, by the rode!
K. JOHAN. Come hyther, Englande, and here what I saye to the!
ENGL. I am all readye to do as ye commaunde me.
K. JOHAN. For so much as he hath falsefyed our coyne,
As he is worthie, lete hym with an halter joyne.
Thu shalt hange no priest, nor yet none honest man,
But a traytour, a thefe, and one that lyttle good can.
PAND. What, yet agaynst the Churche? Gett me boke, belle and candle!
As I am true priest, I shall ye yett better handle!
Ye neyther regarde hys crowne nor anoynted fyngers,
The offyce of a priest, nor the grace that therin lyngers.
SED. Sir, pacyent yourselfe, and all thynge shall be well.
Fygh, man, to the Churche that ye shulde be styll a rebell!
ENGL. I accompt hym no priest that worke such hay-nouse treason.
SED. It is a worlde to heare a folysh woman reason!
PAND. After thys maner ye used Peter Pomfrete,
A good symple man, and, as they saye, a profete.
K. JOHAN. Sir, I did prove hym a very supersticyouse wretche,
And blasphemouse lyar; therfor did the lawe hym upstretche.
He prophecyed first I shulde reigne but xiiij years,
Makynge the people to beleve he coulde bynde bears;
And I have reigned a seventene yeares, and more.
And anon after he grudged at me very sore,
And sayde I shulde be exyled out of my realme
Before the Ascencyon, whych was turned to a fantastycall dreame,
Saynge he woulde hange if hys prophecye were not true.
Thus hys owne decaye hys folyshnesse did brue.
PAND. Ye shuld not hange hym whych is a frynde to the Churche.

K. JOHAN. Alac that ye shoulde counte them fryndes of the Churche
That agaynst all truthe so hypocritycally lurche!
An yll Churche is it that hath such fryndes, in-dede!
ENGL. Of Maister Morres suche an-other fable we reade,
That in Morgans fyelde the sowle of a knyght made verses,
Apearynge unto hym, and thys one he rehearses:
Destruat hoc regnum Rex regum duplici plaga, —
Whych is true as God spake with the ape at Praga.
The sowles departed from thys heavye mortall payne
To the handes of God, returneth never agayne.
A marvelouse thynge that ye thus delyght in lyes!
SED. Thys queane doth not els but mocke the blessed storyes.
That Peter angred ye, whan he called ye a devyll incarnate.
K. JOHAN. He is now full sure, no more so uncomely to prate.
Well, as for thys man, because that he is a priste
I gyve hym to ye; do with hym what ye lyste!
PAND. In the Popes behalfe I wyll sumwhat take upon me:
Here I delyver hym to the Churches lyberte,
In spyght of your hart; make of it what ye lyste!
K. JOHAN. I am pleased, I saye, because he ys pryste.
PAND. Whether ye be or no, it shall not greatly force.
Lete me see those cheanes; go thy waye and have remorce!
TREASON. God save your lordeshyppes; I trust I shall amende,
And do no more so, or els, sir, God defende!
SED. I shall make the, I trowe, to kepe thy benefyce.
By the Marye messe, the knave wyll never be wyse!
ENGL. Lyke lorde, lyke chaplayne; neyther barrell better herynge.
SED. Styll she must trattle; that tunge is alwayes sterynge.
A wurde or two, sir, I must tell yow in your eare.
PAND. Of some advauntage I woulde very gladly heare.

SED. Releace not Englande of the generall interdictyon
Tyll the kynge hath graunted the dowrye and the pencyon
Of Julyane, the wyfe of Kynge Richard Cour de Lyon.
Ye knowe very well she beareth the Churche good mynde;
Tush, we must have all, manne, that she shall leave behynde!
As the saynge is, he fyndeth that surely bynde.
It were but folye suche louce endes for to lose;
The lande and the monye wyll make well for our purpose.
Tush, laye yokes upon hym, more then he is able to beare;
Of Holy Churche so he wyll stande ever in feare;
Suche a shrewe as he it is good to kepe undre awe.
ENGL. Woo is that persone whych is undreneth your lawe!
Ye may see, good people, what these same merchantes are;
Their secrete knaveryes their open factes declare.
SED. Holde thy peace, callet! God gyve the sorowe and care!
PAND. Ere I releace yow of the interdyctyon heare,
In the whych yowr realme contynued hath thys seven yeare,
Ye shall make Julyane, your syster-in-lawe, thys bande:
To gyve her the thirde part of Englande and of Irelande.
K. JOHAN. All the worlde knoweth, sir, I owe her no suche dewtye.
PAND. Ye shall gyve it to hir; there is no remedye.
Wyll ye styll withstande our Holy Fathers precepte?
SED. In peyne of dampnacyon, hys commaundement must be kepte.
K. JOHAN. Oh, ye undo me, consyderynge my great paymentes!
ENGL. Sir, disconfort not, for God hath sent debatementes;
Yowr mercyfull Maker hath shewed upon ye hys powere,
From thys heavye yoke delyverynge yow thys howre:
The woman is dead, — suche newes are hyther brought.
K. JOHAN. For me a synnar thys myracle hath God wrought;

In most hygh paryls he ever me preserved,
And in thys daunger he hath not from me swerved.

In genua procumbens Deum adorat, dicens:

As David sayth, Lorde, thu dost not leave thy servaunt
That wyll trust in the and in thy blessyd covenaunt.
SED. A vengeaunce take it! By the messe, it is unhappye
She is dead so sone! Now is it past remedye.
So must we lose all, now that she is clerely gone.
If that praye had bene ours, oh, it had bene alone!
The chaunce beynge suche, by my trouth, even lete it go:
No grote no pater noster, no penye no *placebo*.
The devyll go with it, seynge it wyll be no better!
ENGL. Their myndes are all sett upon the fylthie luker.
PAND. Than here I releace yow of yowr interdictyons all,
And strayghtly commaunde yow, upon daungers that may fall,
No more to meddle with the Churches reformacyon,
Nor holde men from Rome whan they make appellacyon,
By God and by all the contentes of thys boke.
K. JOHAN. Agaynst Holy Churche I wyll nomore speake nor loke.
SED. Go, open the churche-dores and let the belles be ronge,
And through-out the realme see that *Te Deum* be songe.
Pryck upp your candels before Saynt Loe and Saynt Legearde;
Lete Saynt Antonyes hogge be had in some regarde.
If yowr ale be sowre, and yowr breade moulde, certayne
Now wyll they waxe swete, for the Pope hath blest ye agayne.
ENGL. Than within a whyle I trust ye wyll preache the gospell.
SED. That shall I tell the, kepe thu it in secrete counsell:

It shall neyther come in churche nor yet in chauncell.

PAND. Goo your wayes a-pace, and see my pleasure be done!

K. JOHAN. As ye have commaunded, all shall be perfourmed sone.

[*Kynge Johan and England go out.*]

PAND. By the messe, I laugh to see thys cleane conveyaunce!

He is now full glad, as our pype goeth, to daunce;
By Cockes sowle, he is now become a good parrysh clarke.

SED. Ha, ha, wylye whoreson, dost that so busyly marke?

I hope in a whyle we wyll make hym so to rave,
That he shall become unto us a commen slave,
And shall do nothynge but as we byd hym do.
If we byd hym slea, I trowe he wyll do so;
If we byd hym burne suche as beleve in Christe,
He shall not say naye to the byddynge of a priste.
But yet it is harde to trust what he wyll be,
He is so crabbed; by the Holy Trinyte,
To save all thynges up, I holde best we make hym more sure,
And gyve hym a sawce that he no longar endure.
Now that I remembre, we shall not leave hym thus.

PAND. Whye, what shall we do to hym els, in the name of Jesus?

SED. Marry, fatche in Lewes, Kynge Phylyppes sonne of Fraunce,
To falle upon hym with his menne and ordynaunce,
With wyldefyer, gunpouder, and suche lyke myrye trickes,
To dryve hym to holde and scarche hym in the quyckes.
I wyll not leave hym tyll I brynge hym to hys yende.

PAND. Well, farwele, Sedicyon, do as shall lye in thy [mynde].[1]

[*Exit.*]

[1] *A blot makes the* MS. *illegible here;* C. *suggests* intende (= intent); *but cf. the rhymes in* ll. 719, 879, 2238, *etc.*

SED. I mervele greatly where Dissymulacyon is.
DYS. [*without*] I wyll come anon, if thu tarry tyll I pysse.

[*Enter Dyssymulacyon.*]

SED. I beshrewe your hart, where have ye bene so longe?
DYS. In the gardene, man, the herbes and wedes amonge;
And there have I gote the poyson of toade.
I hope in a whyle to wurke some feate abroade.
SED. I was wonte sumtyme of thy prevye counsell to be;
Am I now-adayes become a straunger to the?
DYS. I wyll tell the all, undreneth *benedicite*,
What I mynde to do, in case thu wylte assoyle me.
SED. Thu shalt be assoyled by the Most Holy Fathers auctoryte.
DYS. Shall I so in-dede? by the masse, than now have at the!
Benedicite.
SED. *In nomine papae, amen!*
DYS. Sir, thys is my mynde: I wyll gyve Kynge Johan thys poyson,
So makynge hym sure that he shall never have foyson.
And thys must thu saye to colour with the thynge,
That a penye lofe he wolde have brought to a shyllynge.
SED. Naye, that is suche a lye as easely wyll be felte.
DYS. Tush, man, amonge fooles it never wyll be outsmelte!
Though it be a foule[1] lye, set upon it a good face,
And that wyll cause men beleve it in every place.
SED. I am sure, than, thu wylt geve it hym in a drynke.
DYS. Marry, that I wyll, and the one half with hym swynke,
To encourage hym to drynke the botome off.
SED. If thu drynke the halfe, thu shalt fynde it no scoff;

[1] *Above* foule *is written, in* Bale's *hand*, great. C. *says "this is by no means a singular instance in the course of the drama," but he does not point out the others.*

Of terryble deathe thu wylt stacker in the plashes.
DYS. Tush, though I dye, man, there wyll ryse more of my ashes.
I am sure the monkes wyll praye for me so bytterlye,
That I shall not come in helle nor in purgatorye.
In the Popes Kychyne the scullyons shall not brawle
Nor fyght for my grese. If the priestes woulde for me yawle,
And grunt a good pace *placebo* with requiem masse,
Without muche tarryaunce I shulde to paradyse passe,
Where I myght be sure to make good cheare and be myrye,
For I can not awaye with that whoreson purgatorye.
SED. To kepe the from thens, thu shalt have five monkes syngynge
In Swynsett abbeye so longe as the worlde is durynge;
They wyll daylye praye for the sowle of father Symon,
A Cisteane monke whych poysened Kynge John.
DYS. Whan the worlde is done, what helpe shall I have than?
SED. Than shyft for thy-self so wele as ever thu can.
DYS. Cockes sowle, he cometh here! Assoyle me that I were gone, then.
SED. *Ego absolvo te in nomine papae, amen!*

[*They go out; enter Kynge Johan and England.*]

K. JOHAN. No prince in the worlde in suche captivyte
As I am thys howre, and all for ryghteousnesse.
Agaynst me I have both the lordes and commynalte,
Byshoppes and lawers, whych in their cruell madnesse
Hath brought in hyther the Frenche kynges eldest sonne, Lewes.
The chaunce unto me is not so dolourrouse
But my lyfe thys daye is muche more tedyouse.

More of compassyon for shedynge of Christen blood
Than any-thynge els, my sceptre I gave up latelye
To the Pope of Rome, whych hath no tytle good

Of jurisdycyon, but of usurpacyon onlye;
And now to the, Lorde, I woulde resygne up gladlye

Flectit genua.

Both my crowne and lyfe, for thyne owne ryght it is,
If it would please the to take my sowle to thy blys.

ENGL. Sir, discomfort ye not! in the honour of Christe Jesu,
God wyll never fayle yow, intendynge not els but vertu.

K. JOHAN. The anguysh of sprete so pangeth me everywhere
That incessantly I thyrst tyll I be there.

ENGL. Sir, be of good chere, for the Pope hath sent a legate,
Whose name is Gualo, your foes to excommunycate;
Not only Lewes, whych hath wonne Rochestre,
Wynsore and London, Readynge and Wynchestre,
But so many els as agaynst ye have rebelled,
He hath suspended and openly accursed.

K. JOHAN. They are all false knaves; all men of them be-ware;
They never left me tyll they had me in their snare.
Now have they Otto, the emproure, so wele as me,
And the French kynge, Phylypp, undre their captivyte.
All Christen princes they wyll have in their handes;
The Pope and his priestes are poyseners of all landes.
All Christen people be-ware of trayterouse pristes,
For of truthe they are the pernicyouse Antichristes.

ENGL. This same Gualo, sir, in your cause doth stoughtly barke.

K. JOHAN. They are all nought, Englande, so many as weare that marke.
From thys habytacyon, swete Lorde, delyver me,
And preserve thys realme, of thy benygnyte!

[*Dyssymulacyon sings without:*]

DYS. Wassayle, wassayle out of the mylke payle,
Wassayle, wassayle, as whyte as my nayle,

Wassayle, wassayle, in snowe, froste and hayle,
Wassayle, wassayle, with partriche and rayle,
Wassayle, wassayle, that muche doth avayle,
Wassayle, wassayle, that never wyll fayle!

K. JOHAN. Who is that, Englande?[1] I praye the stepp fourth and see.

ENGL. He doth seem a-farre some relygyous man to be.

[*Enter Dyssymulacyon.*]

DYS. Now Jesus preserve your worthye and excellent Grace,
For doubtlesse there is a very angelyck face!
Now forsoth and God, I woulde thynke my-self in heaven!
If I myght remayne with yow but yeares alevyn,
I woulde covete here none other felicyte.

K. JOHAN. A lovynge persone thu mayest seme for to be.

DYS. I am as gentle a worme as ever ye see.

K. JOHAN. But what is thy name, good frynde? I praye the, tell me.

DYS. Simon of Swynsett my very name is per-dee,
I am taken of men for monastycall Devocyon;
And here have I brought yow a marvelouse good pocyon,
For I harde ye saye that ye were very drye.

K. JOHAN. In-dede, I wolde gladlye drynke. I praye the come nye.

DYS. The dayes of your lyfe never felt ye suche a cuppe,
So good and so holsome, if ye woulde drynke it upp;
It passeth malmesaye, capryck, tyre, or ypocras;
By my faythe, I thynke a better drynke never was.

K. JOHAN. Begynne, gentle monke; I pray the, drynke half to me.

DYS. If ye dronke all up, it were the better for ye;
It woulde slake your thirst and also quycken your brayne;
A better drynke is not in Portyngale nor Spayne,
Therfore suppe it of, and make an ende of it quycklye.

[1] C. Fngland.

K. JOHAN. Naye, thu shalte drynke half, there is no remedye.

DYS. Good lucke to ye, than! have at it by-and-bye! [*Aside*] Halfe wyll I consume, if there be no remedye.

K. JOHAN. God saynt the, good monke, with all my very harte!

DYS. I have brought ye half; conveye me that for your parte.

[*Dyssymulacion goes to another part of the stage and says:*]

Where art thu, Sedicyon? by the masse I dye, I dye!
Helpe now at a pynche! Alas, man, cum awaye shortlye!

SED. Come hyther apace, and gett thee to the farmerye;
I have provyded for the, by swete Saynt Powle,
Fyve monkes that shall synge contynually for thy sowle,
That, I warande the, thu shalt not come in helle.

DYS. To sende me to heaven goo rynge the holye belle,
And synge for my sowle a masse of Scala Celi,
That I may clyme up aloft with Enoch and Heli.
I do not doubte it but I shall be a saynt;
Provyde a gyldar myne image for to paynt;
I dye for the Churche with Thomas of Canterberye.
Ye shall fast my vigyll and upon my daye be merye;
No doubt but I shall do myracles in a whyle,
And therfore lete me be shryned in the north yle.

SED. To the, than, wyll offer both crypple, halte and blynde,
Mad-men and mesels, with such as are woo behynde.

Exeunt.

K. JOHAN. My bodye me vexeth; I doubt much of a tympanye.

ENGL. Now, alas, alas! your Grace is betrayed cowardlye!

K. JOHAN. Where became the monke that was here with me latelye?

ENGL. He is poysened, sir, and lyeth a-dyenge, surelye.

K. JOHAN. It can not be so, for he was here even now.

ENGL. Doubtlesse, sir, it is so true as I have tolde yow;

A false Judas kysse he hath gyven and is gone.
The halte, sore and lame thys pitiefull case wyll mone;
Never prynce was there that made to poore peoples use[s]
So many masendewes, hospytals and spyttle-howses
As your Grace hath done, yet sens the worlde began.
K. JOHAN. Of priestes and of monkes I am counted a wycked man,
For that I never buylte churche nor monasterye,
But my pleasure was to helpe suche as were nedye.
ENGL. The more grace was yours, for at the daye of judgment
Christe wyll rewarde them whych hath done hys commaundement;
There is no promyse for voluntarye wurkes,
No more than there is for sacrifyce of the Turkes.
K. JOHAN. Doubtlesse I do fele muche grevaunce in my bodye.
ENGL. As the Lorde wele knoweth, for that I am full sorye.
K. JOHAN. There is no malyce to the malyce of the clergye!
Well, the Lorde God of heaven on me and them have mercye!

For doynge justyce they have ever hated me;
They caused my lande to be excommunycate,
And me to resygne both crowne and princely dygnyte,
From my obedyence assoylynge every estate;
And now last of all they have me intoxycate;
I perceyve ryght wele their malyce hath none ende.
I desyre not els but that they maye sone amende.

I have sore hungred and thirsted [1] ryghteousnesse
For the offyce sake that God hath me appoynted,
But now I perceyve that synne and wyckednesse
In thys wretched worlde, lyke as Christe prophecyed,
Have the overhande; in me it is verefyed.

[1] *Qy. insert* for.

Praye for me, good people, I besych yow hartely,
That the Lorde above on my poore sowle have mercy.

Farwell, noble-men, with the clergye spirytuall,
Farwell, men-of-lawe, with the whole commynalte.
Your disobedyence I do forgyve yow all,
And desyre God to perdon your iniquyte.
Farwell, swete Englande, now last of all to the!
I am ryght sorye I coulde do for the nomore.
Farwell ones agayne, yea, farwell for evermore!

ENGL. With the leave of God, I wyll not leave ye thus,
But styll be with ye tyll he do take yow from us,
And than wyll I kepe your bodye for a memoryall.
K. JOHAN. Than plye it, Englande, and provyde for my buryall;
A wydowes offyce it is to burye the deade.
ENGL. Alas, swete maistre, ye waye so heavy as leade.
Oh horryble case, that euer so noble a kynge
Shoulde thus be destroyed and lost for ryghteouse doynge
By a cruell sort of disguysed bloud-souppers,
Unmercyfull murtherers, all dronke in the bloude of marters!
Report what they wyll in their most furyouse madnesse,
Of thys noble kynge muche was the godlynesse.

Exeunt.

[*Enter Veryte.*]

VERY. I assure ye, fryndes, lete men wryte what they wyll,
Kynge Johan was a man both valiaunt and godlye.
What though Polydorus reporteth hym very yll
At the suggestyons of the malicyouse clergye,
Thynke yow a Romane with the Romans can not lye?
Yes; therfore, Leylonde, out of thy slumbre awake,
And wytnesse a trewthe for thyne owne contrayes sake!

For hys valiauntnesse many excellent writers make,
As Sigebertus, Vincentius, and also Nauclerus;
Giraldus and Mathu Parys with hys noble vertues take;
Yea, Paulus Phrigio, Johan Major, and Hector Boethius.

Nothynge is allowed in hys lyfe of Polydorus,
Whych discommendeth hys ponyshmentes for trayterye,
Advauncynge very sore hygh treason in the clergye.

Of hys godlynesse thus muche report wyll I:
Gracyouse provysyon for sore, sycke, halte and lame
He made in hys tyme,[1] both in towne and cytie,
Grauntynge great lyberties for mayntenaunce of the same,
By markettes and fayers in places of notable name;
Great monymentes are in Yppeswych, Donwych and Berye,
Whych noteth hym to be a man of notable mercye;

The cytie of London, through his mere graunt and premye,
Was first privyleged to have both mayer and shryve,
Where before hys tyme it had but baylyves onlye;
In hys dayes the Brydge the cytizens ded contryve.
Though he now be dead, hys noble actes are alyve.
Hys zele is declared, as towchynge Christes religyon,
In that he exyled the Jewes out of thys regyon.

[*Enter Nobylyte, Clergy and Cyvyll Order.*]

NOB. Whome speake ye of, sir? I besyche ye hartelye.
VERY. I talke of Kynge Johan, of late your prynce most worthye.
NOB. Sir, he was a man of a very wycked sorte.
VERY. Ye are muche to blame your prynce so to reporte.
How can ye presume to be called Nobilyte,
Diffamynge a prynce in your malygnyte?
Ecclesiastes sayth: "If thu with an hatefull harte
Misnamest a kynge, thu playest suche a wycked parte
As byrdes of ayer to God wyll represent,
To thy great parell and exceedynge ponnyshment."
Saynt Hierome sayth also that he is of no renowne,
But a vyle traytour, that rebelleth agaynst the Crowne.
CLERGY. He speaketh not agaynst the crowne, but the man, per-dee!

[1] C. *repeats* he made.

VERY. Oh, where is the sprete whych ought to reigne in the?
The crowne of it-selfe without the man is nothynge.
Learne of the Scriptures to have better undrestandynge.
The harte of a kynge is in the handes of the Lorde,
And he directeth it, wyse Salomon to recorde.
They are abhomynable that use hym wyckedlye.
CLERGY. He was never good to us, the sanctifyed Clergye.
VERY. Wyll ye know the cause, before thys worshypfull cumpanye?
Your conversacyon and lyves are very ungodlye.
Kynge Salomon sayth: "Who hath a pure mynde,
Therin delyghtynge, shall have a kynge to frynde."
On thys wurde *cleros*, whych signyfieth a lott,
Or a sortynge out into a most godly knott,
Ye do take your name, for that ye are the Lordes
Select, of hys wurde to be the specyall recordes.
As of Saynt Mathias we have a syngular mencyon
That they chose hym owt anon after Christes Ascencyon.
Thus do ye recken; but I feare ye come of *clerus*,
A very noyfull worme, as Aristotle sheweth us,
By whome are destroyed the honycombes of bees,
For poore wydowes ye robbe, as ded the Pharysees.
C. ORDER. I promyse yow, it is uncharytably spoken.
VERY. Trouthe ingendereth hate; ye shewe therof a token.
Ye are suche a man as owght every-where to see
A godly order, but ye loose yche commynalte.
Plato thowght alwayes that no hygher love coulde be
Than a man to peyne hymself for hys own countreye.
David for their sake the proude Philistian slewe,
Aioth mad Eglon hys wyckednesse to rewe,
Esdras from Persye for hys owne countreys sake
Came to Hierusalem their stronge-holdes up to make;
But yow, lyke wretches, cast over both contreye and kynge, —
All manhode shameth to see your unnaturall doynge.

Ye wycked rulers, God doth abhorre ye all!
As Mantuan reporteth in hys Egloges Pastorall,
Ye fede not the shepe, but ever ye pylle the flocke,
And clyppe them so nygh that scarsely ye leve one locke.
Your judgementes are suche that ye call to God in vayne
So longe as ye have yowr prynces in disdayne.
Chrysostome reporteth that nobilyte of fryndes
Avayleth nothynge, except ye have godly myndes.
What profiteth it yow to be called spirytuall,
Whyls yow for lucre from all good vertues fall?
What prayse is it to yow to be called Cyvylyte,
If yow from obedyence and godly order flee?
Anneus Seneca hath thys most provable sentence:
"The gentyll free hart goeth never from obedyence."

C. ORDER. Sir, my bretherne and I woulde gladly knowe your name.

VERY. I am Veritas, that come hyther yow to blame
For castynge awaye of [y]our most lawfull kynge;
Both God and the worlde detesteth your dampnable doynge.
How have ye used Kynge Johan here now of late?
I shame to rehearce the corruptyons of your state.
Ye were never wele tyll ye hym cruelly slayne;
And now, beynge dead, ye have hym styll in disdayne.
Ye have raysed up of hym most shamelesse lyes,
Both by your reportes and by your written storyes.
He that slewe Saul throwgh fearcenesse vyolent
Was slayne sone after at Davids just commaundement,
For-bycause that Saul was anoynted of the Lorde, —
The seconde of Kynges of thys beareth plenteouse recorde.
He was in those dayes estemed wurthie to dye
On a noynted kynge that layed handes violentlye;
Ye are not ashamed to fynde fyve priestes to synge
For that same traytour that slewe your naturall kynge.
A trayterouse knave ye can set upp for a saynte,
And a ryghteouse kynge lyke an odyouse tyrant paynte.
I coulde shewe the place where you most spyghtfullye
Put out your torches upon hys physnomye;

In your glasse wyndowes ye whyppe your naturall kynges.
As I sayde afore, I abhorre to shewe your doynges.
The Turkes, I dare say, are a thowsande tymes better than yow.

NOB. For Gods love, no more! Alas, ye have sayde ynough!

CLERGY. All the worlde doth knowe that we have done sore amys.

C. ORDER. Forgyve it us, so that we never heare more of thys.

VERY. But are ye sorye for thys ungodly wurke?

NOB. I praye to God else I be dampned lyke a Turke.

VERY. And make true promyse ye wyll never more do so?

CLERGY. Sir, never more shall I from true obedyence goo.

VERY. What say you, brother? I must have also your sentence.

C. ORDER. I wyll ever gyve to my prynce due reverence.

VERY. Well than, I doubt not but the Lorde wyll condescende
To forgyve yow all, so that ye mynde to amende.
Adewe to ye all, for now I must be gone.

[*Enter Imperyall Majestye.*]

IMP. MAJ. Abyde, Veryte, ye shall not depart so sone!
Have ye done all thynges as we commanded yow?

VERY. Yea, most gracyouse prynce, I concluded the whole even now.

IMP. MAJ. And how do they lyke the customs they have used
With our predecessours, whome they have so abused,
Specyally Kynge Johan? thynke they they have done well?

VERY. They repent that ever they folowed sedicyouse counsell,
And have made promes they wyll amende all faultes.

IMP. MAJ. And forsake the Pope with all hys crueil assaultes?

VERY. Whie do ye not bowe to Imperyall Majeste?
Knele and axe pardon for yowr great enormyte!
NOB. Most godly governour, we axe your gracyouse pardon,
Promysynge nevermore to maynteyne false Sedicyon.
CLERGY. Neyther Pryvate Welthe, nor yet Usurped Poure
Shall cause me disobeye my prynce from thys same houre;
False Dissymulacyon shall never me begyle;
Where I shall mete hym, I wyll ever hym revyle.
IMP. MAJ. I perceyve, Veryte, ye have done wele your part,
Refowrmynge these men; gramercyes with all my hart!
I praye yow take paynes to call our Commynalte
To true obedyence, as ye are Gods Veryte.
VERY. I wyll do it, sir; yet shall I have muche a-doo
With your popish prelates; they wyll hunte me to and fro.
IMP. MAJ. So longe as I lyve, they shall do yow no wronge.
VERY. Than wyll I go preache Gods wurde your commens amonge.
But first I desyre yow their stubberne factes to remytt.
IMP. MAJ. I forgyve yow all, and perdon your frowarde wytt.
OMNES UNA. The heavenly Governour rewarde your goodnesse for it!
VERY. For Gods sake obeye, lyke as doth yow befall,
For in hys owne realme a kynge is judge over all
By Gods appoyntment, and none maye hym judge agayne
But the Lorde hymself; in thys the Scripture is playne.
He that condempneth a kynge, condempneth God, without dought;
He that harmeth a kynge, to harme God goeth abought;
He that a prynce resisteth, doth dampne Gods ordynaunce,
And resisteth God in withdrawynge hys affyaunce
All subjectes offendynge are undre the kynges judgement,
A kynge is reserved to the Lorde Omnypotent.

He is a mynyster immedyate undre God,
Of hys ryghteousnesse to execute the rod.
I charge yow, therfore, as God hath charge[1] me,
To gyve to your kynge hys due supremyte,
And exyle the Pope thys realme for-evermore.
OMNES UNA. We shall gladly doo accordynge to your loore.
VERY. Your Grace is content I shewe your people the same?
IMP. MAJ. Yea, gentle Veryte, shewe them their dewtye, in Gods name.
To confyrme the tale that Veryte had now
The seconde of Kynges is evydent to yow:

The younge man that brought the crowne and bracelett
Of Saul to David, saynge that he had hym slayne,
David commaunded, as though he had done the forfett,
Strayght-waye to be slayne; Gods sprete ded hym constrayne
To shewe what it is a kynges bloude to distayne.
So ded he those two that in the fyelde hym mett,
And unto hym brought the heade of Isboset.

Consydre that Christe was undre the obedyence
Of worldly prynces so longe as he was here,
And alwayes used them with a lowly reverence,
Payinge them tribute, all his true servauntes to stere
To obeye them, love them, and have them in reverent feare.
Dampnacyon it is to hym that an ordre breake
Appoynted of God, lyke as the Apostle speake.

No man is exempt from thys, Gods ordynaunce,
Bishopp, monke, chanon, priest, cardynall nor pope;
All they by Gods lawe to kynges owe their allegeaunce.
Thys wyll be wele knowne in thys same realme, I hope.
Of Verytees wurdes the syncere meanynge I grope:

[1] *Perhaps* charged, *but see* Notes.

He sayth that a kynge is of God immedyatlye;
Than shall never pope rule more in thys monarchie.

CLERGY. If it be your pleasure we wyll exyle hym cleane,
That he in thys realme shall nevermore be seane,
And your Grace shall be the supreme head of the Churche;
To brynge thys to passe, ye shall see how we wyll wurche.
IMP. MAJ. Here is a nyce tale! He sayth, if it be my pleasure,
He wyll do thys acte to the Popes most hygh displeasure;
As who sayth, I woulde for pleasure of my persone,
And not for Gods truthe, have suche an enterpryse done.
Full wysely convayed! the crowe wyll not chaunge her hewe.
It is marvele to me and ever ye be trewe.
I wyll the auctoryte of Gods holy wurde to do it,
And it not to aryse of your vayne, slypper wytt.
That Scripture doth not, is but a lyght fantasye.
CLERGY. Both Daniel and Paule calleth hym Gods adversarye,
And therfore ye ought as a devyll hym to expell.
IMP. MAJ. Knewe ye thys afore, and woulde it never tell?
Ye shoulde repent it, had we not now forgyven ye!
Nobylyte, what say yow? Wyll ye to thys agree?
NOB. I can no lesse, sir, for he is wurse than the Turke,
Whych none other wayes but by tyrannye doth wurke.
Thys bloudy bocher with hys pernycyouse bayte
Oppresse Christen princes by frawde, crafte and dissayte,
Tyll he compell them to kysse hys pestylent fete,
Lyke a levyathan syttynge in Moyses sete.
I thynke we can do unto God no sacrifyce
That is more accept, nor more agreynge to justyce,
Than to slea that beaste and slauterman of the devyll,
That Babylon boore, whych hath done so muche evyll.
IMP. MAJ. It is a clere sygne of a true Nobilyte,

To the wurde of God whan your conscyence doth agree;
For, as Christe ded saye to Peter, *Caro et sanguis*
Non revelavit tibi, sed Pater meus celestis:
Ye have not thys gyfte of carnall generacion,
Nor of noble bloude, but by Gods owne demonstracyon.
Of yow, Cyvyle Order, one sentence woulde I heare.
C. ORDER. I rewe it that ever any harte I ded hym beare.
I thynke he hath spronge out of the bottomlesse pytt,
And in mennys conscyence in the stede of God doth sytt,
Blowynge fourth a swarme of grassopers and flyes,
Monkes, fryers and priestes, that all truthe putrifyes.
Of the Christen faythe playe now the true defendar,
Exyle thys monster and ravenous devourar,
With hys venym wormes, hys adders, whelpes and snakes,
Hys cuculled vermyne, that unto all myschiefe wakes!
IMP. MAJ. Than, in thys purpose ye are all of one mynde?
CLERGY. We detest the Pope, and abhorre hym to the fynde.
IMP. MAJ. And ye are wele content to disobeye hys pryde?
NOB. Yea, and his lowsye lawes and decrees to sett asyde.
IMP. MAJ. Than must ye be sworne to take me for your heade.
C. ORDER. We wyll obeye yow as our governour in Gods steade.
IMP. MAJ. Now that ye are sworne unto me your pryncypall,
I charge ye to regarde the wurde of God over all,
And in that alone to rule, to speake and to judge,
As ye wyll have me your socour and refuge.
CLERGY. If ye wyll make sure, ye must exyle Sedicyon,
False Dyssymulacyon, with all vayne superstycyon,
And put Private Welthe out of the monasteryes;
Than Usurped Power maye goo a-birdynge for flyes.

IMP. MAJ. Take yow it in hande, and do your true dilygence,
Iche man for hys part; ye shall wante no assystence.
CLERGY. I promyse yow here to exyle Usurped Powre,
And yowr supremyte to defende yche daye and howre.
NOB. I promyse also out of the monasteryes
To put Private Welthe, and detect hys mysteryes.
C. ORDER. False Dissymulacyon I wyll hange up in Smythfylde,
With suche supersticion as your people hath begylde.
IMP. MAJ. Than I trust we are at a very good conclusyon,
Vertu to have place, and vyce to have confusyon.
Take Veryte with ye for every acte ye doo,
So shall ye be sure not out of the waye to goo.

Sedicyon intrat.

SED. [*sings*] Pepe! I see ye! I am glad I have spyed ye![1]
NOB. There is Sedicyon; stand yow asyde a-whyle,
Ye shall see how we shall catche hym by a wyle.
SED. No noyse amonge ye? Where is the mery chere
That was wont to be, with quaffynge of double bere?
The worlde is not yet as some men woulde it have.
I have bene abroade, and I thynke I have playde the knave.
C. ORDER. Thu canst do none other, except thu change thy wunte.
SED. What myschiefe ayle ye that ye are to me so blunte?
I have sene the daye ye have favoured me, Perfectyon.
CLERGY. Thy-selfe is not he, thu art of an other complectyon.
Sir, thys is the thiefe that first subdued Kynge John,
Vexynge other prynces that sens have ruled thys regyon,
And now he doth prate he hath played the knave.
That the worlde is not yet as some men woulde it have.
It woulde be knowne, sir, what he hath done of late.

[1] *The music is printed in* C.

IMP. MAJ. What is thy name, frynde? To us here intymate.

SED. A sayntwary! a sayntwary! for Gods dere passion, a sayntwarye!

Is there none wyll holde me, and I have made so manye?

IMP. MAJ. Tell me what thy name is. Thu playest the knave, I trowe.

SED. I am wyndelesse, good man, I have muche peyne to blowe.

IMP. MAJ. I saye, tell thy name, or the racke shall the constrayne.

SED. Holy Perfectyon my godmother called me playne.

NOB. It is Sedicyon, God gyve hym a very myschiefe!

C. ORDER. Under heaven is not a more detestable thiefe.

SED. By the messe, ye lye! I see wele ye do not knowe me.

IMP. MAJ. Ah, brother, art thu cum? I am ryght glad we have the.

SED. By bodye, bloude, bones, and sowle, I am not he!

CLERGY. If swearynge myghte helpe, he woulde do we[le][1] ynough.

IMP. MAJ. He scape not our handes so lyghtly, I warande yow.

CLERGY. Thys is that thiefe, sir, that all Christendome hath troubled,

And the Pope of Rome agaynst all kynges maynteyned.

NOB. Now that ye have hym, no more but hange hym uppe!

C. ORDER. If ye so be content, it shall be done ere I suppe.

IMP. MAJ. Loo! the Clergye accuseth the, Nobylyte condempneth the,

And the Lawe wyll hange the. What sayst now to me?

SED. I woulde I were now at Rome at the sygne of the Cuppe,

For heavynesse is drye. Alas, must I nedes clymbe uppe?

[1] *Corr. by* C.

Perdon my lyfe, and I shall tell ye all,
Both that is past and that wyll herafter fall.
IMP. MAJ. Aryse; I perdon the, so that thu tell the trewthe.
SED. I wyll tell to yow suche treason as ensewthe.
Yet a ghostly father ought not to bewraye confessyon.
IMP. MAJ. No confessyon is but ought to discover treason.
SED. I thynke it maye kepe all thynge save heresye.
IMP. MAJ. It maye holde no treason, I tell the verelye,
And therfore tell the whole matter by-and-bye.
Thu saydest now of late that thu haddest played the knave,
And that the worlde was not as some men woulde it have.
SED. I coulde playe Pasquyll, but I feare to have rebuke.
IMP. MAJ. For utterynge the truthe feare neyther byshopp nor duke.
SED. Ye gave injunctyons that Gods wurde myghte be taught;
But who observe them? Full manye a tyme have I laught
To see the conveyaunce that prelates and priestes can fynde.
IMP. MAJ. And whie do they beare Gods wurde no better mynde?
SED. For, if that were knowne, than woulde the people regarde
No heade but their prynce; with the Churche than were it harde;
Than shoulde I lacke helpe to maynteyne their estate,
As I attempted in the Northe but now of late,
And sens that same tyme in other places besyde,
Tyll my setters-on were of their purpose wyde.
A vengeaunce take it, it was never well with me
Sens the cummynge hyther of that same Veryte!
Yet do the byshoppes for my sake vexe hym amonge.
IMP. MAJ. Do they so in-dede? well, they shall not do so longe.
SED. In your parlement commaunde yow what ye wyll,

The Popes ceremonyes shall drowne the gospell styll.
Some of the byshoppes at your injunctyons slepe,
Some laugh and go bye, and some can playe boo-pepe.
Some of them do nought but searche for heretykes,
Whyls their priestes abroade do playe the scysmatykes.
Tell me, in London how manye their othes discharge
Of the curates there; yet is it muche wurse at large.
If your true subjectes impugne their trecheryes,
They can fatche them in, man, for Sacramentaryes,
Or Anabaptystes; thus fynde they subtyle shyfte
To proppe up their kyngedome, suche is their wyly dryfte.
Get they false wytnesses, they force not of whens they be,
Be they of Newgate, or be they of the Marshallsee.
Paraventure a thousande are in one byshoppes boke,
And agaynst a daye are readye to the hooke.

IMP. MAJ. Are those matters true that thu hast spoken here?

SED. What can in the worlde more evydent wytnesse bere?

First of all consydre the prelates do not preache,
But persecute those that the holy Scriptures teache;
And marke me thys wele, they never ponnysh for popery,
But the gospell-readers they handle very coursely;
For on them they laye by hondred poundes of yron,
And wyll suffer none with them ones for to common.
Sytt they never so longe, nothynge by them cometh fourthe
To the truthes furtherance that any-thynge ys wourthe.
In some byshoppes howse ye shall not[1] fynde a Testament,
But yche man readye to devoure the innocent.
We lyngar a tyme and loke but for a daye
To sett upp the Pope, if the gospell woulde decaye.

CLERGY. Of that he hath tolde hys-selfe is the very grounde.

IMP. MAJ. Art thu of counsell in this that thu hast spoken?

[1] MS. *repeats* shall not.

SED. Yea, and in more than that, if all secretes myght be broken;
For the Pope I make so muche as ever I maye do.
IMP. MAJ. I praye the hartely, tell me why thu doest so.
SED. For I perceyve wele the Pope is a jolye fellawe,
A trymme fellawe, a ryche fellawe, yea, and myry fellawe.
IMP. MAJ. A jolye fellawe how dost thu prove the Pope?
SED. For he hath crosse keyes, with a tryple crowne and a cope,
Trymme as a trencher, havynge his shoes of golde,
Ryche in hys ryalte and angelyck to beholde.
IMP. MAJ. How dost thu prove hym to be a fellawe myrye?
SED. He hath pipys and belles, with kyrye, kyrye, kyrye.
Of hym ye maye bye both salt, creame, oyle and waxe,
And after hygh masse ye may learne to beare the paxe.
IMP. MAJ. Yea? and nothynge heare of the pystle and the gospell?
SED. No, sir, by the masse, he wyll gyve no suche counsell.
IMP. MAJ. Whan thu art abroade, where doest thy lodgynge take?
SED. Amonge suche people as God ded never make:
Not only cuckoldes, but suche as folow the Popes lawes
In disgysed coates, with balde crownes lyke jacke-dawes.
IMP. MAJ. Than every-where thu art the Popes altogyther.
SED. Ye had proved it ere thys, if I had not chaunced hyther.
I sought to have served yow lyke as I ded Kynge John,
But that Veryte stopte me, the devyll hym poyson!
NOB. He is wurthie to dye and there were men nomore!
C. ORDER. Hange up the vyle knave, and kepe hym no longar in store!
IMP. MAJ. Drawe hym to Tyburne; lete hym be hanged and quartered.
SED. Whye, of late dayes ye sayde I shoulde not be so martyred.

Where is the pardon that ye ded promyse me?
IMP. MAJ. For doynge more harme thu shalt sone pardoned be.
Have hym fourth, Cyvyle Ordre, and hang hym tyll he be dead,
And on London Brydge loke ye bestowe hys head.
C. ORDER. I shall see it done and returne to yow agayne.
SED. I beshrewe your hart for takynge so muche payne!
Some man tell the Pope, I besyche ye with all my harte,
How I am ordered for takynge the Churches parte,
That I maye be put in the holye letanye
With Thomas Beckett, for I thynke I am as wurthye.
Praye to me with candels, for I am a saynt alreadye.
O blessed Saynt Partryck, I see the, I, verylye! [*Exeunt.*]
IMP. MAJ. I see by thys wretche there hath bene muche faulte in ye;
Shewe your-selves herafter more sober and wyse to be.

Kynge Johan ye subdued, for that he ponnyshed treason,
Rape, theft and murther in the holye spirytualte;
But Thomas Beckett ye exalted without reason,
Because that he dyed for the Churches wanton lyberte,
That the priestes myght do all kyndes of inyquyte,
And be unponnyshed. Marke now the judgement
Of your ydle braynes, and, for Gods love, repent!

NOB. As God shall judge me, I repent me of my rudenesse.
CLERGY. I am ashamed of my most vayne folyshenesse.

NOB. I consydre now that God hath for sedicyon
Sent ponnyshmentes great: examples we have in Brute,
In Catilyne, in Cassius and fayer Absolon,
Whome of their purpose God alwayes destytute,
And terryble plages on them ded execute
For their rebellyon. And therfore I wyll be ware,
Least his great vengeaunce trappe me in suche lyke snare.

CLERGY. I pondre also that sens the tyme of Adam
The Lorde evermore the governours preserved:
Examples we fynde in Noe and in Abraham,
In Moyses and David, from whome God never swerved.
I wyll therfor obeye least he be with me displeased.
Homerus doth saye that God putteth fourth hys shyelde
The prynce to defende whan he is in the fyelde.

C. ORDER. Thys also I marke: whan the priestes had governaunce
Over the Hebrues, the sectes ded first aryse
As Pharisees, Sadducees, and Esse[n]es, whych wrought muche grevaunce
Amonge the people by their most devylysh practyse,
Tyll destructyons the prynces ded devyse,
To the quyetnesse of their faythfull commens all,
As your Grace hath done with the sectes papistycall.

IMP. MAJ. That poynt hath in tyme fallen in your memoryes.
The Anabaptystes, a secte newe rysen of late,
The Scriptures poyseneth with their subtle allegoryes,
The heades to subdue after a sedicyouse rate.
The cytie of Mynster was lost through their debate.
They have here begunne their pestilent sedes to sowe,
But we trust in God, to increace they shall not growe.

CLERGY. God forbyd they shoulde, for they myght do muche harme!
C. ORDER. We shall cut them short if they do hyther swarme.
IMP. MAJ. The adminystracyon of a princes governaunce
Is the gifte of God and hys hygh ordynaunce,
Whome with all your power yow thre ought to support
In the lawes of God to all hys peoples confort:
First yow, the Clergye, in preachynge of Gods worde,
Than yow, Nobilyte, defendynge with the sworde,
Yow, Cyvyle Order, in executynge justyce.

Thus, I trust, we shall seclude all maner of vyce,
And, after we have establyshed our kyngedome
In peace of the Lorde and in hys godly fredome,
We wyll confirme it with wholesom lawes and decrees,
To the full suppressynge of Antichristes vanytees.

Hic omnes rex osculatur.

Farwele to ye all: first to yow, Nobilyte.
Than to yow, Clergye, than to yow, Cyvylyte;
And above all thynges remembre our injunctyon!

OMNES UNA. By the helpe of God yche one shall do hys functyon. [*Exit Imperyall Majestye.*]

NOB. By thys example ye may see with your eyes
How Antichristes whelpes have noble princes used.
Agayne ye may see how they with prodigyouse lyes
And craftes uncomely their myschiefes have excused;
Both nature, manhode and grace they have abused,
Defylynge the lawe and blyndynge Nobilyte, —
No Christen regyon from their abusyons free.

CLERGY. Marke wele the dampnable bestowynge of their masses,
With their foundacyons for poysenynge of their kynge.
Their confessyon-driftes all other traytery passes.
A saynt the[y][1] can make of the moste knave thys daye lyvynge,
Helpynge their market; and, to promote the thynge,
He shall do myracles. But he that blemysh their glorye
Shall be sent to helle without anye remedye.

C. ORDER. Here was to be seane what ryseth of Sedicyon,
And howe he doth take hys mayntenaunce and grounde
Of ydle persones, brought upp in supersticyon,
Whose daylye practyse is alwayes to confounde
Such as myndeth vertu and to them wyll not be bounde.
Expedyent it is to knowe their pestylent wayes,
Consyderynge they were so busye now of late dayes.

[1] *Corr. by* C.

NOB. Englande hath a quene, — thankes to the Lorde above! —
Whych maye be a lyghte to other princes all
For the godly wayes whome she doth dayly move
To her liege people, through Gods wurde specyall.
She is that Angell, as Saynt Johan doth hym call,
That with the Lordes seale doth marke out his true servauntes,
Pryntynge in their hartes his holy wourdes and covenauntes.

CLERGY. In Danyels sprete she hath subdued the Papistes,
With all the ofsprynge of Antichristes generacyon;
And now of late dayes the sect of Änabaptistes
She seketh to suppresse for their pestiferouse facyon.
She vanquysheth also the great abhomynacyon
Of supersticyons, witchecraftes and hydolatrye,
Restorynge Gods honoure to hys first force and bewtye.

C. ORDER. Praye unto the Lorde that hir Grace may contynewe
The dayes of Nestor to our sowles consolacyon;
And that hir ofsprynge may lyve also to subdewe
The great Antichriste, with hys whole generacyon,
In Helias sprete to the confort of thys nacyon;
Also to preserve hir most honourable Counsell,
To the prayse of God and glorye of the gospell![1]

[1] *After this line*, MS. *has* Pretium xx^{s}, *not in* Bale's *hand, but contemporary.*

Thus endeth the ij playes
of Kynge Johan.

END OF VOL. I.

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